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Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets

LECTURES

ON THE

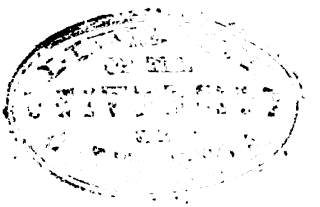
VOCATION OF THE PREACHER.

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND ELUCIDATORY, OF EVERY ORDER OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE, FROM THE GREAT PREACHERS OF ALL AGES.

BY

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,

MINISTER OF QUEEN-SQUARE CHAPEL, BRIGHTON. AUTHOR OF "WORDSWORTH: AN ÆSTHETIC BIOGRAPHY," "DARK SAYINGS ON A HARP," ETC.



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In Press for immediate Publication,

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME,

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Lamps, Pitchers and Trumpets,

Second Series.

Treating of the Pulpit of our own age and times and discussing the Sermons and Characteristics of

ROBERTSON, PUSEY, MANNING, NEWMAN,
SPURGEON, the Abbé LACORDIARE,

and many others.

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TO

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON,

My Dear Friend,

It is very natural that I should inscribe this volume to you, as it is composed of Lectures mostly delivered to the Students of your Pastor's College; and you, who heard most of them, expressed yourself most kindly about them. I will not deny myself this pleasure, although I have devoted a paper,* not delivered as a Lecture, to yourself in the volume. I will only say these Lectures do not aim to be a Course of Lectures on Homiletics, I may possibly attempt this more ambitious task some day. Please to take this volume as an affectionate and reverent acknowledgment of that extraordinary work you have been called upon to perform. With earnest desires for your long-continued life and usefulness,

I am, my Dear Friend,

Heartily yours,

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

* Will be found in *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*, Second Series.

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Κήρυξον τὸν λόγον.

"Preach the Word."—Tim. iv. 2.

It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessels holding treasure,
Which lies as safe as in a golden ewer.
But the main thing is—Does it hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matter.

Robert Browning.

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I.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets.

I HAVE taken a text from the wonderful story of that great ancient judge and warrior, Gideon. Do you not remember, when Gideon divided his three hundred men into three companies, he put a trumpet in every man's right hand and a pitcher in the other, and a lamp within the pitcher?

And he said unto them, Look on me, and do likewise: and, behold, when I come to the outside of the camp, it shall be that, as I do, so shall ye do. *When I* blow with a trumpet, blow ye with your trumpets and exclaim, The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon. So Gideon, and the hundred men that were with him, came unto the outside of the camp in the beginning of the middle watch; and they had but newly set the watch: and they blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers that were in their hands. And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal: and they cried, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon. And they stood every man in his place round about the camp: and all the host ran, and cried, and fled. And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the LORD set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host.

The history seems to me to be a parable of the "foolishness of preaching;" an illustration of the genius and the success of the pulpit—its method and its power. There-

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fore, said the Apostle, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." I have given to this lecture this title, because words are lamps, are pitchers, and are trumpets. Preaching to the intellect—to the intelligence—is as a lamp—it sheds light over truths, over processes of argument, over means of conviction; preaching to the conscience is as a trumpet—it calls up the soul from slumber, it makes it restless and unquiet; preaching to the experience is as a pitcher—it bears refreshment, it cools and it calms the fever of the spirit, and it consoles and comforts the heart. Ordinarily, the preacher should combine all these qualities; but there are those whose faculties express themselves in one or the other of them; and therefore the image justifies a generalisation of the life of the preacher beneath its distinctive sign.

Words, with a soul behind or within them, are the most blessed and delightful means of intercourse. The age in which we live beholds a most singular and perverse return to symbols and symbolism; but these can never be to the mind what speech is, for there can be no reason without speech; even as also it is true there can be no speech without reason;* and symbols themselves are only vague and pale conceptions of reasons within the mind, which must be put into articulate words to become thoughts, and even subjective truths. Language itself partakes of the infinite nature of the human mind, for "it transcends in depth the most conscious productions of it. It is with language, as with all organised beings, we imagine they spring into being blindly, and yet we cannot deny the intentional wisdom in the formation of every one of them." †

Now, this being the case, he whose profession it is to use language for holy and sacramental purposes, should surely

* Max Müller, *Lectures on Language*, pp. 69–78.
† Schilling, quoted by Müller.

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attempt to use it with all due consideration of these, its awful depths and powers; and while we find, in our age, so large an apostasy of mind—we might suppose to be cultured, informed, and even educated—to the pictorial resemblances of the childhood of men, and societies, and nations, we should attempt to hail spirits back, and to obtain dominion over them, by an earnest dealing with the rights, and obligations, and privileges, and hopes involved in human speech. We shall see more distinctly, in the course of the following remarks, that the master of speech in the pulpit may be an artist; nay, that very much of his success, under God's influence, will depend upon his being one. All preparation, all pulpit method, in fact, supposes this. A preacher may be a born preacher, and have a possession of all the faculties necessary for his work, and he still will need the care, the knowledge, the study, and the reverence of the artist to give to him the human vehicle through which he may speak. Some will object to this statement. Is Tennyson less a poet because he is a subtle artist also? Is the Christian less a Christian, the preacher less a preacher, because, before he delivers his words to the thousand people who may hear him, he sits down to arrange his arguments—in some instances, even his words—to furnish his mind with illustrations, to reject some which present themselves as unfit to the subject, or unsuitable to time or place? And all this belongs to the exercise of the artist faculty; the prudence and wisdom which genius, informed by holiness, exercises upon its own works; and, surely, if the highest powers need this exercise, it savors only of the conceit usually associated with inferior powers, to disdain it.

But my object in this lecture is rather to be anecdotal; to present some illustrations of the variety of pulpit earnestness and excellence, some which may furnish examples of heroism which can scarcely be regarded as models of

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method ; and some giving motive from spirituality of character, where we would scarcely permit much homage or approbation to the intellect.

Amazing is the power of sound ; it searches the soul more than vision ; it vibrates and reverberates—sound more immediately and more deeply penetrates. Nothing presented to the eye tingles along the blood like things presented to the ear. Sound thrills in a wood at night, in loneliness, and darkness ; the fall of leaves, the stir of creatures in the grass, and a thousand nameless sounds, stir the feeling of mystic awe. Sight is finite ; the imagination plays more freely among sounds—the forms are unshaped—the powers are more abiding. Memory—attention—seems to take a deeper hold upon the things presented in sound than in sight. And hence, the preacher is a trumpet ; the birth of the Society of Friends was in this wise : George Fox was one of the most stirring trumpets of the Church ; in the power he possessed by his holy earnestness to rouse men he shows in an eminent manner what "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" may be. And Whitefield was such a trumpet. Men heard and trembled. A mysterious fearfulness shook the souls of listeners ; it must have been as when the prophet stood on the mount, and the Lord passed by in the wind, and the earthquake, and the fire, and broke in pieces the rocks ; they were the announcements of danger, and wreck, and death. Such men, deep as their own peace was, had little to do with the still small voice ; to set on fire the forests and to shake the mountains seemed their task ; little had they to do with the clear, calm light of the lamp, or the refreshment of the pitcher. This was not altogether so new as it may seem, I shall have many instances to cite from the friars of the Middle Ages and preachers of other times illustrating this ; and is it useless ? Has it been useless—this power of sound—to storm, and startle, and take

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captive the soul? Useless, indeed, unless results are noted, and the soul awakened is met afterwards, and brought into the order and the health of the Christian life; and, perhaps, the Church of Rome and the Methodist Churches have alone known how to use and make useful seasons of great religious excitement.

There is great danger, in the work of preaching, of yielding to the demand for sensation and astonishment; and one good man, whose field of labor has very naturally led him to adopt this method, has written a book, in which what he calls "the surprise power," seems to be the most important of all his ways and means of pulpit success.* It cannot be doubted that Mr. Taylor has been successful, and his work, *The Model Preacher*,† does contain hints which may be read, and even followed with advantage: but there are preachers who never enter the pulpit without the determination to produce a sensation; they *must* arrest attention, and they are careless how, so long as the attention is arrested; still the work of the preacher involves more than the mere forcible arrest of the mind of the hearer; it must be held, and legitimately held; and it must be not only aroused, it must be enlightened, and it must be informed. There are trumpets —they startle and surprise, indeed; but even the trumpet has another purpose; it marshals into order, it becomes motive, beneath its inspiring strains men fall into ranks and march, and it becomes not merely a blast—a breath—its tones fall into the harmonies and melodies of other instruments, or we cannot long endure its shrill screams. And if men could but believe that we are awakened as surely by the gleam of a light upon our eyes, as by a

* *Seven Years Street Preaching in California.* By Rev. William Taylor.

† *The Model Preacher; a Series of Letters on the Best Mode of Preaching the Gospel.* Ibid.

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storm of noises in our ears—if the bright, mild radiance of the lamp could but do its work, I would rather this than the loud uproar; but most prefer to receive even their light as heat, though we know that these are but different modes of the same natural fact; and vibration and radiation are one—radiation is silent vibration. There is a different speed of vibration; in the lower form of heat—the rush of the red flame—the radiation is palpable; but, as the heat vanishes, the red brightens—passes to orange—higher still to green, to blue, to violet, to the azure sky, to the deep green of the sea. It is in the quiet radiation we pass to the more beautiful and essential life of things. It is well remarked, that it is because the sky is blue that our earth is not a barren, homeless wilderness, where heat consumes the day and cold congeals the night. This gives to us the atmosphere, absorbing and modifying the solar rays; therefore, plants grow and bloom, and men in happiness breathe. All that radiation is silent vibration; and, if I were you, I would aim rather to radiate than to vibrate—rather to enlighten and to refresh, than to astonish. Aim not to be—what you see may be literally true—a noisy, a glaring color, but a chaste, beautiful, and effective one. I know, as I have said, that often the most sonorous and stirring preacher sheds forth a beautiful illustrative gleam. It was so with that extraordinary Yorkshire orator, William Dawson. It has been well said, his eloquence, on any other thought than his own, would have seemed fantastic; but he often made his illustrations resplendently beautiful. Thus, one says of him, who heard him preach from the text, "Thou hast crowned me with loving-kindness and tender mercies," "his imagination took fire at the metaphor, and presented before him a regal coronet, studded with numerous gems, having a centre-stone of surpassing magnitude, brilliancy, and value; consentaneously this became the crown of 'loving-kind-

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ness and tender mercies;' the countless brilliants represented the blessings of Providence and grace; and the centre-stone the priceless blessings of salvation. To express this as he wished was more difficult than to conceive it, and several feeble sentences were uttered before the crown was shown to the people; but when, at length, it was exhibited in all its radiant glory, with its centre gem of purest lustre, the deep *crimson* hue of which was caught up and reflected in a thousand lights by the precious stones which clustered around it, the saints shouted aloud for joy."* But Dawson was a trumpet; the effects he produced when he spoke were amazing; men could not contain themselves; feelings were wrought upon and excited. He was a plain farmer, and had received only the most ordinary education; but there was a bold, strong, adventurous imagination in all he said, which, while it enabled his mind to walk steadily in the most difficult paths, and saved him usually from coarseness, vulgarity, and profanity, bore his audiences along with him upward, and compelled them intensely to realize his conceptions and his descriptions.

On the contrary, the great Richard Watson, a minister of the same denomination, and incomparably the greatest man that denomination has produced, was a lamp. Robert Hall said of him: "He soars into regions of thought, where no genius but his own can penetrate." Tall, calm, graceful, timid, yet erect, his eloquence contradicted, it has been said truly, the maxim attributed to Demosthenes. He had no action, and all his utterances seemed simply an emanation of soul; and vast thought, severe taste, and solemn dignity characterized all his sermons.

Or, reverting to other times, I think of Lancelot Andrewes, the good old bishop, as a pitcher. His strange Latin conundrums and quiddities, ever and anon occurring,

* West, *Sketches of Wesleyan Preachers.*

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like the mystic lozenge-shaped quincuncial garden of Cyrus, cannot prevent my love and admiration (on this I may remark again); and his sermons have a sententious pith —a fulness of Gospel meaning in them, which I am well content to travel through the conceits peculiar to his age to find and to feed upon. He did not like the Puritans. It is our happiness that we can receive and love men who thought they were far apart when living; we make them tabernacle very lovingly in the same house, on the same shelf of the library, in the same heart, and memory, and experience. Andrewes did not exercise himself so much in thought as in adoration. A devout narrowness characterizes all he writes; perhaps, we think sometimes, there is an artificiality in the setting, but the gem is beautiful; sometimes, lustrous and brilliant. The school to which he belonged, and belongs, is intense rather than ardent; the narrow-minded view will seldom be an ardent one. I should not call Herbert ardent, nor Keble; but the devotion is pure—perhaps the purity of incense and thuribles rather than the smell of Lebanon; theirs are comfortable words; "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem," was the commission given to this order of mind. There is an order of ministration which does little or nothing to attract or to persuade. You must be within the church to be able to translate even a meaning from the voice or the word; but if you are within, full of comfort, full of refreshment are the rich sentences. The works of Andrewes are a perfect "*aurea sententia*" of this kind. Let me select for you a few. Thus he speaks of Jonah in the whale, likening it to the saint's security in the state, and hour, and article of death:

There he was, but, look! no hurt there. As safe, nay, more safe there, than in the best ship of Tharsis: no flaw of weather, no foul sea could trouble him there. As safe, and as safely carried to land; the ship could have done no more. So that

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upon the matter he did but change his vehiculum (carriage), shifted but from one vessel to another; went on his way still. On he went, as well—nay, better—than the ship would have carried him; went into the ship, the ship carried him wrong, out of his way clean to Tharsisward; went into the whale, and the whale carried him right, landed him on the next shore to Nineveh whither in truth he was bound, and where his errand lay. And all the while at ease, as in a cell or study, for there he indited a psalm. So as, in effect, where he seemed to be in most danger he was in the greatest safety. Thus can God work; and the evening and the morning were Jonah's second day.

So his sermon on the kings of the East—the wise men coming to Christ. "Here," he said, "are three stars: the star in the firmanent, the star of faith in their hearts, and Christ himself, the bright and morning star." He continues in the same sermon:

The Queen of the South, who was a figure of these kings of the East, she came as great a journey as these; but when she came she found a king indeed—King Solomon, in all his royalty; saw a glorious king and a glorious court about him; saw him and heard him; tried him with many hard questions; received satisfaction of them all. This was worth her coming. Weigh what *she* found, and what these here; as poor and unlikely a birth as could be ever to prove a king, or any great matter. No sight to comfort them, nor a word for which they were any whit the wiser; nothing worth their travel. Weigh these together, and great odds will be found between her faith and theirs. Theirs the greater far.

Surely this is very sweet and delightful speech. There is a simple pathos in his words—a simplicity which makes them most effective. Thus:

Good hope we now have, that He being now flesh, all flesh may come to Him to present Him with their requests. Time was, when they fled from Him, but *ad factum carnum jam veniet omnis caro*. For since He dwelt amongst us, all may resort

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unto Him, yea, even sinners; and of them it is said, *Hic recipit peccatores et comedit cum eis*,—He receiveth them even to His table.

Like refreshing springs are such words, and men want to hear them. I could mingle many figures, all to describe the same thing, when I speak of Andrewes and his order of preaching. It is true that sometimes the strange allegories, in which he and Herbert were wont to speak, are like a quaint spiritual confection; but we soon feel a sensation of refreshment, as of home-baked bread, or of pure water-springs. These pages hold comfortable and solacing words; good bread and home-baked, though in a strangely-shaped mould—good water, though in a pitcher of strange device.

And if this is not always "the one thing needful," yet is it not the needful thing for the minister "thoroughly furnished"? How well has Robert Browning expressed this:

> Is God mocked? Shall I dare
> To change His tasks?
> Dispatched to a river head
> For a simple draught of the clement
> Neglect the thing for which He sent,
> And return with another thing instead?
> Saying, "Because the water found,
> Welling up from under ground,
> Is mingled with the taints of earth,
> While Thou I know dost laugh at dearth,
> And could'st at a word convulse
> The world with a leap of its river-pulse;—
> Therefore, I turn from the oozings muddy,
> And bring thee a chalice I found instead:
> See the brave veins in its breccia ruddy!
> One would suppose that the water bled.
> What matters the water? A hope I have nursed,
> That the waterless cup will quench my thirst."

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Better have knelt at the poorest stream
That trickles in pain from the straitest rift,
For the less or more is all God's gift,
Who blocks up or breaks wide the granite seam,
And here, is there water or not to drink?
I then in ignorance and weakness,
Taking God's help, hâve attain'd to think
My heart does best to receive in meekness
This mode of worship as most to his mind,
Where earthly aids being left behind,
His All in All appears serene,
With the thinnest human veil between,
Letting the mystic lamps—the seven,
The many motions of His Spirit
Pass as they list from earth to heaven,
For the preacher's merit or demerit—
It were to be wish'd the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessel holding treasure,
Which lies as safe in a golden ewer,
But the main thing is, does it hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matters."*

But I intended in this lecture rather to draw attention to some of those more striking characters and incidents, which illustrate, what I hope I may be forgiven for calling, the Romance of the Pulpit; for it has its romance, it has

* *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, pp. 76–77. And it may not be out of place to remark, that these verses, thoroughly in earnest, would be read with profit, it is to be hoped, by all able to read them. "The words are quick and powerful," sometimes they are "sharper than a two edged sword;" with nervousness and force they sometimes cleave right through some of the modern difficulties in connection with modern believing and preaching. Modes of thought, and forms of worship, are touched by a pen which is wondrously hard-nibbed; a very strong and devout mind expresses apparently its own convictions, in such a tone as to give new intellectual and emotional views to the convictions or *no* convictions of others.

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its noble and wonderful men, who, in all ages, have been willing to use its power and its privileges for highest and holiest purposes—shining as lamps, sounding as trumpets, refreshing as streams of water. The books, over which the records of their achievements are spread, are many; but they have started forth prepared for witness and martyrdom, in every stirring age of the Church.

The time of the Reformation in Europe was an age when these trumpets pealed forth. What a story is that of ALEXANDER DE LA CROIX!* He had been a friar, but he abandoned Paris, his convent, his cowl, and his monkish title. He reached Geneva under the name of Alexander; welcomed and instructed by Farel, his transformation became complete; Christ had become to him the Sun of Righteousness, and bold in confessing Him, the Genevan magistracy, under the influence of the priests, condemned him to death as a heretic; but the sentence was commuted for fear of the king of France, and he was simply turned out of the city. On the high road, beyond the gates, he stopped and preached to the people who followed him. He inspired respect as deeply as he commanded homage by his eloquence. Nobody could stop him, so strongly did his zeal for truth inspire him to win people to the Lord. He did not deceive himself, he knew what awaited him—persecution, bonds, imprisonment, death;—no matter, he would preach to his countrymen; setting out, therefore, from Berne he crossed the frontier of Switzerland, and entered France. Few reformers strike us as being so absorbed by what may be called the passion of the Cross. "Oh, my Saviour," he exclaimed, "Thou hast given Thy life for me, I desire to give mine for Thee." Wandering

* I have condensed the account of this remarkable hero of the pulpit from *The History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin*, Vol. II. The four volumes, all as yet published, are full of these stories of the martyrs and heroes of the pulpit.

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along the banks of the Bienne, the Aier, the Seille, and the Saone, he entered the cottages of poor peasants, scattering the seeds of the Gospel, and proclaiming the forgiveness of the Gospel. At Lyons, numbers heard him preach; he went from house to house; persecution raged fiercely in Lyons; the priests sought for him but could not find him; friends hid him away; they sought for him in one part of the city, he was preaching in an upper chamber in another; they looked for him in some suburb in the north, he was preaching in the south. Impelled by a magnanimity, which would be fanaticism if it were not holy devotion and consecration, the mysterious evangelist entered the prison to console two who had been laid there; had he been discovered, the gates would have finally closed upon him; but he left the dungeon, and no man laid hands on him. It was said he possessed Satanic powers, and passed invisibly through the police. At last, he was seized; he had moved long about—a mysterious presence—gifted with those mighty powers, eloquence and holiness. After a wondrously effective unfolding of the Gospel at Lyons, principally through the imprudence of some followers it would seem, he was taken; he was brought into Paris loaded with chains, but the surrounding guards and archers in the course of the journey had learned to treat him with respect. The captain of the archers was a worthy man, and as he rode beside Alexander, he questioned him as to the cause of his arrest. It is an amazing circumstance—the captain was converted while they were journeying to Paris! As they journeyed on from village, in that age of slow journeys, resting for the night in inns, he used all his skill of speech; in many places the priest of the village was sent for to dispute with him, it was unavailing. "Wonderful things!" says the old chronicler, "he was more useful at the inns and on the road, than ever he had been before." Entering Paris, he must have

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known what awaited him—worse than death; the monks of his order, the cruel Dominicans, outraged by his heresy from the most orthodox of orders, were only too anxious that the last resources of the torture should be tried upon him. As he refused to name accomplices, and would give the names of none who, like himself, had separated from the Church of Rome, he was tortured by the wedges of the boot; his left leg was crushed. The judge was amazed at his patience: "It is enough," he said, "he has been tortured too much." The executioners lifted up the martyr and carried him to his dungeon, a cripple; they brought him forth again shortly after, condemned to be burned alive. It seemed as though a flash of joy lit up his features. "Truly," said the spectators," he is more joyful than he was before!" The priests gathered round him to perform the sacerdotal degradation. "If you utter a word," said they, "you will have your tongue cut out." He uttered not a word, only as the absurdities and mysteries went on, some severe smiles escaped him; then they dressed him in the *robe de fol*, a coarse garment worn by the poorer peasantry. "Oh God!" he exclaimed, "is there any greater honor than to receive the livery which Thy Son received in the house of Herod?" and then he mounted a cart, used to carry mud or dust, and with the Dominican monks proceeded to the place of execution. As the cart moved slowly along, he threw out his words upon the crowd by the side of the cart. "Thinking nothing of his own death," says a writer, "he scattered the seeds of the Gospel." "Either recant or hold your tongue," said the priest. Alexander turned round and said with firmness, "I will not renounce Jesus Christ; depart from me, ye deceivers of the people." He obtained permission, at the place of execution, to address some words to the people; but the words amounted to fervid and glowing confessions of love to the Redeemer, and when he had

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done, he said to the executioner, "Proceed." The officers of justice then bound him to the stake, and set it on fire, and amidst the crackling of the wood, and the ascending flames, arose his voice, "Oh my Redeemer! oh my Redeemer!" At last his voice was silent. Even the executioners turned to each other and said, "What a strange criminal this is;" and the monks turned to each other and said, "If that man be not saved, who will be?" and the spectators beat upon their breasts, and said, "A great wrong has been done to that man." Such a death as this is a triumph, and it tolls the knell of the executioners, while it prepares the crown for the victim.

There was a preacher who when called, in those evil days, to preach before that great persecutor, Francis I., in the Church of St. Eustache in Paris, and before an immense crowd of ecclesiastics and courtiers, had the courage to exclaim, as he warmed with his subject: "The end of all visible things is to lead us to invisible things. The bread which refreshes our body tells us that Jesus Christ is the light of our soul. Seated at the right hand of God, Jesus lives by His Holy Spirit in the hearts of His disciples. '*Quæ sursum sunt quærite,*' says St. Paul; '*ubi Christus est in dextera Dei sedens.*' Yes, '*Seek those things which are above.*' Do not confine yourselves during mass to what is upon the altar; rise, yourselves, by faith, there to find the Son of God. After he has consecrated the elements, does not the priest cry out to the people, '*Sursum,—corda!*'—'Lift up your hearts!' These words signify: Here is the bread, and here is the wine, but Jesus is in Heaven. For this reason, Sire," he continued, turning to the king, "if you wish to have Jesus Christ, do not look for Him in the visible elements, soar to Heaven on the wings of faith. 'It is believing in Jesus Christ that we eat His flesh,' said St. Augustine. If it were true that Christ must be touched by the hands, and devoured by the teeth, we should not say

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'*sursum*'—upwards, but '*deorsum*'—downwards! Sire, it is to Heaven I invite you. Hear the voice of the Lord. '*Sursum,—corda,*' Sire, '*Sursum,—corda!*'" And the sonorous voice of the priest filled the whole church with those thrilling words, produced with a tone of the sincerest conviction. This was brave preaching, when a wave of the royal hand might, for such words, hale the preacher away to the prison and the stake. They preached, these noble men—whom some, in our days, affect to despise—in the Courts, and at the very stake itself. D'Aubigné tells the story of MASTER CATURCE, a lecturer on theology, and licentiate of theology, and a grimly humorous story it is:

He was declared a heretic, condemned to be burnt alive, and taken to the square of St. Etienne.

Here an immense crowd had assembled, especially of students of the university, who were anxious to witness the degradation of so esteemed a professor. The "mystery" lasted three hours of triumph for the Word of God. Never had Caturce spoken with greater freedom. In answer to everything that was said, he brought some passage of Scripture "very pertinent to reprove the stupidity of his judges before the scholars." His academical robes were taken off, the costume of a merry-andrew was put on him, and then another scene began.

A Dominican monk, wearing a white robe and scapulary, with a black robe and pointed cap, made his way through the crowd, and ascended a little wooden pulpit which had been set up in the middle of the square. This by no means learned individual assumed an important air, for he had been commissioned to deliver what was called "the sermon of catholic faith." In a voice that was heard all over the square, he read his text: *The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.* The monks were delighted with a text which appeared so suitable; but Caturce, who almost knew his Testament by heart, perceiving that, according to their custom of distorting Scripture, he had only taken a fragment (*lopin*) of

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the passage, cried out in a loud voice: "Read on." The Dominican, who felt alarmed, stopped short, upon which Caturce himself completed the passage: *Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God had created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe.* The monks were confounded; the students and other friends of the licentiate smiled. "We know them," continued the energetic professor, "those deceivers of the people, who instead of the doctrine of faith, feed them with trash. In God's service there is no question of fish, or of flesh, of black, or of grey, of Wednesday, or of Friday. . . . . It is nothing but foolish superstition which requires celibacy and abstaining from meats. Such are not the commandments of God." The Dominican in his pulpit listened with astonishment; the prisoner was preaching in the midst of the officers of justice, and the students heard him "with great favor." The poor Dominican, ashamed of his folly, left his sermon unpreached.

After this, the martyr was led back to the court, where sentence of death was pronounced upon him. Caturce surveyed his judges with indignation, and, as he left the tribunal, exclaimed in Latin: "Thou seat of iniquity! Thou court of injustice!" He was now led to the scaffold, and at the stake continued exhorting the people to know Jesus Christ. "It is impossible to calculate the great fruit wrought by his death," says the chronicle, "especially among the students then at the university of Toulouse," that is to say, in the year 1532.

Would that we had some Vasari, or Lanzi, or Sterling, to tell the tale of the pulpit, as those delightful writers have told the tale of the art of painting, and its triumphs and glories. Surely, it is worthy!—surely, the story of the lamp, pitcher, and trumpet is equal in interest and in value to that of the crayon, the palette, or the pencil! How can the story of painting be expected to compare with the story of preaching?—the story of the way in which souls in the new creation were quickened and kept alive? Looking among the marvels of the microscope, bending the eye

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through the lens, the reader has, perhaps, watched the crystallisation of some acid. A marvellous sight!—gorgeous spears, and prismatic pillars of crystal shooting over the disc! A moment since it was all opaque, and now it is all acope, aflame with lightnings; a field with arms flashing in the sun; a theatre resplendent with diamonds: but the birth of souls—the awakening of souls; new affections shooting forth; new developments—consciousness, holiness, and power; the minister has believed that he beheld all this. The artist believes in beauty, in the ideal; the preacher in holiness, in life. Therefore, what stories of martyrdoms!—what enthusiasm! sometimes, it may be, what fanaticism! But artists have been fanatics too—Blake, Haydon, Ribera; but they neither interfere with our admiration of the art nor the appreciation of the men.

In chapters in the Romance of the Pulpit, must be mentioned Dr. Abel Stevens's *History of Methodism*,* and Dr. Sprague's *Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit*.† Here is a succession of tales of extraordinary power and wonder; here are the stories of heroes, stories of marvellous adventure, and triumph, and spiritual conquest. It is a pleasant conviction with us, that no human chapter is more full of wonder and delight than the history of the pulpit in all ages. It has always been wonderful where it has been real, from that day when Peter's sermons pierced the hearts of his hearers, down through the times of the dark and the

* *The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century, called Methodism.* By Abel Stevens, LL.D., New York. A most entertaining repertory of pulpit anecdote of the period to which it refers; an eloquent story, told by a sympathetic and hearty Methodist, only too little disposed to see the presence of the divine life in others than that Church whose history he recites.

† *Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit.* By William B. Sprague, New York. This bulky work is overflowingly full of the delightful garrulousness of many men.

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Middle Ages, in every country, where it has tried and tested its power—in France, in Geneva, in Scotland, England, and America. Dr. Stevens tells one part of the story, and tells it well—recites the rise and progress of Methodism, with its mighty array of marvellous men. Heroism and adventure meet us everywhere, as in those days when stalwart old woodland shepherds carried the first preachers on their backs through the snowdrifts, which choked the old English roads in the winter; or the days when a preacher was seen with a spade strapped on his saddle behind, taking his departure from Macclesfield for the bleak portion of his circuit—the spade being deemed needful to cut a way through the snow. "I am but a brown-bread preacher," said one of them, "I have nothing of politeness in my language or address; but I seek to help all I can to Heaven in the best way I can. I have been in dangers by snowdrifts and land floods, by falls from my horse, by persecution, sickness, cold, pain, weakness, and weariness; trials of heart, and understanding, and judgment, and various reasonings with friends and foes, men and devils, and most with myself." He goes on to say how "through all he has been kept," and moderately ventures to believe he has not been useless, while assuredly he has been happy. Such were the men whose stories the goodly volumes of Sprague and Stevens tell. It reminds us of Gideon dividing his three hundred men into three companies, putting a trumpet into every man's hand, a pitcher into the other hand, and a lamp in the pitcher. Truly, a strange and wonderful sight to see an army of thousands flying, cutting each other in pieces, while the Israelites only stood by with the sounding trumpet, and the gleaming lamp! The story of the great Methodist movement is very much like this miraculous, historic, and dramatic scene. But, on all hands we hear that the pulpit is worthless now; there are not wanting proposals to abolish it. We receive lectures in homiletics from those

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remarkable preachers, *The Saturday Review*, *The Times*, and *The Daily Telegraph*. "Why," says one in a letter, we believe, to *The Times*, or to one of the High Church organs, "Why this preaching? why does this man talk to us? who is he, that he should talk? why not be content to worship only, when we go to church? Besides, ministers are simply nuisances;" and it must be said, so far, in apology for this, that if the pulpit cannot prove itself, it had better go down. But most of the sharp, shrill querulousnesses against the pulpit have come from Church organs; and certainly, of nearly the twenty thousand clergymen in the English Church, few enough give full proof of their ministry. Do not most of these fastidious critics demand, as the great essentials for pulpit eminence, that the ear should be tickled, and the soul put to sleep? How truly amusing to think of such unconverted pagans and Philistines as *Saturday Reviewers* and *Daily Telegraphs* jeremiadizing over the decay of power in the pulpit. We have sometimes thought of proposing the other thing:—"Instead of, or, as well as, putting down the pulpit, why not put an end to sculpture, or to painting? Cutting out bits of things in marble, smearing colors over canvas! Why not put down all poetry? Are not poets proverbially nuisances, with their skreeds of bathos? Let us put down all art; why not? for, compared with the pulpit, what pictures or sculptures excite so much, what music, or poetry awakens more emotion?"

What is this sublime impelling instinct for souls—for the salvation of souls—which these preachers have known?—this divine and hallowed fanaticism of love for souls and for God?—the realization of those fervid words written by that saintly woman, the Countess of Huntingdon:

My whole heart has not one single grain this moment of thirst after approbation. I feel alone with God. He fills the whole

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void. I see all mortals under my feet. I have not one wish, one will, one desire, but in Him; He hath set my feet in a large room. All but God's children seem but so many machines appointed for uses I have nothing to do with. I have wondered and stood amazed that God should make a conquest of all within me by love. I am brought to less than nothing—broken in pieces like a potter's vessel. I long to leap into the flames to get rid of my sinful flesh, and that every atom of these ashes might be separate, and that neither time, place, nor person should stay God's Spirit.*

And this sublime affection led her to forget, and almost renounce her rank, and leave her fortune of £100,000 upon the altar of God her Saviour. The same divine passion impelled that very different character, but equally eminently holy person, JOHN NELSON, through his adventurous and holy career; when in country cages, and through howling crowds, and guarded through streets by armed troops, and multitudes huzzaing round him as if he had been one who had laid waste the nation, he says: "The Lord made my brow like brass, so that I could look upon them all as grass-hoppers, and pass through the city as if there had been none in it but God and me." Insulted, and scoffed, and persecuted—a giant in strength—a gentleman in nature and character; but a child of God, he says: "I was able to tie the head and the heels of the wicked, ignorant man, who could thus torment me, together. I found an old man's bone in me; but the Lord lifted up a standard when anger was coming in like a flood, lest I should have wrung his neck to the ground, and set my foot upon him." Such stories, the history of the pulpit has to tell, are surely not uninteresting to any who love to mark the conquests of holy power and holy speech.

* Letter to Mr. John Wesley. See that remarkable story, *The Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.* Two volumes; a work to whose rich store of anecdote Dr. Stevens has been largely indebted.

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The Methodist pulpit of the United States is not one whit less interesting, rather more so, I think, than our own. Had not Dr. Sprague brought together such an interesting variety of biography and anecdote in his *Annals of the American Methodist Pulpit*, we should have hoped that the subject would have brought from Dr. Stevens a fourth volume; and still there is room; and from his pen it could only be most pleasant reading.

For very wonderful is the story of the lamp and pitcher in many of the dark places of that great continent—the varied region of the United States—the lives of bishops, not addressed as "My Lord," wearing no episcopal title or dignity, having no splendid palace, no magnificent cathedral, no snug diocese, no princely income. Scholars, men of genius, like Asbury, separating themselves from all the comforts and conveniences of life, for sixty dollars a year, with a travelling equipage, not of a chariot and four, but of saddle-bags and one;* plunging into the wilderness to seek for lost sheep, preaching in barns, on stumps of trees, in log huts, in illimitable woods, in the houseless forest, by blazed trees in deep prairies; floundering through swamps, swimming vast rivers, drenched by pitiless rains, scorched by suns, bitten by frosts and driving snows. From some of these places they wrote for a preacher: "Be sure and send us a good swimmer;" there was considerable wonder as to what this could mean, till it turned out that the district was full of bridgeless streams, and the last minister had been drowned because he could not swim. Sometimes the travelling preacher or bishop found himself among hostile Indians, in the solitude of the forest; he knew their track and trail; at night he heard their yell, and unexpectedly found himself in the neighborhood of their camp-

* See an interesting article, "Methodist Clerical Biography," *North American Review*, No. 194, 1862.

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fire, and the crack of the Indian rifle. The intrepid and heroic preacher urged his way over mountains, and through valleys, stirring the community, wherever he came, with hymn and sermon; reaching the villages and little settlements dotting the country, amidst extensive wildernesses, for the most part the undisturbed abode of the wolf and the panther. Neither the cold, or storms of winter, nor the abuse he received from wicked men, could weaken his energy, or impede his progress. If the horse was not in the way, then often the saddle-bags had to be carried over the shoulder, and he travelled on foot. Sometimes, there were no saddle-bags. "George," said Bishop Asbury to George Roberts; "George, where are your clothes?" "Bishop, they are on my back. On receiving my appointment at your hand, Sir, I am not compelled to return to my circuit for my clothes, but I am ready, at a moment's warning, to go whithersoever you direct." His son, Dr. Roberts, says: "I have in my possession the needle and thread case, which were his constant companions. If his clothes, from any unexpected cause, needed attention, he was in the habit of turning aside into some retired spot for the purpose of taking them off and mending them." In the lives of Romish saints—St. Francis, or St. Dominic—these would be thought most picturesque and wonderful relics. Sometimes, the preacher, in the depth of the prairie, came upon a band of white heathen. Thus Richard Nolley, one of these good and great men, discovered the track of an emigrant family, and followed it. "What," said the man who was leading it into the wilderness, "a Methodist preacher! I quit Virginia to be out of the way of them, but in my settlement in Georgia, I thought I should be beyond *their* reach. *There* they were, and they got my wife and daughter into their church. Then I come here to Chocktaw corner, find a good piece of land, feel sure that I shall have some peace from the preachers, and here is

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one before I've unloaded my wagon!" "My friend," said Nolley, "if you go to heaven, you'll find Methodist preachers there; and if you go to hell, I'm afraid you'll find some there; and you see how it is in this world. I'd advise you to come to terms with God, and then you'll be at peace with us." Sometimes they died in the wilderness, and "no man knew the place of their sepulchre." Months, and sometimes years, elapsed before it was known they had gone to their reward. These men have been called the graduates of Brush College, Fellows of Swamp University. "How is it you have "no Doctors of Divinity?" said one to fine old JACOB KRUBER, a preacher of this order. "Our divinity is not sick, "and does not need doctoring," said the old man. A witty, satirical old creature this Kruber—able, learned, sarcastic, and eloquent. He lived during the days of the Revolution in America, and being called on to pray on some great public occasion, he delivered himself of the following petition: "O Lord, have mercy on the sovereigns of Europe; convert their souls; give them short lives and happy deaths; take them to heaven, and let us have no more of them." Sometimes the biter got bitten. When he lived at Lewiston he came frequently into contact with a Catholic priest, not much behind him in the use of edged tools. He met the priest one day, not as usual, on horseback, but trudging on foot: said Kruber, "Where's your horse? why don't you ride?" "Oh," said the other, rather testily, "the beast's dead!" "Dead! well, I suppose he is in purgatory?" "Nay, the wretched creature turned Methodist just before he died, and went straight to hell." Old Kruber was greatly averse to read sermons—for even in those days there were readers of sermons in the pulpit. Once a youthful Congregational minister read before him; Jacob also had to follow the young man in preaching, and it was expected he would give the young brother a thrust for the use of his notes.

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He finished, however, without saying a word that looked towards the manuscript; but, in his concluding prayer, he uttered these strange petitions: "Lord, bless the man who has read to us to-day; let his heart be as soft as his head, and then he will do us some good." "How do you make your preachers?" was once said to one of these fine old preachers of the woods. "Why, we old ones tell the young ones all we know, and they try to tell the people all they can, and they keep on trying *till* they can—that's our college." One was asked, "Do you belong to the standing order?" "No," he said, "I belong to the kneeling order."* They were sharp men. One day, while Dr. Bostwick was riding along on the well-known Methodist horse, a man rode up, insolently laid his hand on the Doctor's bridle, and said: "I would as soon ride the devil as ride this horse." "Oh!" said Bostwick, "how it would look to see a child riding his own father!" The man put spurs to his own steed, and, without a word, galloped away. There was Billy Hibbard, shrewd, powerful in his dealings with the souls of men, but a mighty Arminian. "Brother Hibbard," said a Calvinistic minister to him one day, "you hurt my feelings in preaching yesterday." "Why, brother, how did I do that?" He referred him to some doctrinal remark in his discourse. "Oh!" said Hibbard, "I'm sorry you took that, I meant that for the devil, and you stepped in and took it yourself; don't get between me and the devil, brother, and you won't get your feelings hurt." Like our own famous Dawson, he would scarcely be known by the more elegant and euphonious name of William: when Bishop Asbury was presiding at the roll-call of the Conference, he objected answering to that name, insisting that his name was *Billy*. "Why, Brother Hibbard," said Asbury, "Billy is a little

* *The Life of Jacob Kruber.* By W. P. Strickland. Seventh Thousand. New York, 1866.

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boy's name!" "Yes, Bishop," he said, "and I was a little boy when my father gave it me." These men had few books—the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and a few such, in their saddle-bags, formed their whole library; yet some became great scholars, and masterly divines. But the open pages of the book of Nature were before them, and in keen encounters with men they learned a thousand things hidden from ordinary eyes; and thus were trained a healthful body, a well-developed muscular system, large strong lungs; a vigorous constitution, a workshop and dwelling-place for a wise and vigorous mind. How a man could become a strong preacher and thinker while ranging those mighty solitudes, sleeping in small apartments, containing all the family and such domestic animals as shared a backwoodman's fireside, seems wonderful. They suffered many persecutions. They had not much to say of moral beauty, necessary relations, *á priori* and *á posteriori* volitions, and intellectual processes, and active powers; but it is said, and we believe it, they talked of sin so as to make the flesh creep, and the hair stand on end; and they talked of the love of the Saviour and the freedom of His grace, so as to make the heart rejoice, and tears come to the eyes. Their intellectual heraldry was not in their armour, but in their muscle, they were not educated to a suppression of their instincts, nor formalized to a slavery of metaphysics. Certainly, they would not have deserved the censure pronounced upon a florid metaphysical preacher—of whom his people, during the week, saw nothing—that "on six days of the week he was invisible, and on the seventh he was incomprehensible;" and they might have reversed the remark of the bishop to the young man who applied to him for ordination: "I do not forbid you to preach, but both Nature and Grace do." Thus, without dwelling at greater length on this subject—which I have only touched for the purpose of introducing Dr. Steven's

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completed work to you, while expressing my regret that he has not availed himself of the wealth of anecdotal material for the continuation of the story to the pulpit of his own land—I only again renew my expression of the interest of the work itself. Bramwell and Bradshaw, Story, and Saville, Coke, Mather, Newton, and Bunting, Hanby, and the glorious hymnologist, the Welsh cobbler, Olivers; such, with a multitude of other names, are those which pass before us in those volumes.

To many, perhaps to some among my hearers, my remarks of admiration upon this soul-searching preaching will seem simply contemptible. In none of the men to whom I have referred was the pitcher of much importance compared with the lamp. With us, almost all our attention goes to the pitcher; there is great attention to the shape of it; it must be a vase—Etruscan—with a copious amplitude of decoration. But let us change our figure. If a man want water, if he be perishing for water, do we say, "Ah! we must wait until we can fetch our gold cup, our richly-chased, antique, Benvenuto Cellini cup?" "Never mind that," says the man, "water—good measure of water—in the common earthenware pitcher, will do. I perish for water!" And many die for want of the "Water of Life" in this land; like Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* on the salt sea:

> Water, water everywhere,
> And all the boards did shrink;
> Water, water everywhere,
> And not a drop to drink.

For ever decorating the pitcher! Some cannot even talk good plain English—cannot even avail themselves of intelligible decorations. Thus, one minister describes a tear "as that small particle of aqueous fluid, trickling from the visual organ over the lineaments of the countenance, be-

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tokening grief." I have heard of one talking in the pulpit of "the deep, intuitive glance of the soul, penetrating beyond the surface of the superficial phenomenal, to the remote recesses of absolute entity, or being; thus adumbrating its immortality in its precognitive perceptions;" while another—and he a highly eminent man! head of a college for ministers!—when he read a well-known passage of Scripture, shrunk from the plain vernacular, "'He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his'"—he took refuge in the classics—"his ventriculum 'shall flow rivers of living water.'" Yes, preachers ought to know how to use words, or else calamities will happen. Take the following as an illustration: "A clergyman, while composing a sermon, made use of the words 'ostentatious man.' Throwing down his pen, he wished to "satisfy himself before he proceeded, as to whether a great portion of his congregation might comprehend the meaning of these words, and he adopted the following method of proof. Ringing the bell, his footman appeared, and he was thus addressed by his master, 'What do you conceive 'to be implied by an ostentatious man?' 'An ostentatious man, Sir,' said Thomas; 'why, Sir, I should say a perfect gentleman.' 'Very good,' observed the vicar, 'send Ellis, the coachman, here.' 'Ellis,' said the vicar, 'what do you imagine an ostentatious man to be?' 'An ostentatious man, Sir,' replied Ellis, 'Why, I should say, 'an ostentatious man means what we calls, saving your presence, a very jolly fellow.' It is hardly necessary to "add that the vicar substituted a less ambiguous word." Worse still. "A clergyman was sent for the other day. "The man was rather deaf to whom he was called. 'What induced you to send for me,' very pompously said the clergyman. 'Eh!' 'What *induced* you,' he repeated, 'to send for me?' 'What does he say?' said the man to his wife. He says, 'What *the deuce* did ye send for him for?'"

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Remarkably, in this department of plain speech the Roman Catholics are before us. The work of the Methodist revival is being done by the children of St. Philip Neri, the Oratorians. These are the only people, almost, who preach to the poor. What do Independents, or Baptists, or, for that matter, the old Methodists either, know about preaching to the poor, to the very poor? Our chapels and churches are, for the most part, it is to be feared, luxuries they cannot afford; and if we send ministers down to the alleys and low courts, we do not send, as Rome sends, gentlemen and men of genius, with a presence of dignity and a heart of affection, we make the great mistake of sending those who, while they possess frequently the coarseness which repels, do not carry along with it the sweetness and the dignity which would affect and command.

Man has within him a nature which thirsts for living water—sighs for light—longs for a certain sound; and the whole story of the lamp, the pitcher, and the trumpet, is the story of the efforts made by painful, patient, and earnest men to supply these infinite desires and wants. To satisfy such infinite desires, some of the most glorious and gifted of our race have separated themselves, and set themselves apart. Jonathan Edwards had many of the attributes of all—light, refreshment, and awakening; very much such a character as the lovely and illustrious Bishop Berkeley, he ran his metaphysics into impossible and unattainable zeniths and heights. His freedom of the will is unanswerable, but it is dreadful; like Hegel, he dealt with the universe and mind as pure thought; but a tender affectionateness modulates every sentence in his *History of Redemption;* and when he preached, his accents—permeated by deepest feeling, justified to himself by profoundest speculation, harmonized and fitted to his conception of God's purposes and man's responsibilities—compelled men to listen, and quiver, and tingle through every nerve of their moral being

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while they listened. Marvellously inconsistent seem some of the moods and powers of the preacher with some of the speculations of the thinker; and wonderful, it sometimes seems, that so sweet, seraphic, and tender a nature could have been so severe. Emotion welled up within him, but it fell into the iron cistern and basin of hard imperious logic. An American, in an extraordinary poem, has well described Edwards, his life, his theology, and his preaching:

> In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,
> Shaping his creed at the forge of thought,
> And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent
> The iron links of his argument;
> Which strove to grasp in its mighty span
> The purpose of God and the fate of man!
> Yet faithful still in his daily round
> To the weak, and the poor, and the sin-sick, found
> The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art,
> Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.
> Had he not seen in the solitudes
> Of his deep and dark Northampton woods,
> A vision of love about him fall?—
> Not the blinding splendour that fell on Saul,
> But the tender glory that rests on them
> Who walk in the New Jerusalem;
> Where never the sun nor the moon are known,
> But the Lord and His love are the light alone!—
> And watching the sweet, still countenance
> Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,
> Had he not treasured each broken word
> Of the mystical wonder seen and heard,
> And loved the beautiful dreamer more,
> That thus to the desert of earth she bore
> Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's shore?*

Perhaps, a little thought will explain the coherence of

* J. Greenleaf Whittier. *Poems.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields. A remarkable poem, called "The Preacher."

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this remarkable character. The logical *im*possibility prepares the way for the Divine possibilities and assurances of grace, when science only reveals her despair. The supernatural missions of the Spirit, which can never be straitened, become more infinitely bright, and soothing, and tender to that part in man, which can never be satisfied by sequences and conclusions, unless they minister to its infinite hopes. In some way, this same contradiction has been felt and transcended by all the greatest souls—by Luther, in several notable and noble passages, and more popularly by Whitefield, called to sound and gauge the moral lapse of his race, and the times in which he lived, and to draw in sharp lines the contrast of human frailty, and the perfect law of truth;

> To him, in the painful stress
> Of zeal on fire from its own excess,
> Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small,
> That man was nothing, since God was all.

This would be all imperfect—is, perhaps, imperfect—if we did not remember that the world can well afford a prophet, his soul all on fire and ablaze with zeal for the Lord of Hosts—coming down from his rapt communions and divine and illuminating perceptions. He may well be hailed, when it is known that man is in a state of fearful aberration from the rectitude and purity of the divine law; the immense lapse in the one instance may well permit the fearful thunders of Ezekiel or Nahum to roll in the other, and preaching never becomes the voice of inspiration to startle and alarm, until the infiniteness of divine law, and the infinite consequences of its infractions are perceived.

Of Whitefield, John Newton said:

I bless God that I have lived in his time; many were the winter mornings I have got up at four to attend his Tabernacle

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discourses at five; and I have seen Moorfields as full of lanterns at these times, as I suppose the Haymarket is full of flambeaux on an opera night. As a preacher, if any man were to ask me who was the second I ever had heard, I should be at some loss; but in regard to the first, Mr. Whitefield exceeded so far every other man of my time, that I should be at none. He was the original of popular preaching, and all our popular ministers are only his copies.

And is it unnatural? Is it only in the material and natural world that lightnings and thunders roll and rend? —only in the lower heavens that their furies are seen to play? Highest minds have not judged so—the mind has its tempests which, like tragical Titans, tear the heavens, and seem to pluck down judgments—and Whitefield rent men's souls as he stood and cried, "Oh, my friends—the wrath of God! the wrath of God!"

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II.

The Vocation of the Preacher.

YOU have not to be told that there is a town, of all the towns in this world the most wonderful, the most ancient, the most powerful, the most glorious, and the most famous. Other towns have churches and cathedrals, but there would have been no churches and cathedrals but for this town; other towns have castles, and moats, and fortifications, but there would have been no fortifications, no castles, nor bastions, but for this town; other towns have had their senate houses, and parliaments, and halls, and judicial courts, and majesties, and thrones, but they are all the shadows falling from the buildings of this town; other towns have had their battle-fields, and the war of strife has raged through their streets, and the shock of war and the lightning of strife blazed over their fields—all the passions of the battle-field had their origin in this town; other towns have palaces, but there is no palace so beautiful or so brave as the palace of this town—none with a furniture so rich, none with glory so brave, or great, or subduing; I need not say, *it is the town of Mansoul.*

Now, this town lies open to *the Sea*—the wonderful sea;

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the sea flows down to it through rivers and bays; all its wealth, like that of more modern towns, lies in its neighborhood to the sea. Strange land lies all around it, but it opens to the great world to which it belongs by five ports—the Cinque Ports—the ports themselves beautifully constructed, are yet as nothing to the wealth they convey. All the merchandise of pictures, and of charming furnitures; and all merchandise of music, and organs, and of harps; and all merchandise of spices and of precious gums; and all merchandise of clothing and of food, all come hither borne in by the wondrous waves that flow up to the gates of these ports of the town of Mansoul. "Five gates," said John Bunyan, "Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Nose-gate, Mouth-gate, Feel-gate; but the greatest of these is Ear-gate."

Preachers have to do with Ear-gate. But sometimes the people in this town of Mansoul are all asleep. Over the whole space there is as the slumber of an enchanted palace; the people within are wonderful people, but you can do nothing with them till they are all awake. One of the first of all conditions is to awaken the people within the town of Mansoul. There is a well-known story in the history of our country, of one of our earliest kings. Richard I., on his way from the Holy Land, was taken captive and imprisoned in a dreary castle away from his nation. At last, in the hands of his enemies, while wonder was dying fast, and he was perishing from the memory of mankind, he was discovered in a very strange manner. He had a favorite minstrel—Blondel; he knew that his master and his king was confined in some cell in a castle among dreary mountain forests; and he travelled from one to the other, waking at the dungeon bars some well-loved melodies from his harp. At last, the strain from the harp without was answered by the king from within, down in the dungeon. The song and the harp of the minstrel thus became the

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means of the emancipation of the prince. Thus the king regained his throne, and escaped from the horrors of his exile, by the stray and floating air which had carelessly wiled away his hours in the camp, or in the more lightsome gaieties of the palace. All Europe was interested in the listening ear of the thrilled king to the wild and fitful melodies of the faithful bard.

Thus the spirit of man sits like a captive king in a dungeon, until the voice of the divine music wakes echoes hitherto unknown along his prison house, and stirs him with new knowledge—new consciousness. We have heard of the mighty power of music. Mighty, too, is the power of a Divine word, when the heart knows it and owns it; "then the captive exile hasteneth to be loosed." The senses are the bars of our prison. Behind and within everybody there is a soul. God can make the words to answer the Divine purpose. Preaching, and all its auxiliaries, are only useful to us as they do for the soul what Blondel did for the King Richard — waken within him memory, or hope; rousing him to thoughts of a world beyond his prison bars—beyond his exile; waken him to effort; to listen and to aspire; and every minister should be a Blondel, seeking for imprisoned kings, contented with their chains, sitting perhaps in despair, perhaps in contentment, in their dungeons, till the magic chords stir their being.

And this is your work. One of the things I propose to myself this evening and the following, is to seek to awaken the sleeping people in the town of Mansoul. There is Imagination, there is Memory, there is Thought, and there is Attention. I suppose it can scarcely be said they are asleep in you. No, your very presence here shows that in a measure, at any rate, they are awake. But you see how possible it is for a portion of the man to be awake, and only a portion. Some men are, after all, only abortive

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beings, and some men are only sensational beings. You know how readily the mind is impressed by natural objects; but we cannot call this an educated, or awakened mind. On the contrary, this mind in which sensibility is awake and conscience and thought asleep, is most dangerously unawakened.

I say therefore, first, it is everything to awaken mind; to stir the slumbering being within the town of Mansoul. Many things may do it: a *conversation* may do it—a *word* may do it—the shields of Mitiades would not allow Themistocles to sleep; that is the case with many a young man's heart, when thoughts make the young man strive to be noble, and to do noble things, and to aspire, and to put forth effort to awaken the man, the soul; a *book* may do it; and this is the first intention of reading; to bring light to the mind, as light comes in the morning to awaken and to bless.

That was a great purpose the Apostle Paul set before himself in writing and in speaking—"To commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." "Why," said a friend of mine to a minister of the very narrow Calvinist school, "Why will you not allow me to sit down with your church at the Lord's Table. You know me, you know my character and position in the town. You are aware that all my views on the doctrines of grace are substantially the same as your own." The narrow brother admitted all this. "I know, I know," he said, "I respect you and your opinions highly, but somehow you have not commended yourself to *my* conscience;" that was a curious inversion of the Apostle's words, "Commending *ourselves* to every man's conscience." That is, not merely to be present in the consciousness, that is, the knowledge of a man. You know that I am here—that is consciousness—consciousness is knowledge; but conscience is the knowledge a man *has of himself*. This knowledge

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enters the soul, sheds light there; wakes up the powers within the soul; says to Thought, "Awake;" says to Emotion, "Awake;" says to Duty, "Awake." This is the value of a book—the value of a preacher.

I shall take up my Bible again, and Solomon shall preach to us. Listen to what he says: "Through *desire* a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddleth with all wisdom." Now, that is the great condition of the intellectual life;"—first the "desire"—desire to save souls—through desire, the yearning for knowledge; as the same man says: "If thou searchest for knowledge and seekest for her as for hid treasure, thou shalt find her." Therefore it was said, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light—it giveth light unto the simple." Intellectual advancement here is not separated from the *will:* through desire,—it is a love and a passion; it is also consecration; the man *must separate* himself; walk alone; separate himself not merely from disreputable companions, from idle, from thoughtless companions; I have known young men who have lost the golden hours because they gave themselves, in their early days, when work was over, to the mere insipid chatterings of frivolity. But here is the first condition, the desire, then separation, and "intermingling with all knowledge." Seize upon truth, it is all before you; "ransack the ages; spoil the climes." Your motive must not he vanity. "A fool," says the wise man, "has no delight in understanding, but that his heart may discover *itself*," that is, reveal his own vanity. But it is not so with the earnest student, the thoughtful man; it is for the pleasure of wisdom; "seek her for she is thy life;" "exalt her and she shall promote thee."

But there *must* be the *desire*. Go to the grocer's, and get the best tea, give the best price, mix it any way; but what matters it? What makes a good cup of tea? *Boiling* water. Your water must *boil*. The pudding may be

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well made and mixed, but what makes it? Why, *boiling* water. Now, this *desire* is the boiling water; it is of no use to have the largest library and the best books without the boiling water. As the Psalmist said, "My heart boils over with good matter." Ps. xlv. 1.

And I have said to you already, in effect, that whatever you do, "take care of the words." When you study words remember you are studying things. We are constantly enriching our language from the spoils of words; and while I do think we are not chary enough of the introduction of new words, we do not guard enough the entrance of words; still there are foolish prejudices; for instance, the words *subjective* and *objective*. Well, they are not so new as they seem; but I do not think that we could at all dispense with them. And, in our language, they remind us that a period has come when we not only separate the outer from the inner world, but the knowledge which the soul has, from the soul itself. The subjective is the optic lens upon which the outer world is painted, while the objective is the outer world which is painted on the optic lens.

But while I think these topics are not unimportant, I must not yet dwell on them too long. I may now call you to some other immediate hints on the vocation of the preacher; nor shall I be careful or sorry that I strike distinctly again some of the chords I have just now touched. It is clearly understood that your work is *with souls*, and *for souls*, not minds merely, that is, the region of thought; you are to go deeper; you are to be wielders of that "word which separates the soul and the spirit," that is, between the voice of the conscience and the voice of the mind. You are to be the holders of "that word which discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart." If you are to be men of power you will come into immediate contact with the consciences of men; for this reason, many

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have said, and say, there is *no art* of preaching. How ridiculous to say this, for every trade, for every profession, there is a distinct art; and even the very meanest, the shoemaker and the tailor, is apprenticed to learn his trade. You are here to learn to preach. If I have ever had a quarrel with the system of the college, it is that, for the most part, it has prepared for the study, and not for the pulpit; it has made schoolmasters, not ministers; like some, of whom a witty German, Richter, speaks, who had "learned the Paternoster in every tongue, "but never prayed with it;" so some ministers have attained almost every conceivable kind of knowledge, but never preached with it. I do not speak to you as if I supposed your powers were above the average, and, in any case, therefore, I shall say, *Culture, Culture, Culture.* Pray, read, and marshal your ideas; put them in order. It is knowledge—it is more than knowledge, it is wisdom—which enables the preacher to tell upon his hearers. It has been well said that hearers have often neither the skill nor the will to take home to themselves general discourses, therefore the preacher must make the application himself; as Nathan, "Thou art the man." Bridges remarks on Ecclesiastes xii. 2, "The goads and the nails, *i.e.*, the words of the wise, must not be laid by as if the posts would knock them in, but must be fastened by the masters of assemblies.". This must be your study—this is your vocation, to reach the conscience. This is power in preaching; but it needs deep experience and prayer, and a knowledge of the Scriptures for truth and for power with souls. I have no doubt that a far more efficient test than the loudest acclamation and applause, is *the test of tears.* St. Augustine, in his *Art of Preaching*, tells us that he undertook to dissuade the people of one of those ancient cities, Cesaræa, from a barbarous annual practice of civil conflict, in which neighbors, and even sons, and fathers,

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and brothers divided themselves into two parties, to fight at particular seasons of the year, each one killing whom he could. He says:

I availed myself, as far as possible, of the grand in eloquence, in order that I might tear away and banish from their customs and their hearts this inveterate evil; but I did not think I had accomplished anything so long as I heard their acclamations only—*until I saw them in tears.* Their acclamations showed me that they were taught and delighted; but their tears showed me that they were persuaded; and when I saw their tears, I felt that the savage custom, which had been handed down from one father's grandfather's ancestor to another, would be subdued, and that, too, before I was authorized to feel so by the thing itself. Soon after, having closed my discourse, I turned to give thanks to God—and, lo! Christ being propitious, eight years and more have elapsed since anything of the kind has been attempted. Many other things have occurred in my experience, from which I have learned that those who have been in any measure affected by the grand in a wise display of eloquence, show it by sighs rather than by clamor, sometimes by sobbing, and finally by a change of life.

This guides us to the true vocation of the preacher. We read of an ancient father who wept at the applause given to his sermons; he felt that his words had not gone deep enough. "Would to God," said he, "they had gone away silent and thoughtful." Well says Bridges,* "We must preach *to* our people, as well as *before* them;" and says Robert Hall, "The conscience of the audience should feel the hand of the preacher searching it, and every individual should know where to class himself." Our spirit in preaching should be, "I have a message unto *thee*." If, as we walk along, we hear a cry of fire, we feel an uneasy tendency to look or run every way; it is different if any one

* See the admirable and almost exhaustive work *On the Christian Ministry*, By Rev. Charles Bridges, M.A.

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touches us on the shoulder and says, "*Your* house is on fire." So great is the difference between the preaching which deals in generals, and that which, coming home to close particulars, arrests the soul.

But you will not suppose that all this, which is the very highest order of speech and eloquence, can be attained without *culture*—without deep knowledge of the ways and springs of the human soul; or fancy that the power to do this consists merely in action or vehemence; mistaking, as the editor of Vinet* says, "*perspiration for inspiration;*" or that the work is done by preaching to the nerves, instead of to consciences and souls. You see the vocation of the preacher *is power*, religious power. Suppose, then, we drop the word eloquence, as an ambition to which you strive to attain; perhaps the probability is, that *as that word is understood*, you are not eloquent, and never will be eloquent. I believe we think of eloquence too much; what, then, should you care if your own natures are divinely touched and established?—you can *touch*, you can *teach*, you can *instruct*. "I often repeat to myself," says Reinhardt, "that, after all, the Christian preacher is more an instructor than an orator." Of course. Is not this the apostolic designation, "*Apt to teach*"? A preacher may be a perfect, a finished, and most successful orator, and yet miss every purpose and end, and almost every art of the Christian ministry; but the instructor, the teacher, must be "thoroughly furnished" himself, and he will furnish the minds of some, even if he fails to touch their souls.

All persons accustomed to lecturing or public speaking, will have noticed that, in the course of their wanderings, they meet with two audiences. There is a plain, unedu-

* Few works will serve the really thoughtful student of preaching more than *Homiletics, or the Theory of Preaching*. By Alexander Vinet, excellently translated and admirably annotated and edited by Rev. A. Faussett, M.A.

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cated audience, unpolished, but unconventionalized, to whom, if you would speak, you must present your speech in sharp, short, fiery sentences; in words that flash instantly, and in the flash convey and reveal. We have little of this order of eloquence now; but where it is, and where it meets its proper audience, it kindles, till the whole people are borne along on the blaze and the passion of it. The feelings of the people become ungovernable; they are clasped and borne along by irrepressible emotion; they shout, they cheer. The building in which the oration rings, shakes with the peal of rapture and of praise. True, after it is all over, you meditate that the people who yielded themselves to the fervor of this *furore* were a simple kind of folk, much more accustomed to follow their feelings than to inquire for the verdicts of cultured understandings; but then, the orator probably reflected to himself, that the strength of his speech also was not in his culture, but in his soul; that he and his audience captivated each other by their possession of the over-soul: they took fire not by their studied art, but by their great sympathies; and the voice of the orator, as it rose aloft, was like a wind amidst the trees, or sweeping down the dark hills—very fine, indeed, but dependent, too, upon the trees and the mountains: the wind had a voice in itself, but the trees and mountains awakened the echo.

There is another speaker, and there is another audience; an audience intensely, too intensely, capable of appreciating, but incapable of applauding. The speaker who would succeed, must cut his sentences like cameos, and work all the separate parts of his figures together, till they have the exquisiteness of mosaics. He makes a slip of one word: it is fatal to him in the estimation of his audience. His audience listens with a fine, hesitating, critical ear, much more pleased with the sense of propriety than the sense of power. It never yields itself until it is taken possession of,

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and conventionalism is a fine antidote to the being taken possession of. This audience appreciates clever reading more than lofty passion, and clear lines more than cloudy and mystic glories. These two audiences, alive now in our age, and usually to be found in many past ages, sufficiently represent the two stages of poetry, or of oratory; poetry in its primeval age—the age before the reign of Horace and of art, when, in fact, there is no *art* of poetry; for poetry, of course, precedes the art, even as the social man precedes law and society—and poetry in the artist age, when the sensations are placed in the cabinet, and kept, and turned over, and when mighty heavings of heart give place to pretty little pictures, and the rapture and the passion are succeeded by a fine eye for critical analysis; and the power to review a fine poem, and to demonstrate its deficiencies, is even far more than to write it. In the poetry of Palestine, in Hebrew poetry, we are brought into the presence of the first of these two; and if such a plain illustration as that we have used may serve, then let it serve to illustrate the poetry of Judea and the poetry of Greece, after the age of Homer, the poetry of passion and of truth, and the poetry of culture and of form. The storm-lit and phosphorescent sea may image to us the one; the clear, calm, cold, glacial mountain, visited all night by troops of stars, may seem to us the type of the other. The first, a grand, sonorous, and inadjectived world, where everything is nominative and intense in action; a speculative lens before which all things turn into the qualities of bodies, may seem to us a type of the last.

Where is the model of the vocation of the preacher—where? Why, where should it be, but *in the Book* which is to be to the Christian preacher—text, doctrine, creed, life, inspiration, consolation, history, biography—everything? There are some things in the manners and customs of old Palestine, with reference to its prophets, you will have to

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leave behind; but for your work, I say to you, enter the schools of the ancient prophets. In the ancient prophet-man, your example is very greatly there. In Dean Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church*, this fact is well brought out. He attempts to bring before us the schools of the prophets, and the power of the prophet as a commanding teacher and leader of the people. He brings out, with considerable distinctness and force, the prophetic insight into the human heart; the close connection of the prophet with the thoughts, hearts, and consciences of men; the consciousness of the presence of God; the teaching of the future, constantly speaking of things to come; the power of the future both for the Church and the individual. "The whole prophetic teaching stakes itself on the issue that all will go well with us when once we turn. The future is everything, the past is nothing. *The turning, the change*, the fixing our faces in the right instead of the wrong direction, this is the difficulty, the crisis of life; but this done, *then*, cried the prophet, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.' 'He will turn again, He will have compassion upon us; He will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.'" Dean Stanley says:—

O if the spirit of our profession, of our order, of our body, were the spirit, or anything like the spirit, of the ancient prophets! if with us, truth, charity, justice, fairness to opponents, were a passion, a doctrine, a point of honor, to be upheld, through good report and evil, with the same energy as that with which we uphold our position, our opinions, our interpretations, our partnerships! A distinguished prelate has well said, "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put the duty of Truth in the first place or in the second place." Yes! that is exactly the difference between the spirit of the world and that of the Bible. The spirit of the world asks, *first*, "Is it safe? is it pious?" *secondly*, "Is it true?" The

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spirit of the prophets asks, *first*, "Is it true?" *secondly*, "Is it safe?" The spirit of the world asks, *first*, "Is it prudent?" *secondly*, "Is it right?" The spirit of the prophets asks, *first*, "Is it right?" *secondly*, "Is it prudent?" It is not that they and we hold different doctrines on these matters, but that we hold them in different proportions. What they put first, we put second; what we put second, they put first. The religious energy which we reserve for objects of temporary and secondary importance, they reserved for objects of eternal and primary importance. When Ambrose closed the doors of the church of Milan against the blood-stained hands of the devout Theodosius, he acted in the spirit of a prophet. When Ken, in spite of his doctrine of the divine right of kings, rebuked Charles II. on his death-bed for his long unrepented vices, those who stood by were justly reminded of the ancient prophets. When Savonarola, at Florence, threw the whole energy of his religious zeal into burning indignation against the sins of the city, high and low, his sermons read more like Hebrew prophecies than modern homilies.*

And I will touch upon one very powerful source of inspiration through the whole Jewish prophet-host—it was national; they saw, they felt God in their history. I am amazed that this is not more frequently, to us, inspiration in our pulpit. I wonder much, and often seem to hear, the old prophet saying to us: "What iniquity have your fathers found in me, saith the Lord." Turn, for contrast, to the Hebrew pages. What stories of battles! the harp of Deborah, and the hand of Barak; when the storm of sleet and hail burst over the Canaanites; and the rains descended, and the winds blew, and the flood and the torrent swept them away. What hero in uninspired story reaches the dimensions of Gideon, the victor over Zebah and Zalmunnah? The shrill blasts of those trumpets, the crash of those pitchers? How the tradition stirs us now! One of the most glowing and glorious enchantments of Hebrew

**Lectures on the Jewish Church*, Vol. i., pp. 41, 452.

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poetry is its nationality. The surge of Hebrew song brought on every wave the thought, "God is with us." This, in all ages, gave the ecstasy and passion to their mighty tones of triumph. And how, as they all sang, the thought of the God who called them and sanctified them, gave the roll and the rush of melody! It must be admitted, there have been no other such national lyrics. "God save the Queen," and "Rule Britannia," awaken thrillings and tinglings of blood and soul; but they are poor affairs compared with the national songs of Judea; and in our national songs the music is far finer than the words. We have never set our national incident to music. We are poor in patriotic songs. Even the French, perhaps, exceed us in this; and *The Marseillaise* tingles and kindles even more than "Ye Mariners of England." In Judea the national history was well known, was burnt into the hearts of the people. In a very tame way, I fancy, our history is apprehended. Thus, for instance, the well-known, perhaps the best known, national incident, the destruction of the Armada, the Spanish Armada, the Invincible Armada; how differently has Macaulay recited the story to the way in which we can conceive it recited by some ancient Hebrew in a similar instance. Our poet dwells, indeed, on the mustering of the nation; but the true poem is left unsung. We have the gathering of the people, not the scattering of the foe. There is very much in that projected invasion which reminds us of the invasion of Israel by Sisera; and many of the words of that glorious song of Deborah might well befit our case. It is quite wonderful what a propensity there has been in tyrants, from time immemorial, to reckon their chickens before they were hatched; as the mother of Sisera sang, "Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework, of divers colors of needlework on both sides, meet for the

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necks of them that take the spoil?" We wonder how a Hebrew would have chanted the story of those much misguided asses, the captains and chief governors of that most imperial ass that ever was, Philip II., who had prepared his armada as a gorgeous flotilla, for a very festival of conquest: fitting out his large fleet with soldiers and inquisitors, who were to murder and to havoc in the streets of London, and make the sack of Antwerp pale. Alas! they calculated badly. London was all before their anxious eyes. There was velvet, and gold, and baggage, for the triumph; lights and torches for the illumination, *when* London should be sacked. Every captain had received some gift from the prince to make himself brave; and lances so gorgeous — 'twas a preparation for a triumph, not for a war. And then came *that* night, and the sob of the storm, and the drip of the mysterious oars, and the devil-ships of Gianibelli, and the flame, and the mist, and the tempest; and so — but we know the rest: only, what would an Israelite have said over such a victory? — "*Thou* breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind."

These are the things in a nation's history which make a people look up. These are the foundations of national pride and exultation. It is possible, indeed, that in many a lonely Methodist chapel, in many a far-away village cottage, the sentiment, God for England, is felt just as truly, and perhaps as profoundly, as in the hearts of the ancient Hebrew. But these things have not entered into the texture of our national poetry. We have very little of what may be called national poetry, and what we have does not ring with the grand sentiment of "God is with us," the perpetual sentiment of Hebrewism. Does this arise, as some have said, from the fact that Christianity disclaims patriotism? I am disposed in part to admit this; that no land ever has been and ever can be what Palestine was to the Jew; and hence, too, while he had no epic poet, every-

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thing in his land became epical, and as I have said and seen, all things of institution and of scenery became greatly represented.

Our history has incidents as glowing and marvellous; but have we the heart of the ancient Hebrew to recite the story? Why, it is in the memory of men living now, and here, how Napoleon I. spread his mighty camp along the heights of Boulogne, where a hundred thousand men waited for the moment when, beneath the leadership of the First Consul, they were to spring on England — those preparations were vast — and fifty thousand men spread along the coast from Brest to Antwerp. "Let us be masters of the Channel," said Napoleon, "for six hours, and we are masters of the 'world.'" Also the master of the French Mint received orders to strike a medal commemorating the conquest — and although the die had to be broken, there are three copies taken; two are in France and one in England — the Emperor crowned with laurel, and the inscription in French, "London taken, 1804." But there was One sitting in the heavens who laughed: the Lord had them in derision. "He spoke unto them in His wrath, and vexed them in His sore displeasure;" for, alas, alas! Admiral La Touche Treville, having received orders to put to sea, he alone knowing the destiny of the fleet, fell sick, poor man, and died just then; and there was no head to direct, and no hand to strike, and the thing had to be postponed. But Napoleon, Emperor Napoleon, did not give up; in 1805 he was waiting still in Boulogne! London was not taken, to be sure, in 1804, but it might be in 1805. He climbed the heights, again and again, and waited for the junction of the fleets; but he strained his eyes in vain: his admirals blundered, and so that fleet which was to have taken London, while Napoleon supposed it hastening to Brest, was flying to Cadiz, there to meet with Nelson at Trafalgar; and so,—in fact London was not taken.

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But what would an ancient Hebrew have said? He would have said, "As we have *heard*, so have we *seen*:" "God is known in her palaces for a refuge. For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together. They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away." "We have thought of Thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple." He would have sung as Deborah sang, "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love *Thee* be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

And fire your spirits by the consideration of the lives and writings of those men who have eminently illustrated the vocation of the preacher. I am sorry I am unable to point you to a cheap edition of the sermons of Henry Smith;* he was one of the early Puritans—one of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, mentioned by Marsden, with Udall and Penry; he was, by the hints of his memorialist, old Thomas Fuller, only saved from their doom by the special protection of Lord Burleigh, accorded to him, no doubt, from his family ties with a large baronial family in Leicestershire. Udall and Penry were of more worthless extraction; and, therefore, fitting food for the gallows and the gaol. But Henry Smith was of the very Prætorian band of Puritans; he ran a brief course of faithfulness, and his words ran very nimbly. I apprehend few of the Puritans of that age had, in so eminent a degree, the blessing of Napthali. "He was a hind let loose, and he gave goodly words." His was specially the eloquence that "makes straight paths for its feet." No knotty or perplexed question, or discussion, could ever induce him to turn aside. When the Strand was a wide street to that we see it now, and St. Clement Danes a very different church, it was thronged to listen to the intense earnestness of this youth-

* There is now an excellent edition, published by Mr. Nichol, in the "*Library of Standard Puritan Divines.*"

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ful Puritan, for he died young. Let me read to you some illustrations of the method he adopted in dealing with the conscience, and pressing Scripture home upon it. Thus he exclaims on the text — *Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all:*—

This is the anchor of the righteous; as he looks upon his troubles, the promise cometh in like a messenger from Christ, (while he is praying and weeping) and saith, *The Lord will deliver thee out of all.* Then he resolveth like Nehemiah, and saith, *Shall such a man as I fly?* Shall such a man as I recant? If I be faint in the day of adversity, Solomon saith, "Thy strength is small;" as if he should say, I was never strong, but did counterfeit like Demas. If I want comfort in trouble, Solomon saith, "A good conscience is a continual feast." As if he should say, that I have not a good conscience, if I have not comfort in the Cross. Therefore, I will wait the Lord's leisure, because Essay saith, *Faith maketh no haste.* I will not break his bands; because, then, I am like the heathen. I will not flatter the judge; because Solomon saith it is in vain. I will not betray the cause; because God hath appointed it to try me. I will not offend my brethren; because Paul had rather die than do so. I will not charge my conscience; because it can vex me more than their bands. I will not turn from my profession; because I learned it of God, and vowed to leave all for it, in the day that I was baptized a Christian. Though my friends tempt me, like Job's wife; though my flesh flatter me, like Eve; though my persecutors would bribe me, like Balaac; though those which suffer with me should revolt for fear, yet I will be as Joshua, which stood alone; and as Elkana was instead of children to Hannah, so Christ shall be instead of comfort, instead of wealth, and health, and liberty to me. For many were the troubles of Joseph; and the Lord delivered him out of all: many were the troubles of Abraham, and the Lord delivered him out of all: many were the troubles of David, and the Lord delivered him out of all: many were the troubles of Job, and the Lord delivered him out of all; therefore, he can deliver me out of all. But if he do not, (saith Sidrach, Misaac, and Abed-

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nego) yet we will not do evil to escape danger: because Christ hath suffered more for us. Therefore, if I perish, I perish, saith Hester. She was content that her life should perish: but if my purse suffer, my money doth but perish: if my body be imprisoned, my pleasures do but perish: and who can tell when he hath suffered that which is appointed? Therefore, God saith, *When I see convenient time, I will execute judgment.* Not when *thou* dost think it a convenient time. Therefore, saith David to the Lord, *In thee do I trust all the day:* that is, if He come not in the morning, He will come at noon; if He come not at noon, He will come at night; at one hour of the day He will deliver me: and then, as the calm was greater after the tempest than it was before, so my joy shall be sweeter after tears than it was before. The remembrance of Babylon will make us sing more joyful in Sion.

Thus Moses describeth the journey of the righteous, as if they should go thorow the sea, and wilderness, as the Israelites went to Canaan. Look not for ease nor pleasure in your way, but for beasts, and serpents, and thieves: until you be past the wilderness, all is strait, and dark, and fearful; but as soon as you are thorow the narrow gate, all is large, and goodly, and pleasant, as if you were in Paradise. Seeing, then, your kingdom is not here, look not for a golden life in an iron world; but remember that Lazarus doth not mourn in heaven, though he suffered pains on earth; but the glutton mourneth in hell, that stayed not for the pleasures of heaven. To which pleasures the Lord Jesus bring us, when this cloud of trouble is blown over us. Amen.

Again, from the text, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.*

Is this *altogether* like Paul or like Festus? *Not at all.* Now, if we be *almost Christians*, let us see what it is to be *almost a Christian. Almost* a son, is a bastard; *almost* sweet, is unsavory; *almost* hot is lukewarm, which God spueth out of His mouth, Rev. iii. 16. So *almost a Christian*, is not a Christian, but that which God spueth out of His mouth. A *Christian almost* is like a woman which dieth in travail; *almost* she brought forth a son, but that *almost* killed the mother and the son too.

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Almost a Christian, is like Jeroboam, which said, "*It is too far to go to Jerusalem to worship*," and therefore chose rather to worship calves at home.

Almost a Christian is like Micah, which thought himself religious enough, because he had gotten a priest into his house. *Almost a Christian* is like the Ephraimites, which could not pronounce Shibboleth, but Sibboleth. *Almost a Christian* is like Ananias, which brought a part, but left a part behind. *Almost a Christian* is like Eli's sons, which polled the sacrifices; like the fig tree, which deceived Christ with leaves; like the virgins, which carried lamps without oil; like the willing unwilling son, which said he would come and would not. What is it to be born *almost*. If the new man be born *almost*, he is not born. What is it to be married *almost* into Christ? He which is married but *almost* is not married. What is it to offer sacrifice *almost*? The sacrifice must be killed, or ever it can be sacrificed. He which gives *almost*, gives not, but denieth. He which believeth *almost*, believeth not, but doubteth. Can the door which is but *almost* shut keep out the thief? Can the cup which is but *almost* whole hold any wine? Can the ship which is but *almost* sound keep out water? The soldier which doth but *almost* fight, is a coward. The physician which doth but *almost* cure, is a slubberer. The servant which doth but *almost* labor, is a loiterer. I cannot tell what to make of these defectives, nor where to place them, nor unto what to liken them. *They are like unto children which sit in the market-place, where there is mourning and piping, and they neither weep nor dance*, but keep a note between them both; they weep *almost*, and dance *almost*. Believest thou *almost*? *Be it unto thee* (saith Christ) *as thou believest*. Therefore, if thou believest, thou shalt be saved — if thou believest *almost*, thou shalt be saved *almost*. As when a pardon comes while the thief hangs upon the gallows, he is *almost* saved, but the pardon doth him no good. So he which is *almost* a Christian, *almost* zealous, *almost* righteous, which doth *almost* love, *almost* believe, shall be *almost* saved; that is, if he had not been a Christian *altogether*, he should not be damned. Thus every man is a Christian *almost*, before he be a Christian *altogether*.

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Yes, there are two admirable men not very often referred to — HENRY SMITH and ROBERT ROBINSON — both in their way apostolic men; they are models of perspicuous force and of ready clearness. If I desired that my words should flow like a torrent, I would study Henry Smith; if I desired the style of calm persuasion, of quaint and concentrated power, I would read and study Robert Robinson. Henry Smith is, every way, one of the happiest representatives of the genius of the old Puritan pulpit; while Robinson, alas! alas! was a sort of passionless farmhouse Abelard. They both spoke to the multitude, recoiling from all mystic questions. Eminently they kept the high road. Robinson's sentences have more the ring and sound of the hammer, and the accompanying spark; Henry Smith's have more of the trumpet, the tone of the soldier, the conflict, and the clash of the field. Robinson did not so much preach to you as enter into conversation with you, and his sermons, although so impressive for the pulpit, would have been as impressive if spoken by the fireside. Smith ran nimbly along like a prophet of the Lord sounding an alarm upon the way, and bringing himself into immediate personal relations with the souls of men. These men have no place in estimation by the great masters of the pulpit; but if you rightly understand what a model should be, and study those men, you will be far more able teachers than if you gave your days and nights to Jeremy Taylor, or South, to Barrow, or even to Hall.

Yes, Robert Robinson, of Cambridge,* was a remarkable man, of whom Robert Hall, his illustrious successor, said, "He had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased."

*See *Miscellaneous Works of Robert Robinson*, with Memoir, in four vols.; and *The Select Works*, in one vol. By Rev. William Robinson.

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With few advantages of education in early life, from an unhappy and neglected childhood, and bound apprentice to the not very distinguished profession of hair-dresser — although the profession which gave Jeremy Taylor to the bench of bishops, Tenterden to the woolsack, and Arkwright to the manufactures of England — he made himself a perfect and accomplished, although never an elegant scholar. What he was as an orator the eulogy of Mr. Hall has, in some measure, indicated. In truth, his style, and the topics upon which he employed it were the counterparts of each other. He was a sort of William Cobbett in the pulpit; he was a Bishop of Barns and Fields; yet he handled the most grave and thoughtful topics, and he never handled them in the pulpit with coarse and vulgar hands. Or he might be called the Warburton of the conventicle; unepiscopal, unecclesiastical, he had much of the rude scholarly ruggedness and omnivorous variety of free-thinking delight in heresy of that singular and quarrelsome prelate. He was impatient of any thoughts which ranged themselves above the ranks of common sense; and it must be admitted that his mind retained a considerable degree of that strength which enabled him to become the teacher of the multitudes, while he raised himself above them. His language was most vigorous, strongly imbued with Saxon significance and vitality; but imagery in language and mystery in religion seem to have been equally his contempt. He had great power of humor and satire — more of the last than the first — and these he did not hesitate to employ. The gownsmen of Cambridge frequently interrupted his service in a very disgraceful manner; but they sometimes most undoubtedly got the worst of it, as appears from the following anecdote:

One hot summer's day, when he was nearly in the middle of his sermon, a clergyman fifty or sixty years of age entered. Pew

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doors were thrown open in vain. He walked to the table-pew, took his seat and, began quizzing, and so disturbing the congregation, to the great annoyance of the ladies. Robinson's spirit was stirred within him. Having paused long enough to regain thoroughly the diverted attention of the audience, he proceeded thus:—"I was speaking about complex and simple ideas, but as few are acquainted with logical terms, I will give an illustration or two. If, walking in the vicinity of the India House, I were to meet a person wearing powder, and silver buckles, and carrying a gold-headed cane, I should have the complex idea of a wealthy merchant. This would be made up of a number of simple ideas;" and the peculiarities of a successful merchant were enumerated. "Again, suppose I walking in Pell Mell, I might there meet some one wearing a cocked hat, a red coat, gold epaulettes, &c., and I should have the complex idea of an officer of high rank in the army. This, as in the former case, includes a number of simple ideas. Once more: if I were walking near St. Paul's, I might see a portly gentleman, in a shovel hat, full bottomed wig, black coat, black silk stockings, silver buckles,"—describing the dress before him—"and I should have the complex idea of a venerable dignitary of the Church of England. As in the former cases, *this* complex idea would include many simple ideas, the gentleman, the scholar, the divine;" and then followed an eloquent description of the good minister of Jesus Christ. "But, my friends, you may have forgotten the text. I will repeat it. 'Judge not according to outward appearance, but judge righteous judgment.'" Fixing his keen eye on the stranger in the table-pew, he began to reverse the picture, and describe impertinence and folly in a black dress. The intruder vanished in haste.

Robinson, moreover, was a tolerably successful farmer, and as for some time the guaranteed income from his church was £12 per annum, you will rejoice that he turned his husbandry to good account. He was, moreover, a very voluminous writer; and, as a historian, his researches were very extensive. I have often been surprised that a man so able, so laborious, so self-denying, and gifted, should be

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consigned to so much obscurity. It is true, he was a heretic, a Sabellian, or something like it. The author (if he was) of that sweet hymn, sung by the whole church,

> Come, thou Fount of every blessing,

he was far from the possession of a sound faith. Moreover, we have said his sermons were preached, for the most part, in barns and cottages. Yet we have heard men, and men of power, declare they would, for all practical purposes, exchange the style of Robert Hall for that of Robert Robinson; and others, again, that they would rather talk like him than like any master of pulpit eloquence. But his *Notes on Claude*, and the *History of Baptism* and the *Ecclesiastical Researches*, must, we suppose, be doomed to the vault of rare, and forgotten, but valuable books.

He was born at Swaffham, in Norfolk, the 8th of October, 1735. He was awakened to a knowledge of God and interest in a religious life by a powerful sermon of George Whitefield. He then attended the ministries of Whitefield and Wesley. Dr. Gill, and John Guise, and William Romaine were also among his most cherished teachers. These men, however, perhaps, could not have satisfied him long. He soon began himself to preach in villages. In this he was encouraged by that singular piece of ecclesiastical eccentricity, John Berridge. Robinson highly valued him; and, indeed, while the clergyman was considerably inferior to the young convert, in the breadth and build of his mind, they were very much alike in a certain rugged coarseness of mind and character; but Robinson was constantly availing himself of all resources for mental furniture, whether talking with a day-laborer, or translating Saurin, studying Greek and Latin, or attending to the economy of a farmyard. The first days of his religious life were passed among the Methodists. He very soon, however, became a Baptist, and in 1759 he received an invitation to become the minis-

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ter of the congregation in Cambridge, but continued on trial for two years, and did not settle in Cambridge until 1761.

He continued throughout his life a thorough Dissenter, and was wont to ridicule, I think with a somewhat graceless severity, the observances of the Established Church. "Really," he says, "when I compare the little cheap decorations of Reformed Churches with the masterpieces of Italy, our gaudy days with their grand processions, our beggarly imitations of their pontifical magnificence, I call theirs pomp, ours poverty. They are nature in the theatre of the metropolis, we are strollers uttering bombast in cast-off finery in a booth at a fair." The satire is neither true nor kind; but the writer of the satire was honest. He had many overtures made to him from Church dignitaries after the appearance of his *Plea for the Divinity of Christ*, but he resisted all; and the best sermons of their day continued to be delivered in barns, or meeting-houses little better than barns.

His expositions of Scripture were usually remarkably felicitous—very plain and lucid. Thus we have before us a popular rendering of a criticism upon the text, "*Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.*"

Imagine one of these primitive fairs. A multitude of people, from all parts, of different tribes and languages, in a broad field, all overspread with various commodities to be exchanged. Imagine this fair to be held after a good hunting season, and a bad harvest. The skinners are numerous, and clothing cheap. Wheat, the *staff* of life, is scarce, and the whole fair dread a famine. How many skins this year will a man give for this necessary article, without which he and his family must inevitably die? Why, each would add to the heap, and put *skin upon skin, for all* the skins *that a man hath will he give for his life.* Imagine the wheat-growers, of which Job was one, carrying home the skins, which he had taken for wheat. Imagine

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the party engaged to protect them raising the tribute, and threatening if it were not paid to put them to death. What proportion of skins would these merchants give, in this case of necessity? *Skin upon skin, all* the skins *that they have will they give for their lives.* The proverb then means, that we should save our lives at any price. Let us apply it to ourselves.*

Most of these sermons were addressed to villagers engaged in the occupations of farmhouse and country life. Such a congregation would, we may suppose, very keenly appreciate the exercise on early rising. The following extract is lengthy, but it is perfectly beautiful in the succession of suggestions and pictures it calls to the eye. The text of the preacher gives the refrain of each paragraph.

Let us look about us, and take notice, at least, of some of the beauties of nature in a morning, for *the heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handy work, and day uttereth speech.* How incomparably fine is the dawning of the day, when the soft and stealthy light comes at first glimmering with the stars, and gradually eclipses them all! How beautifully fitted to excite our attention is the folding and the parting of the grey clouds, drawn back *like a curtain* to give us a sight of the most magnificent of all appearances, the rising of the sun! How rich the dew, decking every spire of grass with colored spangles of endless variety and inexpressible beauty! Larks mount and fill the air with a cheap and perfect music, and every bush and every tree, every steeple and every hovel, emits a cooing or a twittering, a warbling, or a chirping, a hailing of the return of day. Amidst so many voices, shall man be dumb? Surely a good man must say, *My voice also shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord.*

It is in the morning, remarkably, that *the ox knoweth his owner,* and *the ass his master's crib.* Then, if ever, man feels himself the monarch, and to him who rises first, all domestic animals pay their homage. One winds and purrs about him, another frisks and capers and doth all but speak. The stern mastiff and the plodding ox, the noble horse and the harmless sheep, the

* *Village Sermons.*

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prating poultry and the dronish ass, all in their own way express their joy at the sight of their master; he is a god to them, for *the eyes of all wait on him, and he giveth them their meat in season.* It is to these animals that the prophet sends us for instruction, and from their behavior to us he would have us learn our duty to God. Let us observe how much these creatures contribute to our ease and comfort through life; let us remark that we owe them all they look to us for; let us acknowledge the debt, and our inability to discharge it without the supplies of Providence; let us address our prayers and praises to that good Master in heaven, whose stewards we have the honor to be; let us lay up for this great family, who have *neither storehouse nor barn;* let us supply them with a liberal hand; and for wisdom and prudence to perform all these duties, let us resolve with the psalmist, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord. In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."

When man walks abroad in a morning, every sense is feasted, and the finest emotions of an honest and benevolent heart are excited. It is next to impossible to be sour or dull. Above, the spacious canopy, *the tabernacle* or tent *for the sun*, in a thousand clouds of variegated forms, glowing with colors in every conceivable mixture, skirted and shaded with sulky mists, afford a boundless track of pleasure to the eye. Around, the fragrant air, perfumed by a variety of flowers, refreshes his smell. He snuffs the odor, and tastes, as it were, in delicate mixtures, the sours and the sweets.

The village pours forth its healthful sons, each with his cattle parting off to his work, with innocence in his employment, a ruddy health in his countenance, and spirits and cheerfulness in his address, that make him an object of envy to a king. Here the sly shepherd's boy surveys and plots for his flock, and there the old herdman tales and talks to his cattle, and loves patting their flanks to chant over the history of every heifer under his care. And have I only nothing to do in this busy scene: have I nothing to say among so many voices? Am I a man, and have I no pleasure in seeing the peace and plenty, the health and happiness of my fellow-creatures? Have I no good wishes for them? *O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.*

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Should we make our observations on a different season of the year, on the morning after a tempestuous night, in which the howling winds had torn up our timbers by the roots, overset our tottering chimneys, and carried half the thatch of our cottages away; or in which our sheep lay buried in drifts of snow, and the other cattle were deprived of all their green winter meat; or in which our rivers had swelled into floods, blown up the banks, laid all our meadows under water, covered the very ridges of our corn, threatened the lives of all our flock, and *destroyed the hope of man;* in all these, and in all other such cases, the perfections of God are displayed, the emotions of men and Christians excited, and the language of the text enforced, *My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.**

The following most characteristic letter gives an idea of the mingled industry, humor, and roughness of the man; but I suppose few ministers could give such an account of the spending of one day. It is addressed to Henry Keene, Esq., of Walworth.

Old Friend—You love I should write folios: that depends upon circumstances, and if the thunder-storm lasts it will be so; but what a sad thing it is to be forced to write when one has nothing to say. Well, you shall have an apology for not writing, —that is a diary of one day.

Rose at three o'clock — crawled into the library — and met one who said, "Yet a little while is the light with you: walk while ye have the light — the night cometh when no man can work — my Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Rang the great bell, and roused the girls to milking — went up to the farm, roused the horse-keeper - fed the horses while he was getting up — called the boy to suckle the calves, and clean out the cow-house — lighted the pipe — walked round the gardens to see what was wanted there — went up to the paddock to see if the weanling calves were well — went down to the ferry to see whether the boy had scooped and cleaned the boats — re-

* *Village Sermons.*

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turned to the farm — examined the shoulders, heels, traces, chaff, and corn of eight horses going to plough — mended the acre-staff — cut some thongs, whip-corded the boys' plough-whips — pumped the troughs full — saw the hogs fed — examined the swill-tub, and then the cellar — ordered a quarter of malt, for the hogs want grains and the men want beer — filled the pipe again, returned to the river, and bought a lighter of turf for dairy fires, and another of sedge for ovens — hunted up the wheelbarrows and set them a trundling — returned to the farm, called the men to breakfast, and cut the boys' bread and cheese, and saw the wooden bottles filled — sent one plough to three roods, another to the three half acres, and so on — shut the gates, and the clock struck five — breakfast — set two men to ditch the five roods — two more to chop sads, and spread about the land — two more to throw up muck in the yard — and three men and six women to weed wheat — set on the carpenter to repair cow-cribs, and set them up till winter — the wheeler to mend up the old carts, cart-ladders, rakes, etc., preparatory to hay-time and harvest — walked to the six acres, found hogs in the grass — went back, and sent a man to hedge and thorn — sold the butcher a fat calf, and the suckler a lean one — the clock strikes nine — walked into barley-field — barleys fine, picked off a few tiles and stones, and cut a few thistles — the peas fine, but foul; the charlock must be topped — the tares doubtful; the fly seems to have taken them — prayed for rain, but could not see a cloud — came round to the wheat field — wheat rather thin, but the finest color in the world — sent four women on the shortest wheats — ordered one man to weed the ridge of the long wheats, and two women to keep up rank and file with him in the furrows — thistles many — blue-bottles no end — traversed all the wheat-field — came to the fallow-field — the ditches have run crooked — set them straight — the flag-sads cut too much — rush-sads too little, strength wasted, show the men how to three-corner them — laid out more work for the ditchers — went to the ploughs — set the foot a little higher, cut a wedge, set the coulter deeper, must go and get a new mould-board against to-morrow — went to the other plough — picked up some wool and tied over the traces — mended a horse-tree, tied a thong to the plough

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hammer — went to see which lands wanted ploughing first — sat down under a bush — wondered how any man could be so silly as to call me *reverend* —read two verses, and thought of His loving-kindness in the midst of His temple, gave out, "Come all harmonious tongues," and set Mount Ephraim tune — rose up — whistled — the dogs wagged their tails, and on we went — got home — dinner ready — filled the pipe — drank some milk — and fell asleep — woke by the carpenter for some slats, which the sawyer must cut — the Reverend Messrs. A. in a coat, B. in a gown of black, and C. in one of purple, came to drink tea, and settle whether Gomer was the father of Celts, and Gauls, and Britons, or only the uncle — proof sheet from Mr. Archdeacon — corrected it — washed — dressed — went to meeting, and preached from *The end of all things is at hand, be ye sober and watch unto prayer* —found a dear brother *reverence* there, who went home with me, and edified us all out of Solomon's song, with a dish of tripe out of Leviticus, and a golden candlestick out of Exodus. Really and truly we look for you and Mrs. Keene, and Mr. Dore at harvest, and if you do not come, I know what you all are. Let Mr. Winch go where he can better himself. Is not this a folio? And like many other folios?

R. Robinson.*

There was much in the affability of Robinson, most pleasant and commendable. We read that it was a maxim with him, that if a child lisped to give you pleasure, you ought to be pleased. The smallest expression of kindness from villagers, if but the lighting of his pipe, was followed by tokens of his esteem. When preaching in barns, he delighted to visit his poor brethren; he not only was pleased to regale himself with their brown bread and black tea, but he took care that his poor friends should lose nothing by their attentions. He often used to say, "When a poor person shows anxiety to administer to your comfort, do not interrupt him; why deprive him of the pleasure of expressing his friendship?" After his death, among his

**Memoirs of Robert Robinson.* By George Dyer, 1796.

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papers was found a list of memoranda, or little commissions to be executed by him when in London, such as the following :—"B.'s petitions ; gown for poor M. ; M. M.'s son to be seen ; H. wishes Mrs. H. to be merciful ; W. thinks his son's wages are too small ; Watts's Hymns for T. H. ; Testament for C." He appeared nowhere to more advantage than among the poorest of his flock. Each Sunday he devoted the intervals betwixt morning and evening service to friendly intercourse, and being fond of a pipe, though he was no drinker, he used to get his poor people round him at an old widow-woman's house near the meeting : here he gratified himself in hearing their distresses, in answering their difficulties, and, to the best of his power, in relieving their wants. Robinson's brethren often found fault with him for attending to farming. He was not very courteous in his mode of replying to their condemnations of him. "Godly boobies," he would say, "too idle, many of them, to work, too ignorant to give instruction, and too conceited to study, spending their time in tattling and mischief ; are these the men to direct my conduct, to censure my ministry ?"

He died in Birmingham, whither he had travelled to preach for Dr. Priestly. He had been somewhat depressed in health ; but the night before his death he rallied, and seemed to have regained his usual vivacity :—

> Soon after eleven o'clock he retired to rest, and was found in the morning dead, the bed-clothes being unruffled, the features not distorted, the body almost cold. The physicians pronounced the disease of which he died to be *angina pectoris*. His wish had been to die "softly, suddenly, and alone."

The extracts I have given will sufficiently indicate the style of Robinson and the structure of his mind. I have said the architecture of his mind was of the plain barn-door style. His writings abound in illustrations of plain, and

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simple, and unaffected grace; but his sentences can never be called graceful. They go right forward to their object, and they always reach it, and their directness produces a pleasing impression on the mind; but this is all. And the style is irresistible, but by the force of simplicity. Every paragraph is laden with convictions. It modifies the admiration we might feel, to know that he had a manner of shocking coarseness, in which he delighted to express himself; when he speaks of Calvin, Cobbett could not use language more gross: "Nothing shocks me so much as to see the Calvinist Baptists sing psalms around the tomb of that bloody Calvin who burnt Servetus;" but he did not indulge in this speech in the pulpit. Yet I find it easier to commend the architecture of his mind, than the fulness, warmth, or sufficiency of his faith.

Now, in closing for the present, let me say, Obtain an empire over souls—not for your own sake, but for Christ's sake. Start from a centre with clearly-defined principles, do not be afraid if they are called prejudices,—to lay aside prejudices is to lay aside principles, only see their tendency; weigh them in the balances of the sanctuary. *Have prejudices,* settle some things once for all; do not have again to lay the foundation. Settle some questions, and then go on. Pray for strength to fulfil the vocation to which you are called; for the weakness of your will will be shown not in choice, but in execution. It is that *doing* which so sadly defeats us all. There is a remark of Schleirmacher that, "every man is a priest, so far as he draws around him others in the sphere to which he has appropriated himself, and in which he professes to be a master; and every one is a layman, so far as he is guided by the experience and council of another within the sphere of religion, where he is comparatively a stranger." It is one of those remarks one cannot quite endorse; but how much truth there is in it. Preach so as to be centres—prophets to the souls of

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men. But remember your vocation. I heard the other day an anecdote of a lecturer; he had been lecturing on George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, in a very unsatisfactory manner, without any appreciation of his spiritual insight and depth; when, as he went out of the room, an old Quaker went up to him and said, "Friend, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." That may be said, I suppose, of many thousands of ministers. How, then, can they reach the souls of men? It ought not to be said of you; it possibly will be said of many of you. You must aim, therefore, at culture—spiritual culture, that you may have transactions with the souls of men, for their sakes, for Christ's sake. Your power over the souls of men will be from your own sense of your relation to eternity. It must be power—not to charm, not to please, not to attract crowds, but really to obtain power over souls. Man has been called a *many-sided* animal. I do not like such definitions; but I see that the animal races have a goal to which they attain. Each tendency is fulfilled, and each individual and race expires. "But man," says Jacobi, "is a *yonder-sided animal;*" he is, if he is an animal at all; he has his true fulfilment beyond the rolling river, or all our traditions and our hopes are vain; Christ is not risen, and we are yet in our sins. Live, then, in the memory of these great endeavors, and let them crown and glorify all your efforts.

You may be young, but "let no man despise thy youth." Please to remember that your being here implies that you have sown your wild oats; surely I believe a man should have sown his wild oats before he begins to preach; ah, not merely in life—in faith. You know in whom you have believed; not by hearsay, but by experience, by conviction, by knowledge; if not give up, retire away. I command you to remember, your value as a minister of the Gospel depends not on the fifty things you do not believe, but on

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the two or three you do. Your youth need not be despised; the youth of William Jay was not despised; nor was the youth of John Angell James. When a testy old gentleman said to William Jay, when he first began to preach, he "had no notion of beardless boys becoming preachers," he said, "Pray, Sir, does not Paul say to Timothy, 'Let no man despise thy youth.' You remind me, Sir, of what I have read of a French monarch, who had received a young ambassador and complaining, said, 'Your master should not have sent a beardless stripling.' 'Sir,' said the youthful ambassador, 'had my master supposed you wanted a a beard he would have sent you a goat.'"

A distinguished traveller says:—

Being at Calais, I climbed up into the lighthouse, and conversed with the keeper. "Suppose," said I, that one of these lights should go out!" "Never! Impossible!" he cried, with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going to every part of the world. If to-night one of my burners were to go out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from America, perhaps from some place I never heard of, saying, on such a night, the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, Sir! sometimes in the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out! Burn dim! Oh, never!"

That keeper truly felt the responsibility of his position. His duty was to keep lights continually burning during the night for the guidance of vessels. The Christian minister is a lighthouse keeper. The world is enveloped in moral darkness. This is not merely an accident, or attribute of its condition; but its essence and principal element. It is a darkness that pervades and overshadows all mankind. And you are "lighthouse keepers."

In the story of the Council of Nice there are two incidents, which for the humor of the one, and the happy teach-

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ing of the other, deserve to be borne in mind. It is said that Nicolay, Bishop of Myra, when Arius was propounding his heresies to the Council, quite impatient of all argument, lifted his fist, and gave the great heresiarch a smart box on the ear. A most impressive argument, and in spirit often followed since. But the more happy incident is that related of Spiridion, a rude shepherd. It is said the disputes were running high, and the philosophers sounding on their perilous way, when before one of the chief arch-disputants there limped the shepherd Spiridion; he had but one eye, and he had a limping leg; he had lost the use of both in the heroism of martyrdom for the faith, and now abruptly he broke in and said, "Christ and his apostles left us not a system of logic, nor a vain deceit, but a naked truth, to be guarded by faith and good works." Turning full upon the disputants, especially one Eulogius, nicknamed Fair-speech, he said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, hear me, philosophers;—there is one God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, who made all things by the word of His power, and by the holiness of His Holy Spirit;—this Word, by which name we call the Son of God, took compassion on men, for their wanderings astray, and for their savage condition, and chose to be born of a woman, and to converse with men, and to die for them, and He shall come to judge every one for the things done in life. These things we believe without curious inquiry; cease then from the vain labors of seeking proofs against what is established by faith; and the manner in which these things may be or may not be, but if thou believest, answer at once the questions as I put them to you."

The philosopher was struck dumb by this new mode of argument. He could only reply in a general way, that he assented. "Then," answered the old man, "if thou believest, rise and follow me to the Lord's house, and receive the sign of this faith." The philosopher was staggered, he

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turned to the crowd of his disciples, and he said, "*Hear me*, my learned friends, so long as it was a matter of words to words, whatever was opposed I overthrew by my skill in speaking; but when in the place of words *power came out of the speaker's lips*, words could no longer resist power—man could no longer resist power. If any of you feel as I have felt, let him believe in Christ and follow this old man in whom God has spoken." And I think this story illustrates what we desire the power of the preacher to be: the magnetic power of earnestness, and its simplicity, over argument and speculation.

This hints to us the vocation of the preacher—*it is immediately to front, and interest, and arrest the souls of men.* A mighty work; do not place it beneath any work; magnify the office, the office to which you have consecrated yourselves, and believe that no other work stands higher or can stand so high; I trust I have not to ask you to believe that the vocation of either the poet or the artist, or the man of letters can be higher, or can be so high. Yes! I shall say it! I put it strongly:—to mediate between the Saviour and souls; to stand by the pure river of the water of life, and to say, "Let him that thirsteth come;" "ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;"—this is the vocation of the preacher.

Finally: arrived at this preliminary point, I think I may recite to you another old Church legend. It is said of an old saint of the first ages, that to him once the prince of evil appeared, arrayed in jewelled robes: "I am Christ," said he; but there was one mark of Messiahship he had either been unable or neglected to assume. The old saint looked steadfastly on him, and then said he, "But where are the prints of the nails?" Let us remember, however eloquence may glitter or intellect aspire, that this is the test—it must not be wanted: it will be still said, "Where are the prints of the nails?"

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III.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets in the Jewish Church.

REMINDING you of the idea and definition of the Christian preacher already given, namely, that he is the awakener and the searcher of the conscience; not an intellectual lecturer, not a classical teacher and schoolmaster, not a picture-painter, but a man possessed by the knowledge of the infinite destinies and obligations of man; I may yet again refer you, as I referred you last week, to the character of the Hebrew prophet. It is an illustration of the prodigious influence of speech, that the whole history of the Hebrew people is inwrought with the words of their great prophets. Pericles and Demosthenes in Greece, and Cicero in Rome, were illustrious accidents in the histories of those great republics; but in Judea the prophets formed a divine and royal succession. Their words became, from the earliest days of national history, the sceptre, passed from hand to hand; the law, from life to life; the prophets were the masters of opinion and of emotion; the prophets roused the nation, their words flamed along, lighting up the way to the battle-field; they were able to anoint, and crown, and to depose kings; perpetually, from age to age, they fronted the vices

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and idolatries of their times; their fiery breath, again and again, cast down and consumed the idols, to which that cruel and sensational people continually returned. As I have said, they recited the national story; they were the inspired depositories of the nation's annals and actions; they were the inspired forerunners of the nation's hopes, always pointing to the morning light, ever shining in the most disconsolate epochs in the distant sky.

It was thus that Moses, the founder of the great commonwealth, was a prophet, although "He said unto the Lord, oh, my Lord, I am not eloquent, but slow of speech, and of a slow tongue. And the Lord said unto him, *Who hath made man's mouth*, or who maketh the dumb, or the deaf, or the seeing? Have not I, the Lord?" It was thus that the prophet became a domestic institution in the history of the Church in the wilderness, when "the Spirit came upon Eldad and Medad, and they prophesied," and received the sanction of Moses, as he said, "Would that all the Lord's people were prophets." It was thus, when the faint-heartedness of men called for "great searchings of the heart," that a woman like Deborah arose, reciting the splendors of her song beneath the old oak tree, while the sword of Barak shone upon the field. Prophecy lightens the romantic heroism of Gideon, and exhibits its rays of flame through the wild feats of Samson. And thus Samuel—the Athanasius, as he has been called, of Judea, the last representative of the ancient Mediæval Church of Judea—is he through whom the Lord revealed Himself, and through whom He inaugurated the beginning of a more distinct Messianic and prophetic dispensation. Rays of prophetic insight and inspiration must have gleamed through the mind of Saul, thus giving to us the hint of what was lost, when "he departed from the Lord" and gave himself to madness. I need not remind you of the illustrious succession from that time. But I would present Isaiah to you

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as at once the most sublime illustration of the Hebrew prophet—the Dante of Judea—perhaps the loftiest of all bards, inspired or uninspired, of any age, and as furnishing a wonderfully complete portrait of the sacred prophet, the minister in the world, or in the sanctuary, the reprover in the one, and the consoler in the other. I would present Isaiah to you as the preacher to our times, and would find in his succession of glowing and wonderful words the types of those states of minds and society you must address.

Isaiah is one of the prophets most constantly read; and his words have a most penetrating clearness. It is possible to enter into the meaning of some of the prophetic statements; and, no doubt, millions have, with very clear eyes and hearts, read and interpreted much that flows along with such astonishing power; but it is with this book, as with most other books of Scriptures, it is not read or understood as a whole. The clear insight of the prophet into the whole worlds of cause and consequence is not understood. He is called, most truly and appropriately, the Evangelical Prophet; but the relation of evangelical truth to the great system of the world, this is seldom perceived. It is, perhaps, regarded as a book of magnificent fragments rather than a coherent, and consistent, and most magnificent whole.

It is probable that Isaiah was twenty years old when he began his ministry, in the last year of the reign of Uzziah. He would then be eighty at the death of Hezekiah; he was then approaching the close of his career; hence the mournful and pathetic, and elegaic strain:

> The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart:
> And merciful men are taken away, none considering
> That the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.

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Then followed the years of Manasseh; and tradition declares that the great poet was one of the martyrs whose innocent blood that king shed. To him also is assigned the mournful dignity, the melancholy reference of the eleventh of Hebrews,—"They were sawn asunder." During those years what a procession of events passed in review before the eyes of the prophet, bringing with them ever variegated, and brighter, or darker-colored experience. No doubt, if we seek the centre from which Isaiah spoke, we shall find, that to him was given that power of insight by which we are able to "see into the life of things." All the people round the Hebrew nation, and the Hebrew nation itself, the distant isles of the sea, and the distant ages, all became, to the mind of the prophet, concrete parts of one almighty plan. Amidst the rush of the nations, Isaiah maintained and proclaimed entire trust in the Lord as the actual ruler and ever-present friend, watching over them every moment as the husband and the father. The unity of God is the "master-light of all Isaiah's philosophy, moral and political; the one lesson which in a hundred forms he is continually teaching the people." We should not hesitate to maintain that to Isaiah was vouchsafed, in a larger proportion than to any other of the prophets, a revelation, an insight, into the great drift, and tendencies, and plan of Providence. No one ever saw so clearly as he into the pure and essential reasons of things. "Our greatest master," as Isaac Taylor well calls him, "in the pure reason." His imagination was wondrously compact. He saw into the life of all things. To him things the most remote became near and present; in the strength of the eternal truth by which he spake, and the clearness of the light by which he saw, "one day was as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

To attempt to interpret Isaiah beneath the slavery of classical rules, is to fail of the interpretation, and to do in-

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justice to the source and spring of his inspiration. He cannot be understood at all, indeed, without some help from that same Spirit which gave him utterance. He belonged to a race, ethnologically and individually, to whom it was given to live in the future, in the golden age to come.

The Hebrews were a nation of prophets. Distant times and ages were their goal and appointed rest, and they pressed as travellers through the present, and looked for the "city which hath foundations." So thoroughly this imaginativeness of character pervaded not only the language of the prophets, but the historians too; so habitually the imaginative and not the logical faculty dictated the laws of Hebrew grammar, that, "It hath come to pass" refers always to a future event. It was thus that Isaiah was "rapt into future times," and sees the throne of the Lord of Israel established in sovereignty over all the nations of the earth, and sees all the peoples becoming willing subjects to Him, and friendly citizens to each other. He sees true liberty when all submit themselves to Him whose service is perfect freedom; and the happiness and welfare of all is to be secured, not by some new result of civilization, but by carrying out God's original purpose and plan; that the Jews should be ministers of truth to all the nations of the earth, who in them should be blessed; that "out of Zion should go the law, and the word of the law from Jerusalem." He expounds the vocation of the Hebrew people. He holds up the master-light to guide to all right action when he says, "O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord!" This concreteness of the imagination makes the prophecy of Isaiah one.

Sir Edward Strachey* has given a conception of the

* In a most instructive and delightful book; *Hebrew Politics in the Times of Sargon and Sennacherib; an Inquiry into the Historical Meaning and Purpose of the Prophecies of Isaiah*, etc., 1853.

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youthful Isaiah entering upon his mission and ministry, "in the year that King Uzziah died," with considerable beauty and freshness. At no period, probably, after the decay and destruction of its original majesty by Shishak, was the temple more magnificent than then. The youthful prophet is beheld in his rough hair or woollen garment—possibly not unlike the Capuchin friar in the streets of Rome—going up to the temple to worship. It is very necessary, to a complete knowledge of the prophet, that we also obtain a distinct view of the Temple of that age; its ample courts and colonnades, and its porch with high spire-like front; its holy house, or holy of holies; its well-proportioned, elaborate workmanship, massive, after the manner of the Coptic peoples. Across the variegated pavement the youthful prophet steps, between the tall pillars which Solomon reared—Jachin and Boaz—whose magnificent proportions especially reminded the worshippers that the kingdom was established by God, and the constitution He ordained would be upheld by Him. Isaiah's eye rested on the molten sea, borne upon the backs of the twelve oxen, with its beautiful floral ornaments of lilies and pomegranates, with its smaller lavers resting on wheels, ornamented with oxen, lions, cherubim, and palm-trees. Beyond, before him, his eye beheld the great brazen altar of burnt offering, with its never extinguished fire, and, overhead, the roof of thick cedar beams, resting on rows of columns. Isaiah would see through the open folding-doors of cypress, carved with cherubim, and palm-trees, and open flowers, and covered with gold upon the carved work, into the holy place, whither, not being a priest, most probably he could not enter. The light of the golden lamps on either side would show him the cedar panelling of the walls, carved with knobs and open flowers, cherubim, and palm-trees, festooned with chain-work and richly gilt; the mosaics of precious stones, the cypress floor, the altar of

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incense, the table with the shew-bread; and, amidst the interfulgent flashings, radiating from the solemn gloom of the gorgeous furniture, would be distinguished the veil of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen, embroidered with the cherubim, symbol of the awful presence and unapproachable majesty of the King, the Lord of hosts. Amidst such scenes we may conceive the young prophet bowed and rapt into the thought of Him "whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens could not contain." And then across his soul would sweep the memories of that house. In the midst of a blaze of magnificence and pomp, faded now, Solomon knelt and prayed on the brazen scaffold, near the altar, "kneeling upon his knees before all the congregation of Israel, and spreading forth his hands to heaven;" renewing the national covenant with the Lord, the God of Israel, and receiving His ratification in "the cloud that filled the house." In that house the hushed tramp of the men of Judah and Jerusalem returning from battle had been heard, when, with harps, and psalteries, and trumpets, they came into the house of the Lord to celebrate their victories. Down the sacred courts of that house had rushed the hosts of the fierce invaders when they broke down its carved work, its hallowed imagery, and destroyed, or carried away its sacred things. In that house stood Jehoida and proclaimed the young king Joash, while the youth "stood in the midst of the people at his pillar," as the manner was; and there the murderess, Queen Athaliah, shrieked, "Treason! Treason!" while all the people shouted, "God save the King!" Deep in the patriot-soul these things were fused and glorified by the mingled fires of genius, and piety, and inspiration. Aspirations and idealizations rising over all, the youthful seer, with his imagination kindled and cultivated, prepared by purifying and burning powers within, there he sat. Through him God would speak. He would lead His people into a knowledge of His will, of Himself,

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and His love, by qualifying His messenger. God can, it is true, speak through instruments all unconscious of His designs—Cæsars, or Napoleons, whirlwinds, or earthquakes—but not so when He intends to lead to a knowledge of Himself. "*How* this could be, how God reveals His mind and will to men, how the poetic or other human faculty gives form and expression to truths not imagined or discovered, but communicated from on high, this can never be *explained*.

An explanation is a contradiction in terms, an assertion that the infinite is definable, that the superhuman is subject to the laws, and expressible in the terms of the human." How, we know not, but in some way, Isaiah was qualified; and the moment when his mission became known to himself, seems to have been in the temple "in the year when King Uzziah died." The throng of worshippers had left the courts; the chanting in alternate parts of the choirs of singers, clothed in white linen, would have died into silence; other devout Israelites were praying apart; and white-robed priests, silently presenting their prayers in the fragrant cloud of incense which rose from the golden altars in the holy place, and the stillness and solemnity of the scene rather heightened than disturbed; "then," says Sir Edward Strachey, "the veil of the Temple was withdrawn, and the holy of holies discovered to the prophet's eyes, and he saw the Lord sitting as a king upon His throne, actually governing and judging. His train, the symbol of dignity and glory, filled the holy place; while around Him hovered the attendant seraphim, spirits of purity, zeal, and love, chanting in alternate choirs the holiness of their Lord: the threshold vibrated with the sound, and the 'white cloud' of the Divine presence, as if descending to mingle itself with the ascending incense of prayer, filled the house. The eternal archetypes of the Hebrew's symbolic worship were revealed to Isaiah; and, as the centre of them all, his eyes

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saw the King, the Lord of hosts, of whom the actual rulers from David to Uzziah had been but the temporary and subordinate viceroys. In that presence, even the spirits of the fire, which consumes all impurities while none can mix with it, cover their faces and their feet, conscious that they are not pure in God's sight, but justly chargeable with imperfection: and much more does Isaiah shrink from the aspiring thoughts he had hitherto entertained of his fitness to be the preacher of that God to his countrymen; he, a man of unclean lips, sharing the uncleanliness of the people among whom he dwells. In utter self-abasement he realizes the exceeding sinfulness of sin and the utter separation it makes between man and the holy God."*

Thus the meaning of his mission broke upon the youthful prophet's soul, and he was fitted to develop the principles of eternal truth in their relation to the Church, and the nations. *Hence there is the burden of Babylon, the doom of the empire of force:* in the mountains to the north of Babylon is heard the hum of a great multitude; the northern nations gathering to battle, mustered by the Lord of hosts himself. Babylon represented the reign of mere power, and by power it is to be overcome. "A man will be more precious than fine gold;" for the Medes care not for gold—they were for blood. The Lord had declared that he would lay waste the vineyard of His own people; but of Babylon He declares that it shall not even be a pasture-ground; the Arab, wandering through the desert, shall shun it, shall leave its palaces and pavilions to the owls, and the wolves, and the satyrs that shall dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands that shall cry in those desolate places, and the dragons in their palaces. And then follows that ode—which has been pronounced the finest of its kind extant in any language—a song of triumph in the form of a dirge,

* Sir Edward Strachey's *Hebrew Politics*, pp. 78, 79.

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involving an undercurrent of sarcasm and irony: "The whole earth is at rest and quiet; they break forth into singing—fir-trees and cedar-trees break forth into singing; while hell from beneath, the unseen world of gloom, is stirred to receive the new inhabitants. The shadowy forms of giant kings, the pale and mighty spectres, rise to greet their brothers, now become weak as they." Through this doom, as through the rents in a ruin, shines the Divine purpose, the righteousness of Divine intentions; in the doom of Babylon, and the analogous doom of Moab, *the retribution of lawless force;* and fixes and expounds, with great interest, the Bible statement of the law of political society and its relation to foreign conquest.

We have the burden of Egypt; the doom of craft and false wisdom. Here the prophet had to encounter the political wisdom and inflated sagacity of his own times; and his denunciations of Egyptian alliances occur repeatedly through the book. "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help; and stay on horses, and trust in chariots, for they are many; and in horsemen, for they are very strong. But they look not unto the Holy One of Israel, neither seek the Lord. Yet He also is wise. The Egyptians are men, and not God; and their horses flesh, and not spirit." In Egypt there was no national unity or national purity. The one was absent because the other was absent. Among a multitude of idols and hereditary castes it was impossible that either could be developed; but priestcraft and statecraft, these "controlled a population aggregated like herds of cattle, but debased, and therefore isolated as men." The denunciations of Isaiah in reference to Egypt were especially political; but "the vision was sealed." "Where there is no vision," no sacred insight, "the people perish." Isaiah had to suffer the punishment of all those who stand by true insight, and oppose mere state and worldly craft. The ecstasy of deliverance from Egypt is described in language

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which, no doubt, is intended to suggest the deliverance of Israel of old from their enslaved alliance to ancient craft and cruelty. "Ye shall have a song as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the Rock of Israèl."

And there was the burden of Tyre, the doom of unhallowed commerce. Tyre was the lady of kingdoms, a "joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days;" but who should fall "because the Lord of hosts had purposed to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth." She, whose ungodly and tyrannic, and cruel prowess had given, for the gains of her trade and merchandise, the gods and groves, the altars and furnaces of Baalitish worship, she should exclaim, "Howl ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste." All these burdens are most evidently illustrations of principles in themselves. The doom which fell on the nations, as I have already intimated, copiously illustrates Isaiah's exuberance of imagination, and love of concreteness, exhibited by such expressions as "desert of the sea," "the valley of vision," "the land shadowing with wings," "Ariel, the city where David dwelt." But there was far more than artistic and ideal concreteness; there was moral concreteness. And the various visions of the book of this prophecy become, as in all the books of Scripture, shadowed by awful but faintly descried wings. Hence the message they bear down to our times.

But for this they would be history and poetry, and no more. But they are weighty and eternal truths. Tyre, and Babylon, and Egypt existed. It was not an arbitrary destruction that swept them away. Their doom followed upon their departure from eternal and immutable truth, and equity; and wherever such departure is now, the same consequences follow; and like causes will ever anticipate

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like effects. Isaiah, thus read, becomes, in truth, a very stern and terrible book.

And this is also true of the Church. The government of God is especially shown in the denunciations against, and the wasting of, Judea. History declares the governmetn of the providence of God. Even Niebuhr, as quoted by Sir Edward Strachey, has remarked, that "there are occasional points of time at which the whole course of history, and the fates of nations, is decided by some event which does not grow necessarily out of previous events, and which a reasonable man can only explain by referring to the providence of God;" and Strachey remarks:

Mr. Grote, on the other hand, recognizes, but leaves unexplained, such master-events of history. He points out, that if Darius had not—contrary to probable expectation—delayed the first Persian invasion till the Greeks had had twenty years for efficient preparations, and Greece, such as it has been to the world, would never have existed; and he draws the general inference, "that the history of any nation, considered as a sequence of causes and effects affording applicable knowledge, requires us to study not merely real events, but also imminent contingencies:" but there he stops. And when Niebuhr takes me a step further, and shows me a "*cause* affording applicable knowledge," where Mr. Grote only indicated an unexplained "effect," I must think that Niebuhr's is the more completely positive criticism—criticism which takes scientific cognizance of all the facts. I could not hear an explanation of all the facts. I could not hear an explanation of the complicated workings of a steam-engine, with arrangements for supplying its own water, oiling its own wheels, changing vertical to horizontal movements, and so on, and at last admit, that when the hand of the ever-watchful engineer did occasionally intervene to give the machine some new application, or to prevent some hideous crash, this was an inexplicable occurrence—much less pass it in silence, as though its explanation had no interest to a rational man.

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Hence the study of history is, in a more especial sense than even the study of nature itself, the study of God and theology, because it is the study of moral characteristics. It is no doubt true, that for a long time force and craft, and mere commerce using these two, do seem to be the most powerful and conquering of spirits; so have they always appeared; for there is a mysterious power in "the god of this world," by which he seems well able to help his own. But things are understood in the sanctuary which cannot be understood elsewhere; and in the light of the Church, and Church principles, many dark things are comprehended. No doubt, in order to comprehend, we have to "consider the years of the right hand of the Most High;" and hence, too, the study of the sins and the punishment of Israel becomes as instructive as the study of Divine judgments in heathen nations.

Such is the elucidation of the Isaiahan ideas, and carrying them forward to the close we read the Divine intention of the prophet as made more clear to himself, from "the years that bring the philosophic mind;" for there can be little doubt of the true unity pervading the whole chapters of the prophecy—when the glow of his earlier expectations and hope had faded away—the human and finite ideals of his youth, the fruits of his own ministry, and Hezekiah's reign—when these had died down like the flower of the field, then we may conceive him, in the spirit of the Petrine expression, searching "what and what manner of time the Spirit within him signified;" and then rose more clearly before him that which is even the design and idea of the whole book,—God's government of Israel and of mankind, according to the laws which He has given for all their relations to Himself and to each other. But this is most noticeable, that in the first portion of the book he is always seeking for and setting forth this idea in the events of his own times, but in the second he rises to contemplate the

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idea itself, and only embodies it in such shadowy anticipations as to the outward form of the glorious but indefinite future, as his poetic imagination can project from the facts and probabilities of his own time. Hence the true glory of the prophecy heightens and brightens at the close. Of all the highest flights of poetry, humanly and even Divinely inspired, perhaps it is not too much to say, that there is a reach of splendor, a tenderness of pathos, a range of consolatory rest and thought, touched in the fortieth chapter of this prophecy alone: infinite is the tenderness of that voice which sighs over the wrecks of human things,—"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;" and mighty is that other voice which rebukes the sigh,—"The word of our God endureth for ever;" never, we suppose, by any other voice, was there so human and so overwhelming an appeal made to the heavenly bodies,—"Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things. He bringeth forth their hosts by number. For that he is strong in power; not one faileth;" and he is the God of human spirits, the sustainer of human souls. These were the meditations of the old man, disappointed and persecuted, and preparing for the martyr's crown at the close of his long day of faithfulness. The thought, too, of the Redeemer, and the perception of the region in which to look for Him, brightens amongst the last chapters. The introduction of the true Redeemer comes now with amazing force and beauty, after the voice which was heard exclaiming, "Keep silence before me, O islands;" and that bitter irony in which the silence is only broken with the sounds of the carpenter's plane, the goldsmith's hammer, and the blacksmith's anvil, all manufacturing their gods. Then from the calm of contemplation the old prophetic heat of prophecy glows through his soul in all its most ancient strength, and more than its ancient tenderness, and gorgeousness, and beauty, till God the Redeemer rises

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through the hallowing airs of prophecy, and inspiration, and song. Here, then, for the first time, is seen most clearly "the design conceived in the eternal mind of God Himself, of which the declaration and explanation is called His *word;* the actual realization of the design His *work;* the various processes by which He is effecting that realization,—the *operation of His hands;*" and the ultimate end of the whole is named,—*the glory of God;*" It is seen that "God the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth," has, from the beginning, planned, and brought into operation, a moral, political, spiritual constitution and order, as well as a physical world; and that He has chosen one nation for the first embodiment and illustration of the design, and to be the main instrument for carrying it out to all other nations, and uniting them in universal brotherhood, providing also an adequate Redeemer and Guide; "that the work extends over all ages of time, employs races as well as individuals, and is, in the main, spiritual, and the work of God Himself."

I have dwelt thus at length upon the character of Isaiah, and the power of the preacher, as illustrated in the Hebrew prophet, because, as the Bible furnishes the subject matter of the preacher's burden, so it also furnishes the best illustrations of the method the preacher should adopt. To be a close student of these prophets, to study them in the light of the ever-recurring, ever-varying experience of man, it becomes the duty of the minister to constantly notice how truly their words represent national conditions, with all their sins and all their grand national characteristics; every form of speech that can seize immediately upon human souls like the immediateness of light, all present some new aspect of dealing with man; but Isaiah seems to comprehend all in the wonderful variety, and breadth, and insight to which we have copiously referred. It is at once the apocalypse and the parable of the whole scheme

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of Providence, of the dealings of God with the consciences of men in every age, in every nation. It is history in the light of its divine idea. It is the soul in the light of its divine relationships. It is religion beneath the light of sacrificial and Messianic hopes.

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Pulpit Monographs.

I.—The Apostolic Age: Paul.

PAUL is, no doubt, the epic hero of the Christian Church—of course, wholly leaving out of all such thoughts and analogies the Divine Head of the Church—then Paul is the greatest human embodiment of its life, activity and truth. He, as a type, seems at once Augustine and St. Bernard, Luther and Vincent de Paul, of the best and purest minds of the Mediæval Church, the heroism of the Reformation and of Puritanism. John Knox, Samuel Rutherford, and Richard Baxter seem to be faint reproductions of him. At times, he looks like Hooker, or like Herbert. He changes again into a quaint, all-knowing preacher, like Latimer, and surely has all the ubiquitousness, and a thousand-fold more, of Wesley. We still miss from our libraries the kind of work which might inflame and bear on the spirit of the reader, as a portrait of this marvellous man—"least of all the apostles, not meet to be called an apostle;" as he styled himself; "one born out of due time." Sure I am, that if there be a magnetic power in great lives—in the realization of their fulness, their freshness, their glorious self-abandonment, their heroic strength, daring, clearness of vision, and agility of movement—then, the more the life of Paul is studied, the more the proportions of the greatness of this

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princely crusader rise to the eye, the more will his conversion, his appearance in the Church just then, and all that he was, and all that he did, seem to partake of the miraculous. There is room for another *Horæ Paulinæ*, and bearing a different intention to that vigorous piece of shrewd analysis; while it is not possible that the acts of this Apostle should be read, and the words of his Epistles compared with them, without the mind of the reader becoming at first insensibly, but presently sensibly, imbued with the influence and spirit of this great master-mind and heart. We are surprised that our literature bears so little of biographic illustration to the memory of Paul; the materials are not wanting, and they illustrate those words which have been at once the sustaining food of the souls of highest and holiest men, and the debatable grounds or battle-cries of polemics of theologic warriors.

I have sometimes thought, that even not excepting the life of Christ, a sceptical mind would be more likely to yield, give way, and be prostrate before the life of Paul, than before any other presentation. Christ was His own evidence, and still beyond any other, Christ *is* His own evidence; still, He was self-sustained; his mind, whatever that awful mystery may mean, or be, seems so separated and apart from human and calculable motives and reasons; nothing external of argument or circumstance pressed Him into a course. Coarse Infidelity and Rationalism say, "He was a wondrous fanatic! a sublime mystic! and there the matter ends!" He had altogether a new, almost unhuman, and inappreciable way, both of looking at, and presenting Divine things; inappreciable, excepting to those to whom, by the "mind of the Spirit," is given "the mind of Christ." Then, with impudent audacity, the myth-theory has been invented to account for what cannot be disproved—the unaccountableness of Christ. His impregnability to all human reasons; so that every attempt to make Him out,

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upon human principles, turns to foolishness; while it is the glory of the believer, it is the difficulty of the skeptic, who comes, determined to admit no supernatural fact into his estimate of that life and its results. All this is very unlike what meets us in Paul.

The life of him we have here called the greatest hero of the Church, in all its expressions justifies that human designation; a high and princely type of man, he looks in all the principles, motives, and relationships of his life, perfectly manly; passion and reason contended in him for mastery. We are certain, not only from the build and architecture of his character throughout life, but from what is implied as belonging to him before conversion, that it must have been a most overwhelming evidence which could have carried *his* convictions captive. Rare have been the instances, if any, which combined a character in such equal, not to say marvellous, proportions, the processes of a careful, slow, but accumulating logical faculty, with such a triumphant wing of the mystical and the imaginative, and all fused in the fires of a dominant, grasping, and far-reaching passion; or, say rather, ardent spiritual affection.

This man talks like a mystic, but he also talks like a barrister. The close of the eighth chapter of Romans, in which occur forms of expression over which the minds of Dionysius, or Everard, hover with delight, is the triumphant termination of a chain of reasoning, so closely plaited, and flawlessly interlinked, that it commands the apposite admiration of such abstract thinkers as Jonathan Edwards. Was there anything fanatical in this man? Then every man is a fanatic who is a whole nature, self-devoted to one great absorbing passion, or thought, which becomes to him, idea, imagination, affection, and ambition. Paul, human as he is, becomes humanly as unaccountable as his Master, tried by any principle but that true one which he gives as the turning-point, and henceforth the great intention of his

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life,—"a light above the brightness of the sun at mid-day!" "a voice,"—"I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest,"—the blindness—the scales falling from the eyes. "Henceforth for me to live is 'Christ!'"

I dare to say that Rationalism has never given, and can give no account of such a phenomenon. It is trifling with truth to attempt to refine upon the story; but thus much seems distinctly to emerge. The conversion of Augustine, such a man as he was, is an infinite perplexity; infidelity finds itself dumb to any satisfactory reply, even in the story of the great African Bishop, whose learned, and ample, and vast mind has more or less influenced all Christian thought from his century to this hour. But whence did this great master derive his satisfactions—his life—his writings? What are they all but commentaries upon portions of Paul? And Augustine himself was but a *small* portion of Paul—the contemplative portion, separated from that life of protracted intensity and toil, passed in tent-making in Corinth—"bound with this chain" in Rome—in Elijah-like communion, we may believe, with the first aspects of Christian truth in Arabia—"waiting" and using the season for preaching to the wits and sophists of Athens—in every kind of peril, as he recites himself, in the wilderness and on the sea; everywhere, like a wonderful general, master of the circumstance and of the hour—everywhere with wonderful agility, seeking not to be satisfied "with another man's line of things, but to preach" in the "nations beyond." Apostle of the Gentiles; first bearer of the Gospel, possibly, probably, to Spain and these Isles; with attributes of mind steeping him in that delicious ecstasy of soul which contemplative spirits so well know; and knowing, do not resist, but cultivate, when all feelings and faculties are absorbed and "caught up into the third heaven" of indescribable sights, and speechless sounds; and yet, with a nature so plain and practical, that as soon as he

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awoke from the trance, he plunged among the ordinary things of every-day life, and seems by his allusions to have been familiar with every kind of walk and work—the transactions of trade, and the courses of pleasure, and uniting all in the singleness of aim. The story of his life reveals, whether in the Acts of the Apostles, or his own Epistles, "this one thing I do"—"All things are dross, that I may win Christ and be found of Him." I repeat it, this man is as unaccountable as his Master. Bits of him may be traced, some lesser activity, like His; some lesser evangelic fervor, but like His; some lesser contemplative fervor, but like His, may have appeared here and there in different epochs and ages of the Church; also martyr-like endurance and long and faithful confession. But for the whole entire man, we may safely challenge the history of the world and the Church to produce the counterpart of Paul. His words tingle through us still. What requiem equals the close of the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians? What rapture, the eighth chapter of Romans! What a grand *resumé* of contemplation, the Ephesians! What felicitous and subtle strokes of lightning-like expressions in the Colossians! It avails little to us that criticism cannot prove the Epistle to the Hebrews to be his. We *know* it must be his. We feel Paul in every line. It is all along his grand logic on fire! his accumulating crowd of images!—until they all rush together in their fiery pomp and illumination, at the close, in the altogether unparalleled splendor of expression, in the eleventh and twelfth chapters. A miracle of a man! Not a tinge of fanaticism about him—a simple life that something or other had at some time compelled to be seraphic! One sometimes thinks, had we not received the Gospels and seen the Saviour, we should perforce be compelled to acknowledge that God had vouchsafed a revelation distinct and individual, and bow before its manifestation in Paul. Such are

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those reasons which lead me to remark that in some particulars it would almost seem as if his thoroughly human side, and completely human character, would make Paul a more accessible ground of appeal to a sceptical nature for the divinity of the revelation involved in the Christian religion; and while portions of these things have been brought out at times, they do not seem to us to have been wrought with that thorough fulness which might make them a triumphant appeal to that harder kind of intelligence which seems as though it needed to have its human, and lawyer like faculties touched, and possessed, before it yields up the whole nature to the Divine Master, before whom Paul, with all his splendor of endowment and being, confessed himself as "*nothing.*" How shall we account for it, that this religion has such an unaccountable Saviour, and such an unaccountable first Apostle?

Thus Paul himself furnishes one of the most overwhelming evidences for the truth of the whole Christian system. Perhaps of all Paley's valuable contributions to the cause of truth, his *Horæ Paulinæ* is the most valuable, although the nature of the book necessarily limits its perusal to those who are disposed only to close thinking and the fine comparison of coincidences and evidences; we believe still that that book has neither received the profound attention it deserves, nor that which it will receive. In fact, the appearance of Paul in the early Church is a marvellous phenomenon—I have already said, rightly regarded, an evidence of the nature of Christianity most irresistible. We have brought before us the picture of a fragile man impersonating weakness and suffering, "filling up that which was behind of the afflictions of Christ, for His body's sake, which is the Church." Dr. Howson draws some parallel between the appearance of the Apostle Paul and St. Bernard, and in many points the parallel is striking. Possibly they were not altogether unlike in their *physique*, somewhat

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alike in their structure, much alike in the tenderness of their minds, and in the intense personal devotion they inspired in a few sympathetic followers; but with these general features the likeness terminates. Everything favored St. Bernard. Of course, he had not been the noble being he was had he not met and conquered and overwhelmed difficulties by his personality; but he had the whole age on his side—all Europe was with him,

> And kings to do him honor took delight.

Rome was all but imperial then, and he was the apostle and chief senator of Rome. How different his case who wrote to his young disciple Timothy, "This thou knowest, all they that be in Asia be turned away from me." Who is this man, Paul? A poor, aged man, worn by bodily and mental sorrow; who had been often scourged; who bore upon his face the traces of indignity and suffering of every form; led out of prison by Roman soldiers to death; a creature of nervous sensibility, probably of feeble and imperfect utterance; yearning with passion unspeakable over the lost world around him; inspired by a wonderful instinct for souls. Such a one it was who, faded and worn out with long months of imprisonment, and with the chain on wrist and ankle, had spoken a few eloquent words in the cause of Christian truth, which had awed kings; had told the tale of his own conversion in language of such simple pathos that ages since have never heard the like.

There is something very amazing in an apparition like this. Features in Paul's character are no doubt visibly legible, in which his internal life seems to resemble that of the great Alfred—that apostle among kings; in his external life, that great saint whose name we have quoted already. But Paul is all himself—he is a man utterly unlike any other, and presents altogether a character marvellous in its comprehensiveness. Such touches abound in his writings

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as show how his emotions and intuitions apprehended the most subtle and mystical views of highest spiritual truth; then unlike this order of character in general, he plaits, and lays, and links the mail of language and of thought, so that the glow of his language becomes only logic on fire, taking possession of the more earthly order of reasoners, while yet some frequent glance of expression shows how he related that which was intended to take captive the understanding, to the highest ecstacies and hopes of the soul. The question has often been asked, Could he have been an orator? Without a doubt he was an all comprehensive and complete one; not Demosthenes himself apparently a more successful one; for in the most simple and undesigned manner we have the account of his victories over many audiences, over a band of philosophic skeptics on Mars' Hill, over a monarch in the law courts, over a mob on the stairs in Jerusalem. The adroitness of speech which we call oratory he possessed in a very eminent degree; nor less that adroitness of the pen which not only wins disciples in its own age, but forms the great texts for followers in all other ages. To all this was united a life of intense and unceasing activity, the incessant breaking up of new ground, as he says, not content to be "satisfied with another man's line of things, but plunging into the regions beyond." He was the Alexander, and, higher still, the Charlemagne, if such parallels in such a case be not unhallowed, of the cause of Christian truth; most eminently the Apostle of the Greek, barbarian, Scythian, Roman, in a word, the Gentile world; taking possession of new territories, planting the Cross there; giving the law, discipline, and order of the Christian Church; uniting all the churches together in his large, clear, fatherly glance, for, as he says, on him "came daily the care of all the churches." All this seems naturally to point to a constitution of almost infinite elasticity, always on the borderland

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of death; in hungering and famine, in scourging and wandering, in prison, stoned almost to death, in shipwreck on the deep, in perils of the wilderness, and in perils of false brethren; and this, too, with some especial trial which he calls the "thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him"—to us apparently a mysterious trial, one which coarser natures have sought to identify with the severe temptations of the flesh, but which Luther tenderly, yet indignantly, set aside,—"Ah, no, dear Paul, it was not that manner of temptation that troubled thee;" which some modern critics are satisfied to have identified with weakness of vision, by many little hints running over the Apostle's writing. All these circumstances of life and character, and many more, meeting in such a man, present a marvellous field for every kind of mental labor.

Christianity, "the city of God," was built at the confluence of three civilizations; the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, which had prepared the world for the Gospel. Dr. Arnold has spoken of them as the three people of God's election; two for things temporal, one for things eternal. There are points in Paul's character and mind which touched each of these; he was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, he was learned in the lore of Greece, and he had, in an eminent degree, the constructive mind of Rome. What he was by Providential selection, is illustrated by reference to individual traits: His tact and presence of mind are illustrated in several particulars; take, for instance, his behavior in the shipwreck; what ready resources and prompt good sense! Dr. Howson says:—

The vessel is at anchor in a dark night on a lee shore in a gale of wind. Breakers are distinctly heard, the soundings show that danger is imminent, and no one can possibly tell if the anchors will hold; and besides this the ship is in so leaky a condition that it is highly probable she may go down before daybreak. The sailors are doing what is very selfish, but very na-

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tural. They are lowering the boat, after having given a plausible excuse to the passengers, but simply with the intention of saving themselves. If a tumult had been made, precious time would have been lost, and probably the sailors would have accomplished their purpose. St. Paul said nothing to them or to the passengers, but quietly spoke to his friend the military officer and the soldiers who had charge of him; and his argument was that which *all men* in such cases understand: "Except these abide in the ship, ye—*ye*—cannot be saved." The soldiers before this time had found good reason to trust the Apostle's judgment; and the appeal to self-interest now was decisive. With military promptitude they cut the ropes, and the boat fell off. Thus the lives of nearly 300 persons were saved by the right words being said to the right men at the right time. We may without irreverence go further, and observe that, if those words had not so been spoken, if those ropes had not been cut, our Bibles would have been destitute of that precious group of Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philemon, written from the imprisonment at Rome, and of that later and not less precious group, the Pastoral Letters to Timothy and Titus.

Other instances have been cited, such as his conduct in his defence before the Sanhedrim, and again, when a temporary prisoner in the barracks of Antonia (Acts xxiii. 16).

Look at his defence before Felix; it is remarkable with what subtlety and intuitional tact a nice selection of words is indicated—how different with different people, how apt in every case! In perfect honesty his speech became "all things to all men;" with singular versatility and ease, a Gentile to the Gentiles, a Jew to the Jew, an Athenian in Greece, a Hebrew on the stairs in Jerusalem, —condescending to men of low estate, or rising to the height of royal auditors. Dr. Howson has shown how peculiarly practical was the imagery of the Apostle, derived from his intercourse with busy human life; from marriage, from the making of wills, Greek games, from the markets,

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from architecture, agriculture, and slavery. Himself illustrating his own advice; and what advice it is!—"Walk in wisdom towards them that are without.—Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how to answer every man." "That is," says Dr. Howson, "seize the opportunity while you have it—say words that fit the occasion, and say them promptly—be not insipid—be definite and to the point, and remember to whom you speak—gracefully conciliate, do not rudely offend, for it may be your last opportunity of winning a soul."

These are the traits which led the witty and sceptical Lord Shaftesbury to eulogise the gentlemanly bearing of "the learned and elegant Apostle." But the tenderness and sympathy of the Apostle were equal to his tact; nay, it is truly said, that sympathy itself is one great secret of tact, as when Paul advises in the very difficult task of speaking to a friend of his sins: "The tones of the voice make all the difference between wounding and healing." "Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." And here we have very interestingly brought out Paul in his weakness. It is very desirable to see him so, not as a strong stalwart hero of the old mythology, or knight of the Middle Ages, but weak: "When I am weak, then I am strong." This his phrase looks like the very motto of his life. Professor Jowett has indeed transgressed on the other side, in representing Paul in the attire of mere weakness; but we may believe in his frailty without beholding him at all lost to the impression of personal dignity and command. His nervous frame knew the alarms and fears of weaker spirits, and high as was the physical and moral courage of the man, he needed visions to strengthen him, and to sustain him in the frequent depression of his spirits, in that incessant craving for personal sympathy, and in grieving over the absence of friends or the defection of followers. "I had no rest," said he, "in my spirit, because I found not

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Titus my brother." "Demas hath forsaken me." "All Asia hath turned aside from me." And to Timothy, "Do thy diligence to come unto me. Do thy diligence to come before winter." Then what noble indications of wounded feeling! What desire for the good opinion of others! In many ways, various and varying writers have marked the completeness of his character.

Prof. Jowett (*Rom.* i. p. 300) quotes the saying, that St. Paul was "the finest gentleman that ever lived;" and Prof. Stanley (*Cor.* p. 391) adds, that he is the first example in detail of what we mean by "a gentleman." Dr. Newman, in his *Sermons*, expresses the matter thus (p. 133); "There is not any one of those refinements and delicacies of feeling, which are the result of advanced civilization, not any one of those properties and embellishments of conduct in which the cultivated intellect delights, but he is a pattern of it in the midst of that assemblage of other supernatural excellences which is the common endowment of Apostles and Saints."

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IV.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets in the Early Church.

I HAVE always said that the history of the Christian Church is the history of the achievements of the pulpit. If you are desirous of going through a popular compendium of illustrations of the character of the pulpit in the early ages, I may refer you to Mr. Horace Moule's *Inquiry into the History of Christian Oratory, during the First Five Centuries.* As Church history enters into your studies, you will not be able to review the history of the Church without noticing the immense power of speech. As in Scripture the *Ear* stood so distinctly for the whole man—"Mine ears hast thou opened," "He that hath ears to hear let him hear"—of course it was to this very work that the first Church directed itself. It was a message, not to be delivered in the porch, the academy, the garden, the grove, or even the synagogue or the Sanhedrim; but, taking captive the people by the omnipotence of irrepressible convictions, it was to the multitude, to the poor. The first method was eminently a method with the conscience. The historian will tell you when the learning of the mere dialectician appeared, or the mere cunning of the rhetorician; and the Church historian will tell you that those ages, even the earliest ages, were remarkable for their spiritual weakness, not for their spiritual strength. In the very earliest

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Christian ages oratory was kept back, and was but a secondary agency to those without; and the success of Christianity has been attributed to the three extraordinary manifestations of its power: (1.) the singularity of conduct on the part of believers; (2.) their blameless and virtuous lives; and (3.) their heroic constancy and bold confession under the pains of persecution. Neander says, "As to the relation of the sermon to the whole office of worship, this is a point on which we must write with the most opposite errors of judgment." If, however, when churches rose, and some of them very large, in the Eastern and Western divisions, you had stepped in, you would perhaps have found many points of resemblance to our own, and some startling dissimilarities;—the ambo or desk, often in the centre, *the preacher sitting*—most natural, and effective, and happy of postures for preaching; preaching was usually extemporaneous, with very rare exceptions; understanding, by that general term, all kinds of delivery, short of reading from a complete manuscript, or very full notes; and it was thought very desirable that a preacher should be able to discourse to the congregation on a part of Scripture from the inspiration of the moment. In the Church were those nuisances of our time, short-hand writers, too. Usually, in length, the sermons were far shorter than ours. The Greek fathers were always the longer; the Latins did not usually occupy more than half an hour, often not more than ten minutes. Very often the preacher was interrupted by bursts of applause, and the holy seriousness of Chrysostom was often shocked by this supererogatory approbation; while Gregory Nazianzen seems to have been, on the other hand, pleased by this contribution to vanity.

You must remember how broken these hints are which I am attempting to give you of those times. The apostolic age I have left with scarce a remark. The pulpit—the

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ambo—was power; doubtless it had its faults, but they do not seem to have been of the order we should most condemn. Critics find in CLEMENS declamation and diffuseness; but even in the page, as we read it, there is a warmth of piety and depth of fervor; he belongs to the philosophical period of that age, and thus he speaks:

Though the artizan can make an idol, he has never made a breathing image, or formed soft flesh out of earth. Who liquified the marrow? Who hardened the bones? Who extended the nerves? Who inflated the veins? Who infused the blood into them? Who stretched the skin around them? Who made the eye to see? Who breathed the soul into the body? Who freely gave righteousness? Who has promised immortality? The Creator of all things alone, the Supreme Artizan, made man a living image; but your Olympian Jove, the image of an image far differing from the truth, is the dumb work of Attic hands. The image of God is His Word; the legitimate Son of Intelligence; the Divine Word; the original Light of light; and the image of the Word is the true man, the mind which is in man, who, on this account, is said to be in the image and likeness of God, being assimilated to the Divine Word, or Reason, by the understanding in his heart, and, therefore, rational. But the earthly image of the visible man, the man sprung from the earth, the resemblance of man, appears, as it were, a momentary impression, *ἐκμαγεῖον*, far removed from the truth.*

To the same period belong ORIGEN and TERTULLIAN. Their sins as preachers were on the side of mysticism; and perhaps there were moments when they seem to have permitted themselves to be too much perverted and turned aside by their contact with the tropical exuberances of Oriental imagination; but that which strikes us is the intense reality with which the Christian life was described by them. Comparing the Christian life with the spec-

* Moule, p. 73.

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tacles and the shows of Rome, Tertullian, whose style has been compared with that of our Edward Irving, exclaims:—

And then if you do but reflect that even this life, too, is to be spent in delights, how can you be so ungrateful as not to be content with, and not to acknowledge, the many and the great pleasures that God bestows on you? For what is more delightful than reconciliation with God, our Father and Lord?—than the revelation of truth?—than the discovery of errors?—than the pardon of so grievous offences past? What greater pleasure than a distaste for pleasure itself—than a contempt for the whole world?—than true liberty?—than a pure conscience?—than a blameless life?—than no fear of death?—than to tread under foot the gods of the Gentiles?—to cast out demons?—to perform cures?—to seek for revelations?—to live unto God? These are the pleasures, these the shows of Christians, holy, everlasting, gratuitous. If knowledge, if literature delight a man's mind, we have enough of books, enough of verses, enough of maxims, enough also of song, enough of music; no stage plots, but verities; no cunningly wrought stanzas, but simple strains. Wouldest thou have fightings and wrestlings? Behold immodesty cast down by chastity, perfidy slain by fidelity, cruelty crushed by compassion, arrogance eclipsed by modesty. Such are our contests in which we gain the crown. Wouldest thou have also somewhat of blood? Thou hast Christ's.*

The same motives which impel the feet of the artist to Rome, that he may study the ancient masters and know the principles of their art, will lead you, as you possess the opportunity, to make yourselves acquainted, if not in their original, then in their English dress, with the life of Athanasius, the tenderness of Basil, and the magnificence of Chrysostom. The preaching of Athanasius was the informing, practical mind of the first half of the fourth century, and of whom we think as a severe patristic Calvin.

* Moule, p. 84.

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He was the head of the long illustrious line of conservative theologians. I cannot commend his spirit to you so warmly as his faith; even Dr. Newman has gathered together some illustrative epithets strewn along his pages—the flowers of his rhetoric—against the Arians: Those favorite epithets were,—"Devils," "Antichrists," "Maniacs," "Jews," "Polytheists," "Atheists," "Dogs," "Wolves," "Lions," "Hares," "Chameleons," "Hydras," "Eels," "Cuttle-fish," "Gnats," "Beetles," "Leeches."* Yet we ought to know the life of this great preacher, and we should remember the horrible inveteracy of his foes. His life reads as one long and most glowing romance; its incidents are most startling and kindling. The pulpit occupied by him in those exciting scenes and times becomes not merely the great breakwater of faith, but not less, if I may say so, its dramatic theatre.

There seems to have been much of Calvin in him, or much of him in Calvin; his style was barren of all splendors or tenderness; he failed to touch the heart, or disdained to attempt it; but there was in him an amazing and most vital love to the Saviour. He, perhaps, did not understand so clearly as we do, or as we might wish we understood, the rights of other individual souls, but he did understand the rights of private judgment; and his position for the truth has passed into a proverb, most sublime in its expressiveness, of the claims of the individual solitary judgment against the claims of general authority—"Athanasius contra mundum"—Athanasius against the world.

Amongst the most illustrious names of the early Christian Church stands forth Basil; in him the orator of the Church begins, and in all his writings the orator burns. An intellectual, but still imaginative Orientalism pervades all.

* *Athanasius.—Historical Treatises.* Vol. ii. p. 34. Stanley's *History of the Eastern Church*, p. 292.

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Basil and his pupil Gregory Nazianzen were fellow students of the Emperor Julian. Basil led a less stirring life than Athanasius, and his sermons are characterised by a devotional calm. He preached ostensibly to the poor; but crowds flocked to hear him. Accomplished master of the science of Athenian rhetoric as he was, he concealed his art beneath a persuasive and popular style. He gathered round him the poor indeed, the mechanics of Cesarea, but by his rare influence compelled the multitudes of the celebrated too; and, when he died, his funeral, followed by the whole province, excited envy for those who were crushed to death in the crowd.

Let us read what he says on psalmody:—

Psalmody is the calm of the soul, the repose of the spirit, the arbiter of peace. It silences the wave, and conciliates the whirlwind of our passions, soothing the impetuous, tempering the unchaste. It is an engenderer of friendship, a healer of dissension, a reconciler of enemies. For who can longer count him his enemy, with whom to the throne of God he hath raised the strain? Psalmody repels the demons; it lures the ministry of angels; a weapon of defence in nightly terrors! a respite from daily toil. To the infant it is a presiding genius; to manhood a crown of glory; a balm of comfort to the aged; a congenial ornament to women.

The following passage enforcing, or rather illustrating, the duty of praise, is elaborate, but very beautiful:

What reward shall we give unto the Lord, for all the benefits He hath bestowed? From the cheerless gloom of non-existence He waked us into being; He ennobled us with understanding; He taught us arts to promote the means of life; He commanded the prolific earth to yield its nurture; He bade the animals to own us as their lords. For us the rains descend; for us the sun sheddeth abroad its creative beams; the mountains rise, the valleys bloom, affording us grateful habitation and a sheltering retreat. For us the rivers flow; for us the fountains murmur;

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the sea opens its bosom to admit our commerce; the earth exhausts its stores; each new object presents a new enjoyment; all nature pouring her treasures at our feet, through the bounteous grace of Him who wills that all be ours.*

But what shall I say of CHRYSOSTOM? He is said to be the study of a life-time in himself. His works are voluminous. Bishop of Antioch in its wealthiest day, his conduct there commands our highest reverence. He passed his life amidst the most virulent energies of persecution. But I must refer you to Gibbon for the best, most popular and comprehensive account of the *Golden Mouth*, and how he was dispatched secretly in a post-chariot from Antioch, to take the Archbishopric of Constantinople; it being feared that the people would not resign their favorite preacher; an ordeal through which very few preachers since have had to pass in their ascent to the episcopal chair.

But immeasurably the greatest of all the preachers of the early Church, was the Bishop of Hippo, the stupendous, the enormous AUGUSTINE. I believe if I were to commend to you the preacher of all others most likely to help you in the pulpit, I would say Chrysostom in his expositions. And his style was very expository—there is great wisdom and clearness, it was eminently practical too; also, it was not wanting in a fine declamatory fervor (some would say he possessed it too abundantly)—which must be possessed by the useful preacher—but the mental struggles of the age and of the human mind, do not appear to have affected him. There was no remarkable epochs in his religious history, and his nature had not the roominess which is shown in every page of the writings of Augustine. The life of Augustine made him the teacher he became; I do not here touch upon it, the tender story of his mother Monica, of his life of carelessness and sin, of his studies so vast and

* Moule, pp. 118, 119.

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various in all the arts, and rhetoric, and poetry of the ancients and the pagans. He was intoxicated with sensual beauty; in Carthage, where he fixed his home, thoughtful but sensuous rather than sensual, he luxuriated beneath the rich bright heavens, by the beautiful waters of the Mediterranean, and amidst all the variegated glories of art, in a city, then one of the chief seats of civilization. In his sublime work, his affecting Confessions, he exclaims: "What wert thou then to me, and how far from me? Far verily was I straying from thee, carried from the very husks of the swine whom with husks I fed; I sought for pleasures, sublimities, truths, and so fell headlong into sorrows, confusions, errors." But his mind was of that kind that must find a reason for everything. And by-and-by came the highest reason. What a story it is, his struggles to become free, and how he became free! Your position to the mind of Augustine must be relative. I commend Chrysostom to all of you, but few can be able to plough with the heifers of the Bishop of Hippo. Yet, unless you enter with him into his wondrous art, as of logic and abstraction, and thought, no preacher can be more homely; he is always more illustrative than declamatory, and the racy, spiritualising puritans derived much of their flavor, and pith, and unction from him. I must think that the pleasant ingeniousness of Matthew Henry not only found its ancestor, but much of its inspiration, in Augustine.

The "*instrument of ten strings,*" upon which the Psalmist would praise God, becomes in one place the Ten Commandments, made delightful and easy to keep by divine grace, or the ten fingers which perform the mission of the will in divine service. On the text, "*Whereof every one beareth twins.*" What twins?" says he. "*The Law and the Prophets*—the two commandments whereon hang all in the life of every believer! '*The bread, and fish, and egg*' the child asks of his father in the parable are explained—the bread as

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soul, fish as faith which lives amidst the billows of temptation, and the egg as hope, a something, but not the chicken."

But if you do not admire these things, do not smile at them, they are only motes in the sunbeam, and if you are able to follow him, there is no writer in the long procession of preachers who will so minister to the minister as Augustine. Mr. Moule says:

Of Augustine it may most truly be said, that he, if any man had, had experience of those phases in the soul's history when "the tongue cleaves even to the roof of the mouth, and when silence is kept, even from good words." It was not only his being Prelate of the West, instead of a Prelate of the East, that occasioned the wide difference between himself and Basil, Gregory, or even Chrysostom. The intense passion of his temperament, which imparted so much energy to his intellectual operations, and which is often the cause of the rich and vigorous flow of his language, produces also that quiet rejection of rhetorical ornament which we find so prevalent throughout his unpretending sermons. The *Civitati Dei* has, as might be expected, a good store of florid language, some specimens exhibiting the very highest style of beauty. But his subject in that case, not only was suited to elaborate ornament, it sometimes imperatively demanded the very grandest utterance. The general tone of Augustine was, however, that of a man who, while he was too sensible to despise the aids of artistic eloquence, was himself, for the most part, far above them. His words bearing directly upon the subject are tinged with a speaking sadness. "Eloquence is another stream of Babylon; it is one of the many objects *quæ amantur et transeunt*;" it is a mere *frigus et Aquilo*, compared with the genial breezes of God, the *Auster translatus de cælo.*

He rose to the clear empyrean of faith himself; and gradually through every school of illusion, and scepticism, and heresy. He qualified himself to reveal to the believers

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of every subsequent age the solidity of the rock on which they build, and the precious vintage of consolation growing on it. On the contrary, he sounded the depths of Pelagianism or, as we call it, Arminianism—Naturalism. He saw what you must distinctly see as the basis of all theological differences, that they are in fact a different view of the relation of the Infinite to the finite, of God to the universe, summed up in the two distinctions of Rationalism, —Arminianism—or every man his own Saviour; and, on the other hand, the doctrine of supernaturalism and grace; or God in Christ the only Saviour. Familiarise yourselves, if you be old enough, with the mind and method of Augustine, and you will find the cuirass which gleams beneath his bishop's vest, or sword which peeps from his side at the most unlikely places. He seems ready to strike a blow on Donatist or Manichæan, or Pelagian, and furnishes a suggestive method of dealing with heresies perpetually renewed, because indigenous to the depraved soil on which they spring.

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Pulpit Monograms. II.

The Early Church: Chrysostom.

IT can never be to the Christian mind either a needless or indifferent task to study again, or in some new portrait to seek to retouch or bring into greater vividness the sublime features of the Fathers of the Early Church, whose words, while they were living, were like battle-cries against the idolatry, selfishness, and impurity of the age, and which, although the tongue of fire has long been resolved into dust, retain still an inspiring and even vocal power. The orators and preachers of the Early Church form a very illustrious gallery of portraits; there is much about them that is very exemplary. As we study their words and deeds, we find, in truth, how much, perhaps, they owed of their fame and influence to that close union and alliance of the destinies of the Church with the State, which continued so manifest after the period of Constantine. But it may surely be questioned whether their influence at court did not result also from the immense power they wielded over the multitudes of the cities, by the purity of Christian doctrine. The reader of Church history will very soon assure himself how the rise of the Church illustrated its power by the "foolishness of preaching," and became a great social influence. The wonder grows upon us how it came to be the mighty and hostile

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force it exhibits itself as being; but the study of the character of the early Christian preachers explains this. The school of the rhetorician was changed into the Church—the place of souls; not the place for the discussion of trivial questions, the vain spoils of philosophy—it was a new moral power in the world. Those men did not obtain their mighty hold over the breathless multitudes by the "disputations of science, falsely so-called;" not by pretty little Platonic essays; but by words which clave a way right down to the soul: enforcing the providence of God, the redemption by Christ, the immortality of the soul, and future retribution and judgment; these were the themes. Fantastic legends and literatures faded out, or fell prostrate and powerless before such truths, flowing from the consciousness of the speaker, informed by the Holy Ghost and the Divine Word, and flaming from the ardent light of vivid experience. The bar, the senate, the school, could kindle no such enthusiasm, and win no such echoes and responses as those which followed the words of the great teachers of those early ages.

It is superfluous to say that Nonconformist teachers have not paid sufficient attention to these great masters. A prejudice, it must be now admitted very unfounded, has obtained entrance in many minds against them. This prejudice is dissolving; and while it is the duty, especially, of every minister to inform himself of the matters in the great story of the Church, it is certainly true that he will find in the first ages, and among the teachers of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, hints eminently useful to him in assailing the sins and the heresies of our own times. Especially eminent, as the orator of the Church, stands forth John, the great preacher of Antioch, who received in the seventh century the name by which now he is only known popularly, Chrysostom, or the *Golden Mouth*. He was born in that city over which his eloquence shed such lustre, and

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amidst the uproars aad agitations of which he became so central an actor, in the year 354. His parents were of considerable birth and quality; his father, Secundus, a chief general of the army of Syria, died soon after John was born; his mother, Secunda—not unlike Augustine's gentle Monica—although, like his father, a Gentile pagan, continued unmarried after the death of her husband, living for her son, as we gather from an immortal passage of exquisite beauty in his writings. She appears to have been a woman of great gravity, beauty, and chastity. At the age of twenty Chrysostom was placed, apparently, beneath the tuition of the great Libanius, a chief master of rhetoric; from him, no doubt, he obtained lessons used with very different purposes to those for which they were given—for John became a Christian, grew weary of what seemed to him the unprofitable study of rhetoric; and the lessons intended to make the shining orator of the bar, went to furnish the priest, the preacher, and father of the Church. It was a source of bitter regret to his old master, and on his death-bed he grieved that there was no successor to his school, because the Christians had stolen John from him.

About the early history of Chrysostom, the years before his conversion, there is nothing of the wonderful interest attaching to the unconverted life of Augustine. Chrysostom had not the same sensuous and passionate nature, therefore had not so fierce a conflict to wage with himself; he had not the same great roominess of nature as that of the Bishop of Hippo, in whose soul, before his conversion, every sort and kind of heresy and infidelity seemed at one time or other to find not a momentary but a logical lodgment, until all were put to flight, as he tells us in his immortal *Confessions*. Then Chrysostom had not very long passed youth when he was converted; Augustine, on the contrary, was in the very prime of life, in all the vigor of

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his studies. Chrysostom had never known the ways of vice and sin; the warm African nature of Augustine had known every seduction of poetry and passion; he had to put away the person he very tenderly loved, apparently; and we know in what terms he has celebrated and made memorable his affection for his illegitimate son Adeodatus. But the conversion of Chrysostom was marked by a reality as distinct as that of Augustine; he and his friend Basil—evidently not the great bishop—determined on abandoning the world altogether, and flying to the monastery. This was easy for Basil, who had no worldly ties, but Chrysostom had debts to pay to his position and his property, and, above all, to his mother, whose tender and overwhelming appeal has been preserved to us. She reminded him of all her troubles and miseries in widowhood, all the agitations and disquietude attending her—a young woman, without a husband—but all borne for his sake; how she was tossed in storm and tempest, determined "not to bring a second husband into *your* father's house;" not declining the hardships of the iron furnace that, as she says, "I might daily behold *your* face while you were an infant, and have continually before me the image, the character, and resemblance of your father." She implored him not to involve her in a second widowhood. "When you have committed me to the ground, travel whither you please." Many more words to the same effect the poor mother poured out into the ear and heart of her son. We are afraid that she did not produce so much effect upon him as circumstances. It is a proof of the importance of Chrysostom in Antioch, that at this time, although he could not have been much more than twenty years of age, and had not been very long converted, a report was spread that the Church was about to elevate him to the office of a bishop,—our readers will bear in mind the immense difference between our idea of a bishop and that of the early Christians. He fled from the

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city, going for some time to reside among the monks near Antioch. Of his mother we only hear that she died shortly afterwards; it does not seem probable that he really joined the monks until after that event. The beautiful, chaste, self-denying pagan lady never saw the greatness and glory of her son. She never heard any of those marvellous orations, did not know that the lips which had been so much to her—kissed so fondly and so often, as mothers only can kiss—were through all after ages to be called *the golden*. She soon passes out of sight, but assuredly her son did her justice, and treasured her memory. The name and memory of Monica have been held very dear in Church history; but let us, as we pass by, look lovingly and tenderly upon, and set a fair white lily over, the grave of Secunda.

Six years Chrysostom continued among the mountains and the monasteries; for some time he dwelt in a cave with an aged hermit; solitary, shut up in a still more lonely cell, he spent some other two years, taking little rest, pondering closely the Word, conversing with himself; seeking out that he might obtain the grace of spiritual strength to scatter, and rout, and put to flight the sins lurking in his nature. He seems to have been ordained by the Bishop Miletius a reader and deacon of the Church in Antioch about the year 381. He returned to the city learned and accomplished in every art and gift necessary to the sacred orator. When he left he was an accomplished rhetorician; and we can well conceive what effect six years of solitude among the mountains, with no other book but the Sacred Word, would have upon a nature able to receive it. The moment soon came when his mighty oratory was put forth with all its vehemence and strength. So long as he continued in Antioch his voice was like a bell, chiming or tolling, and certainly the sonorous notes of the knell predominate over the chime. Among the most intrepid and noble of his orations is the series on *The Statues*. Oppressed and

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harassed by taxation, the people of Antioch—naturally a turbulent and unquiet race—rose in tumult and uproar against a warrant for a new assessment. It created no small irritation; they encouraged one another to revolt, until, in the turmoil in the streets, the brazen statues of the emperor and his wife Flavilla were torn down, and dragged ignominiously by ropes, with insolent rudeness and bitter sarcasm, through the city. Scarcely had the deed been done than all the inhabitants were in mourning and fear. In our country and age such an indignity would very likely produce unhappy results; what then might be expected in the very era of imperial cruelty? Fear spread on every hand; those who could fly the city, fled; those who were taken were hurried off to prison. The forum, a few days before crowded, was deserted, and here and there a few frightened and trembling people might be seen skulking about with dejected looks. Images of confiscation, death, and worse than death, were before all men's eyes. In the panic, the good Bishop Flavianus took upon himself to go as an ambassador of peace to the emperor. It was winter; he was aged, and a man of many infirmities. The distance was considerable; his sister, too, was dying; but he went. Chrysostom was left in the mourning city; he walked through it, and saw its profound distress; its silence only broken by the armed guards with swords and spears resisting the wailing women and children who were seeking to throng the courts of justice to save their husbands and fathers. While the bishop was on his way to the metropolis, Chrysostom called the people daily to the church; there, in their agitated and trembling midst, he pronounced those twenty-one homilies concerning *The Statues*. While the bishop was seeking to turn aside the imperial wrath, Chrysostom wrought day by day upon the crowds in the church. The following passage is a very fine illustration of the natural and easy, yet forcible way in which the orator turns

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the circumstance to account, and, with great art, preaches to the emperor for mercy, while, in reality, he reproves the sins and passions of the people. Thus he exclaims in a passage on

THE BOUNDLESS LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD.

A man has been insulted, and we are all in fear and trembling —both those of us who have been guilty of this insult, and those of us who are conscious of innocence. But God is insulted every day. Why do I say every day? Rather should I say every hour, by rich and by poor, by those who are at ease and those who are in trouble, by those who calumniate and those who are calumniated; and yet there is never a word of this; therefore God has permitted our fellow-servant to be insulted, that thou mayest know the loving-kindness of the Lord. This offence has been committed only for the first time, yet we do not, on that account, expect to reap the advantage of excuse or apology. We provoke God every day, and make no movement of returning to Him; and yet He bears with all long-suffering; see you how great is the loving-kindness of the Lord. In this present outrage, the culprits have been apprehended, thrown into prison, and punished; and yet we are in fear. He who has been insulted has not heard of what has been done, nor pronounced sentence; and we are all trembling. But God hears day by day the insults offered to Him, and no one turns to Him, although God is so kind and loving. With Him it is enough to acknowledge the sin, and the guilt is absolved: . . . do you not hence conclude how unspeakable is the love of God, how boundless, how it surpasses all description! Here he who has been insulted is of the same nature with ourselves; only once in all his life has he been so treated, and that not to his face, not while he was present and seeing and hearing, and yet none of the offenders have been pardoned. But in the case of God, not one of these things can be said. For so vast is the distance between man and God, that no words can express it, and every day is He insulted while He is present, looking on, and hearing; and yet He neither hurls thunderbolts, nor bids the sea overflow the earth and drown all its inhabitants, nor commands the earth to yawn and swallow

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up all who have insulted Him; but He forbears, and is long-suffering, and offers pardon to those by whom He has been outraged, if they only repent and promise to do so no more. Oh, surely it is time to exclaim, Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord? Who can show forth His praise?

As to the friendly bishop, it is pleasing to know that he was well and kindly entertained by the emperor. He held a long intercourse with him, during which the old man reminded him of the example of his ancestor, Constantine, who, when his statue had been miserably abused, and its face battered and broken, passed his hands over his face, saying, "I do not feel myself bruised and broken, and my head and face seem sound and whole; and then he used the better authority of Him who said, "If ye forgive men their trespasses," etc., etc.; and the emperor courteously entreated him; and then, with pardons in his possession, hastened his return back. The good old bishop, unable to travel very fast, forwarded the good news before him; and we learn how, when he entered the city, it was all ablaze with rejoicing lights; the forum decorated with garlands and flowers, and green boughs over all the shops and doors —quite a festive solemnity. And then the dear old bishop went to the church to give thanks; and Chrysostom, in the place where, during the bishop's absence, he had poured forth his jeremiads, now, for the prosperous success of the undertaking, pronounced an oration full of gratulation and joy.

No doubt the behavior of Chrysostom on this occasion, joined to his favorable eminence in opinion before, made him to be a man who could not be hid. In the year 398 he was consecrated and enthroned bishop of Constantinople. Ministers, at the present day, who leave one charge or diocese for another, are in no danger of creating such a turmoil as that caused by the rumor of the probable departure of Chrysostom from Antioch. The people could not tolerate the idea of the departure from their midst of

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their admired and eloquent preacher; nor did it appear that the preacher himself desired to remove; and, probably, had he known what circumstances were to come out of this consecration, the emperer himself would not have been so determined in his design. Fearing, however, a popular tumult, a letter was written to the governor of the province to manage the matter. He desired Chrysostom to walk a little way with him out of the town, decoyed him into his carriage, and drove him to the next stage beyond Antioch; there he was delivered into the custody of the officers of the Government sent by the emperor to receive him. The emperor had desired that his consecration should take place with circumstances of especial pomp and solemnity, and a convention of bishops was summoned to assist at it; and thus, by guile and craft, seldom needed in the history of the Church for elevation to such dignity, the people of Antioch lost their pastor, and Chrysostom became a bishop.

From this time, he enters upon that course of events in his life which should commend him most to the notice of preachers and teachers. In the great metropolis of the East, he became a great social reformer. His discourses are richly exemplary; vehemently lashing the vices of the city and the vices af the clergy. There had been, indeed, from the corrupt members of the Church of Constantinople, considerable opposition to his elevation. Constantinople, then the chief city of the world, the seat of the empire of the East, the seat of the court, could not, of course, be supposed to be exempt from those sins especially peculiar to great cities. The preacher, among those of his own profession, and those who lived only to amuse, found and satirized "such as sold their voices to their bellies"—a very admirable description, by the bye, of many a preacher and singer of succeeding times. Even Dean Milman has apparently judged Chrysostom somewhat coldly, because he

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carried into his pubic administration more of the manners of the ascetic than seemed politic in a position of such importance. Gibbon, of course, cannot be expected to sympathize with the man whose loud thunders against the scandals of the Church, or the vices of the city, ere long brought him into immediate hostility with the indignations alike of the chiefs of Church and State. It is probable that such a temper as that possessed by the vehement orator of St. Sophia was choleric; and in a state of affairs languishing beneath a plethora of ill-humors he attempted too rapid a reform. The clergy were aroused, and sought to traduce him to the people; but yet, the stainless grandeur of his own life, so sombre and solemn, gave more vivid brilliancy to his amazing orations. He soon found himself, however, the centre of an immense conspiracy, to which also the emperor and empress lent themselves. It is possible, as Milman very distinctly reasons, that he permitted himself to be too much influenced by the representations of his deacon Serapion. Finally, however, he was cited to the celebrated Synod of the Oak; forty-six charges were preferred against him, which even the sceptical and sarcastic Gibbon, who never misses his opportunity for snubbing and sneering at a saint, says, "may justly be considered as a fair and unexceptional panegyric." Four times the citation was served upon the bishop by the representatives of the Council; he refused—as they considered, contumaciously—to intrust either his life or reputation in their hands. While the envenomed conclave was sitting, he continued preaching, surrounded himself by the bishops of his party, and remained himself intrepid and unmoved. As we read of these things, it is possible to move back, in imagination and thought, to those agitated days. We are able to read calmly until we remember that life and existence hung upon the decision of the Council; but amidst the troubles of his companions, some of whom were in tears, some unable to

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control or to confine their passion, humbly embracing, and kissing his garments—"Brethren," said he, "sit down, and do not weep; for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" and then followed those magnificent, immortal words, we presume not unknown to many of our readers; words falling from his lips while the sentence of banishment was being pronounced:

What can I fear? Will it be death? But you know that Christ is my life, and that I shall gain by death. Will it be exile? But the earth and all its fulness is the Lord's. Will it be the loss of wealth? But we brought nothing into the world, and can carry nothing out. Thus all the terrors of the world are contemptible in my eyes; and I smile at all its good things. Poverty I do not fear. Riches I do not sigh for. Death I do not shrink from; and life I do not desire, save only for the progress of your souls. But you know, my friends, the true cause of my fall. It is that I have not lined my house with rich tapestry. It is that I have not clothed me in robes of silk. It is that I have not flattered the effeminacy and sensuality of certain men, nor laid gold and silver at their feet. But why need I say more? Jezebel is raising her persecution, and Elias must fly; Herodias is taking her pleasure, and John must be bound with chains; the Egyptian wife tells her lie, and Joseph must be thrust into prison. And so, if they banish me, I shall be like Elias; if they throw me in the mire, like Jeremiah; if they plunge me into the sea, like the prophet Jonah; if into the pit, like Daniel; if they stone me, it is Stephen that I shall resemble; John the forerunner, if they cut off my head; Paul, if they beat me with stripes; Isaiah, if they saw me asunder.

The emperor was called upon to ratify the decree of deposition pronounced by the Council; and the too visible and manifest reflections on the empress in the passage we have just cited, very likely made it more easy to him to yield his sanction to the sentence. He was speedily arrested, in quite another fashion than that in which he was hurried away to his stormy bishopric. He was conveyed

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through the city by an imperial messenger, and landed, after a short navigation, at the mouth of the Euxine. The people of the city were astounded. During the Council of the Oak, they had been comparatively mute and passive. His arrest aroused the city to such a height of indignation as has not often, in such an instance, been crowned with a like success, even where its object has been devotion and enthusiasm to greatness and goodness, in the presence of a corrupt court. Very likely, not a little was added to the intensity and wonder of the hour by the throb of an earthquake, which shook the city that very night; and, while it created some ruin, seemed to be portentous of more. Even the empress fell on her knees before the emperor, and besought him to recall the saintly but audacious orator. She —who had certainly been involved deeply in the machinations against him, and, no wonder, when it is remembered that she had not escaped either the satire or the vehemence of this Knox of the Early Church—now protested herself quite innocent of all the troubles which had come upon him, declaring how she honored him, not only as her own bishop, but particularly as the person who had baptized her children. Round the palace raged and roared the immense waves of popular commotion; it was manifest that the public safety could only be purchased by the return of the minister, and messengers were sent to hasten his return; and the historian of *The Decline and Fall* has, even without a sneer, recited how the shores of Europe and Asia were illuminated, and the Bosphorus crowded with boats, to the mouth of the Propontis, as the victorious people accompanied, with flaming torches, their archbishop from the port to the cathedral. He, indeed, with an inflexibility, which, of course, was part of his character, was loath to yield to any prayers for his return, until his innocency should be vindicated before a greater synod than that by which he had been condemned, and his sentence legally reversed.

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But the people were impatient of delay, and the empress also sent to compliment him, declaring that his return to the city was more to her than the crown she wore; and, in approved Oriental language, expressing how she had restored the head to the body, the pilot to the ship, the pastor to the flock. So he yielded, and was met on his way by multitudes of the people, singing hymns to God for his return. Thus they bore him to the cathedral, and no protest of his that he was under ecclesiastical censure, and had no right there, was of any avail; they would have him ascend the bishop's throne, and give his blessing and an extempore sermon, which has been lost, though some who heard it spoke of it as one of the most considerable of his life. We know little more of it than that he spoke till the people would allow him to speak no longer—borne down and overwhelmed by their acclamations. What men of might were the bishops of those distant days!

But auspicious as were the circumstances of the orator's return, no reader can be much surprised to find that they were not omens, either of long-continued peace or of a happy close to his career. He soon vexed the empress again. Her irritation against him in the days of the first persecution grew out of his sharp rebukes of court fashions. It soon seemed that he had even a stronger and more personal ground for rebuke as a Christian minister. A silver statue of the empress, Eudoxia, was to be solemnly erected; it was to be elevated on a porphyry pillar in the street, and not far from the spot where stood the Church of St. Sophia. Its elevation and inauguration were accompanied not only by many shoutings, dances, and extravagancies, but by certain loose sports and pastimes, very suitable to the idolatries of Manichæanism or semi-paganism. The provost of the city was a Manichæan and therefore encouraged this kind of looseness. Chrysostom's speech rushed out instantly in an unwise blaze of vehement invec-

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tive. If readers, quietly perusing these pages of Church history, think that a milder course of expostulation would have been more wise, let it be conceded that Rome and the world were only just then emerging from paganism—these rites were of the very nature of paganism. In the latter years of the reign of paganism in the empire, emperors had demanded and received the blasphemy of an apotheosis. Assuredly, however, the preacher could have had little affection or respect for the woman herself. In one of his sermons at this period, he drew the character of an ill woman, affirming that no beast in the world, nor lion, nor dragon, is comparable to a bad woman; and he enforced and illustrated this by many illustrations from Scripture; then, also, he turned the tables, and discoursed of the qualities, nature, and actions of good women. The empress was again roused to indignation. Again, from this circumstance, active machinations were formed against him; the persecution reached a considerable height; the clergy who sided with him were seized, beaten, wounded, and imprisoned; the waters of the baptistery, where he officiated, were stained with blood. Looked at from this point of view, we see that it was the strong and malignant action of paganism against a pure Christianity.

At last, power used its utmost insolence. It was determined by the court, and that part of the Church which sided with it, that he should again be deposed and banished. The city was in strange agitation, when suddenly a fire broke out in his magnificent cathedral. The conflagration spread, and left no part of the stately fabric untouched; the triumphant flames rolled along the aisles, and some choice pieces of antiquity are now probably lost to us, as they perished in that great calamity, in which, however, neither man nor beast was injured. The most monstrous circumstance of all was, that Chrysostom was himself charged with setting fire to the church; his case was in-

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deed hopeless; he had left it, he had bidden farewell to his deaconesses; he had, in fact, withdrawn from the friendly custody of his adherents, and was on his way, while his church was in flames, to the Asiatic shore. The charge, of course, was only one of the monstrous malignities of the time, vexing the heart, and increasing the agony of the persecuted man. After his surrender and departure in that ill night, he never saw Constantinople again. Henceforth he was a prisoner, wandering amidst places, if it were possible to find them, where his friends would not flock round him, to love and reverence. But his influence continued during his absence. From his solitary cell among the mountains of the Caucasus, although another bishop had been enthroned in his place, he governed his church, almost the whole of the Eastern Church. As he entered towns and neighborhoods—as when he came upon the frontiers of Cappadocia and Tauro-Cilesia—bishops, and monks, and holy women met him in great companies, thronging round him with tears, and saying, that it were better the sun should not shine in the heavens, than John should be silenced. He carried with him a wasted and painful frame; subject to many and grievous sicknesses; he wandered, shifting from place to place, regarding woods and rocks as his best security; and Tavernier, the traveller, tells of a town in Armenia, two miles from which, in the midst of a plain, rises a rugged rock, in the which was a hewn chamber, and bed, table, and cupboard; and, after some several steps cut in the rock, a little gallery leading to another chamber; and the tradition of the Christians of that place in the time of Tavernier was that here the eloquent and saintly exile passed a hard winter. The Bishop of Rome, Innocent, wrote to him, assuring him of his affection, seeking thus to sustain him in his exile. This was towards the close of his course. It was necessary to destroy his influence, as well as to compel his exile. The

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soldiers were cruel to him, by the imperial edict, compelling him to travel, when his wasted frame could bear no toil, through violent rains and burning suns.

At last they came to Comana, a town in Cappadocia; he was not permitted to lodge in the town, but hurried forward till they reached the oratory of St. Basil, five or six miles off. St. Basil had been Bishop of Comana, and died a martyr under Maximian. The legend says that, the night before, the martyr had appeared to Brother John and said, "Be of good cheer, brother, to-morrow we shall be together!" Moreover, the legend continues, the martyr had appeared to the bishop of the place, bidding him "provide for brother John on the morrow." When, therefore, Chrysostom reached the oratory, he requested of his guard that he might stay there, but they hurried him forward. They had not, however, gone more than three or four miles, when he became so ill that they were obliged to return. As soon as he entered, he called for the brethren to give him some clean, white raiment. He stripped himself, and having put on the clothing brought him, he received the sacrament from their hands, and then, having performed these last duties for himself, especially the former, indicative, we have often thought, of the saintly delicacy of his nature, he concluded with his favorite doxology, "Glory be to God for all things that happen!" sealed it with "Amen!" gently stretched himself out and died.

The secrecy with which he had been carried from place to place and the lonely desert spot where he breathed his last were unable to prevent an amazing throng of holy people from following him to his grave. He was buried in the same tomb with the martyr Basil, who had met him and told him to "be of good comfort." His long life was packed up into the small compass of fifty-two years. His remains were not allowed to rest in the obscure spot in which they were interred. When the Emperor Arcadius

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and his wife Eudoxia had passed away, and Theodosius the younger reigned, who had been baptized by the banished bishop, he was besought to permit the restoration of the venerable remains; the request was instantly granted. Once more the Bosphorus was alive and aglow on account of Chrysostom; but this time with a more melancholy pomp. As the body touched the shore, the young emperor and empress, accompanied by their sisters, approached the coffin; he kissed it; covered it with his imperial cloak, and implored forgiveness from Heaven for the wrongs his parents had inflicted on the holy ascetic; then the remains were carried to their final resting-place. Envy and malice had done their worst.

The memory of the holy preacher has never needed a defender; the virulence and the vice of party and power cast him down in his own day, but even then, and ever after, his righteousness has shone forth as the light. It has been said, the works of Chrysostom are the study of a lifetime; they are voluminous — the tender bursts of his immortal eloquence; if, occasionally, they seem to verge toward inflation, they are nevertheless fine models of the way in which Christian rhetoric may reach its most passionate harangue and declamation; while, better still, his more calm and sober moods furnish wiser models of exposition than even the wonderful and manifold pages of Augustine. Nothing can be finer, more rich in Gospel sweetness, and more elevated in pathos, than the following passage on

THE SALVATION OF THE THIEF.

Would you learn another most illustrious achievement of the Cross, transcending all human thought? The closed gate of Paradise He has opened to day; for to-day He has brought into it *the thief*.—Two most sublime achievements these! He both opened Paradise and brought in *the thief*. He restored to him the primeval fatherland of man, He let him back to the ancestral

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city. "To-day shalt thou be with me," He says, "in Paradise." "What sayest thou? Thou art crucified and fixed to the Cross with nails, and dost thou promise Paradise? How wilt thou confer such a gift?" Paul, indeed, says "He was crucified in weakness;" but hear what follows, "yèt He liveth," he says, "by the power of God;" and again, in another place, "My strength is made perfect in weakness. Wherefore, now on the Cross," he says, "I promise, that by this thou mayest know my power." The spectacle itself is sad: look not at what the cross is in itself, lest thou despair, but raise thine eye to the power of the Crucified, that thy countenance may gleam with the radiance of joy—for this end he shows to thee there his might.

For it was not when raising the dead, it was not when commanding the sea, it was not when chiding demons,—but when crucified, nailed to the tree, insulted, spit upon, railed at, mocked, tortured by all,—that he exerted His might in drawing to himself the sinful soul of *the thief*.—See, on this side and that, the effulgence of his power. He shook creation, rent the rocks; and the heart of *the thief*—harder than rock, He made softer than wax. "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. What sayest thou? The cherubim and the flaming sword guard Paradise, and dost thou promise admission there to the *thief*? Yea, is His reply, for I am the Lord of the cherubim, and I have the power of flame and hell, and life and death. And therefore, He says, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." The moment these celestial powers behold their Lord, they will withdraw and give place.

Though no king would permit *a thief* or any one of his servants to occupy the same seat with him, and to ride thus into the city, yet our gracious Lord did it. For at His entrance into His holy fatherland, He brings in along with him the thief; not dishonoring Paradise with the feet of the thief—far be it from Him—but rather in this way conferring on it honor. For it is the glory of Paradise to have such a Lord, so full of power and love, as to be able to make *a thief* worthy of the joys of Paradise.

For when he called publicans and harlots into the kingdom, He did this not to dishonor the kingdom, but to confer on it the

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highest renown, and to show that the Lord of the kingdom is such as to be able to bestow on harlots and publicans an excellence so perfect, that they are seen to be worthy of the honors and gifts that are there.

As, therefore, we admire a physician, when we see those who are laboring under incurable diseases released from their maladies and restored to perfect health, so, beloved, admire Christ, and be astonished that, laying His hand on those that are afflicted with incurable maladies of the soul, he has power to deliver them from the evils under which they groan, and make those who have reached the utmost extremity of wickedness fit for the kingdom of Heaven.

The eloquence of Chrysostom is of that rich order, both of expression and illustration, that, weighty and magnificent as it is, it becomes apprehensible by every order of mind.

How stirring it must have been, in the ancient Church, in such an epoch, to have heard him break forth in the following exclamation, in which he contrasts the lamentations of the heathen over their dead, with the lights, and hymns, and sacramental service, with which the early Christians celebrated the obsequies of the departed.

THE BURIAL RITES OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

Tell me what mean the bright shining torches? Do we not accompany the dead as brave warriors? What mean the hymns? Do we not praise God and render thanks to Him, that He hath now crowned the departed? that He hath freed him from his sufferings, and hath taken him from misery to Himself? Consider what ye sing at that moment! "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Again: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear;" and again: "Thou art my hiding place from the trouble which encompasseth me." (Ps. cxvi. 7; cxviii. 6; xxxii. 7.) Consider what these psalms mean. But ye heed them not and are drunken with grief. Or, regard the mourning of others, that ye may find therein consolation for your own. Ye say; "Return unto thy

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rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee!" *and yet ye weep.* (Ps. xvi. 7.)

Sometimes, with a startling, beautiful ingenuity, he seized upon some little passing incident, and made it beautifully effective. Thus once, while he was preaching, they began to light the lamps, and he exclaimed:

Let me beg you to arouse yourselves, and to put away that sluggishness of mind. But why do I say this? At the very time when I am setting forth before you the Scriptures, you are turning your eyes away from me, and are fixing them upon the lamps, and upon the man who is lighting the lamps. Oh! of what a sluggish soul is this the mark, to leave the preacher and turn to him. I, too, am kindling the fire of the Scriptures; and upon my tongue there is burning a taper, the taper of sound doctrine. Greater is this light, and better than the light that is yonder. For, unlike that man, it is no wick steeped in oil, that I am lighting up. I am rather inflaming souls, moistened with piety, by the desire of heavenly discourse.

In this age of gorgeous household architecture, when the saints in many a neighborhood are content to dwell in their ceiled houses, while the house of the Lord lies waste, perhaps some may read the following with pleasure:

THE PALACE OF ABRAHAM.

Paul, when exhorting the rich not to be high-minded, taught them the way to guard against it. They were to examine the uncertain and treacherous nature of riches. Wherefore he said: "Nor trust in uncertain riches. He is not rich who possesseth much; but he who distributeth much. Abraham was rich, but loved not his wealth; he regarded not the house of this man, nor the substance of that man; but, going forth, he looked round for the stranger and the needy, that he might succor poverty; that he might entertain the wayfarer. He covered not his ceilings with gold, but fixing his tent near the oak, he was contented with the shade of its leaves. Yet so

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bright was his dwelling, that angels were not ashamed to tarry with him; for they sought not splendor of abode, but purity of soul. Let us, my beloved, imitate Abraham, and dispense our goods to those who are in need. Rudely prepared was his habitation, but more splendid than the halls of kings. No king ever entertained angels; but Abraham, sitting under the oak, and having his tent pitched, was accounted worthy of that honor. Neither was he thus distinguished on account of the lowliness of his dwelling; but he enjoyed this gift because of the purity of his soul, and the treasures therein deposited. Let us not then adorn our houses, but rather our souls. Is it not a disgrace thoughtlessly to adorn our walls with marble, but to neglect the necessities of our Christian brethren. Of what use to thee, O man! is thy palace? Canst thou take it up and depart with it? But thy soul thou canst take up entire, and carry along with thee. Lo! now that so great peril hath come upon us, let our palaces aid us; let them deliver us from the impending danger, but they cannot. And ye are my witnesses, who, leaving your palaces desolate, and flying to the wilderness, shun them as snares and nets. Let riches now assist us; but the present is no season for them. If the influence of riches be insufficient to appease the anger of man, much less will be their power before the divine and implacable seat of judgment. If gold now availeth us nothing against an irritated and wrathful man, its power will entirely vanish before the displeasure of God, who needeth not gold. Let us build houses to dwell in, not to make of them a vain display. That which exceedeth our necessities is superfluous and useless. Bind on a sandal larger than thy foot, and thou wilt not be able to endure it. It will impede thy walking. Thus also a house greater than is necessary impedeth thy passage to heaven. Wouldst thou raise vast and splendid habitations? I forbid them not; but let them not be on earth. Build tabernacles in heaven,—tabernacles imperishable. Why ravest thou about transitory things, things which remain on earth? Nothing is more deceitful than wealth; to-day with thee, to-morrow against thee. It armeth on all sides the eyes of the envious. It is a hostile warrior in thine own tent, an enemy in thine own house; and ye who possess it are my witnesses, who in every mode are burying and concealing it.

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The words and sermons of Chrysostom, like those of our own Reeves or Brookes, are among the little historiettes which bring vividly before us the manners, and vices, and people of the cities in which he preached. One of his biographers says, that "the emperor, the commissioners, bishops, and prefects, are by his genius preserved like pieces of sea-weed in amber." And, running my eye down several passages, I could easily fill pages with illustrations of this; but my memoir of this illustrious Father has already extended to too great a length, and I must close my quotations with a noble passage poured forth soon after his brief restoration to Constantinople:

HIS RETURN FROM EXILE.

Blessed be the Lord! I said it when I departed. On my return, I repeat it: and I ceased not from saying it in my absence. You remember that on the last day I recalled to you the image of Job, and his words, "Blessed be the name of the Lord forever." It is the pledge that I left with you as I was departing; it is the thanksgiving that I bring back to you. The situations are different. The hymn of gratitude is the same. In exile I was always blessing. Returned from exile I am blessing still. Winter and summer work to the same end, the fertility of the earth. Blessed be God, who allowed me to go forth; blessed again and again, in that he has called me back to you. Blessed be God who unchains the tempest: blessed be God who stills it and has made a calm. . . . Through all the diversity of time the temper of the soul is the same; and the pilot's courage has been neither relaxed by the calm nor overwhelmed by the tempest. . . . See what the snares of my enemies have done; they have increased affection, and kindled regret for me, and have won me six hundred admirers. At other times it is our own body alone who love me. To-day, the very Jews do me honor; . . . it is not the enemies that I thank for their change of mind, but God, who has turned their injustice to my honor. The Jews crucified the Lord, and the world is saved; yet it is not the Jews that I thank, but the

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Crucified. May they see that which our God sees; the peace, the glory that their snares have been worth to me. At other times, the church alone used to be filled. Now the public square is become the church. All heads are as immovable as if they were one. All are silent, though no one orders silence. All are contrite, too. There are games in the circus to-day: but no one assists at them. All flow to the temple like a torrent. The torrent is your multitude. The river's murmur is your voices, that rise up to heaven, and tell of the love you bear to your Father. Your prayers are to me a brighter crown than all the diadems of earth.

On the whole, none of the great names of those early ecclesiastical ages wins from us more admiration and affection than that of this illustrious man. Great as he was as an orator, he shines not merely by the splendors of his rhetoric; indeed, he steadily resisted the growing, and too prevalent idea, that the Christian teacher should be a mere orator. He reproved the growing error of his times, a passion for public discourses, and the disposition of auditors, as he says, "to conduct themselves like spectators at the heathen games." He constantly reproved the disposition to applaud, and frequently, when it broke forth in homage to himself, he exclaimed, "The church is not a theatre, in which we should listen to be amused; of what avail to me are those shouts—this applause, this tumult? The praise I seek is, that you show forth in your works the things I have spoken to you." Applause in the church, very common in his day, he strongly denounced, as transferring to that hallowed place the laws of the theatre. He set a very high standard for the Christian minister: "Let him," said he, "not approach the pulpit who can neither combat the enemies of our faith, nor bring every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, nor cast down vain imaginations." When he spoke of the preachers in his time as going about rather after the fashion of harlots, "to seek

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the favor of the people, than to instruct them," it is not surprising that rebuke so vehement and indignant brought down upon his head the condemnation of his own holiness. Immense as was his power while living, and greater still and more extensive as his fame has been since his death, Chrysostom does not flatter the theory of those who demand a grand and imposing figure for the loftiest oratory. He was low of stature; his head was big, but entirely bald; his forehead large and full of wrinkles; still more singular, his eyes were not prominent, but deep-set, sunk inwards, though they are described as amiable and affectionate, nor does his manner seem to be that of which we speak as the "flood of eloquence"—it was the grandeur of expression, the holiness and purity of conception, united, of course, to a voice of considerable flexibility and strength of tone;—nor does he seem to have attempted to inflame the people by much action. *Distinctness*,—we gather to have been a power with him; and in the old church, either of Antioch or Constantinople, we do not find it difficult to conceive the quiet power of his manner, expressing the delightful and graceful graciousness of many a paragraph, or the fore-finger of the right hand elevated till it clenched the argument; or, as was more common with him, expressing some vehement and indignant sentence by pressing it on the palm of the left hand. He had, as is abundantly shown, great copiousness and plenty of words, infinite sweetness, and an impetus of soul and nervous efficacy, which gave material strength to all his speech. Thus, in every point of view, he compels our attention; we feel that we are not merely with a man great in his own hour, or age, or city. He had, in a very eminent degree, the talents of facility conjoined to perspicuity. We could trust him not merely when a multitude has to be commanded, but when a text has to be elucidated. Meantime, he also had, in a very eminent degree, that profound intensity of

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character, which, we are persuaded, is the root of all truest oratory, which itself is the organ of faith, and which, as in this illustrious instance, makes the life a high and noble consistency. Writers have, ere now, compared Augustine to St. John, Chrysostom to St. Paul; the correctness of the comparison is not, at first sight, most distinctly recognized; yet the more we look upon the men, the more we see this is their order; and much in the history of the mind and life of Chrysostom suggests comparison with him whose writings he most dearly loved and closely studied. Of course, we must not push the comparison too far; Paul was an infinite man. We have said already Chrysostom is the study of a lifetime; our knowledge of his life and works is sufficient for the compilation of this brief, and we trust not unuseful paper, from popular sources. Those of my hearers who desire to know more, may consult the Paris edition of Bernard Montfaucon, a Benedictine monk, in thirteen folio volumes. There is another, the Eton Saville edition, in eight folio volumes. We only mention these, to justify the expression that this great Father would take a life to know him well.

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V.

Mediæval and Post-Mediæval Preachers.

WITH the preaching and the preachers of the Middle Ages most readers have but a very slight acquaintance; and many, indeed, fancy that the pulpit and its powers were the birth of the Reformation, but this is far from true; no doubt, the stories of the pulpit of those darker times are most inaccessible; they are in other languages, and buried in the libraries of colleges and monasteries, or they are scattered through the hugh masses and incidental references of miscellaneous church literature; but could they be rescued from their obscurity they would tell a very wonderful tale of the power of speech in those rude times. The accomplished and lamented Dr. Neale has done this work in a slight, interesting, and popular book,* and with this may be mentioned another even more interesting work, dealing with less known names,† by a scholar whose taste leads him into the

* *Mediæval Preachers and Mediæval Preaching. A Series of Extracts, translated from the Sermons of the Middle Ages, with Notes and an Introduction.* By Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., Warden of Sackville College.

† *Post-Mediæval Preachers: Some Account of the Most Celebrated*

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study of all strange folk-lore—and truly these anecdotes of preachers belong to a kind and branch of folk-lore—Mr. Baring-Gould. Anecdotes of the pulpit, of the monastery, and the Catholic Church are found strewn along the pages of those immense and insane piles of manifold reading and learning, *The Mores Catholici*, and the *Compitum* of Mr. Kenelm Digby, but there is no well-wrought history of those times; and he who would write it must spend his days and nights for a long time among dusty piles of church antiquities, and be a very Bollandist in industry and patience.

As these lectures are not a course upon Church History, so neither are they intended to be a complete review of the history of pulpit eloquence; in leaving, therefore, the earlier ages for the mediæval, I do not feel called upon to trace the distinct links of instruction which held together the doctrines and teachings of those times; specially when barbarian hordes were ploughing up all the ancient landmarks of civilization in Europe. In many lonely cloistered places the truth of form and the truth of feeling survived. The sermons of the venerable Bede are known to us; they are short and popular. We must also, in any measure of prejudice we may feel against the follies and falsehoods and tyrannous cruelties of the Papacy, be wise to distinguish between the men and the ages. Dr. Neander's invaluable *Memorials of the Christian Life* and his *Light shining in Dark Places* will show you that in rude times the "fire the Redeemer came to kindle on the earth, among the human race, never ceased to burn, either with a clearer or a duller flame; that rude stock of humanity communicated its rudeness to the chosen to be trained by it, and in virtue of human freedom, it could be trained in no other way. "*Christianity was propagated in a few intelligible doctrines which verified them-*

Preachers of the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries; with Outlines of their Sermons and Specimens of their Style. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A.

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selves as the power of God in the souls of men; for the true dignity of man does not consist in the harmonious cultivation of all the moral and spiritual tendencies of his nature, *but in the Divine received into the interior of the soul.*" *

There was darkness enough; we do know they were dark ages; I especially allude to the period from the sixth to the twelfth centuries; but I suppose that the pulpit had its place in those times, and from the twelfth the light began to stream with a steady clearness, and even to blaze.

That attention was given to the art of reading in public and preaching, even in the earliest times, is evident from the book *De Institutione Clericorum*, by Rabanus Maurus, afterwards Archbishop of Mentz; this work was written in 819, but Dr. Maitland, in his work on the *Dark Ages*, in quoting it, shows that for much of it Maurus was indebted to Isidor of Seville, who wrote more than two hundred years before; but volumes might easily be filled with extracts illustrating the faith and the mental and the spiritual power of those, and the subsequent times, evidenced in the words and the works of the pulpit, referring more generally to the method of the pulpit of those times; from all that I know of it, I am sorry to agree with Dr. Neale when he affirms that there was an immense and intuitive knowledge of Scripture possessed by those preachers, setting them, in these particulars, far above the preachers of our own or of any times since the Reformation; there was a perfect affluence of Scripture reference in them very instructive; as Mr. Gould has said, "they did not make long extracts, but with one light sweep brushed up a whole bright string of sparkling Scripture instances," and he gives the following extract, we know not from whom it is taken:

"MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN."

"Noah preached to the old world for a hundred years the

* Neander's *Memorials of the Christian Life*, &c., p. 415.

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coming in of the flood, and how many were saved when the world was destroyed? Eight souls, and among them was the reprobate Ham. Many were called, but only *eight were chosen.*

"When God would rain fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain, were ten saved? No! only four, and of these four one looked back. Many were called, but *three were chosen.*

"Six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, went through the Red Sea, the like figure whereunto Baptism doth even now save us. The host of Pharaoh and the Egyptians went in after them, and of them not one reached the further shore. And of these Israelites, who passed through the sea out of Egypt, how many entered the promised land, the land flowing with milk and honey? Two only—Caleb and Joshua. Many—six hundred thousand—were called, few, even two, were chosen. All the host of Pharaoh, a shadow of those who despise and set at nought the Red Sea of Christ's blood, perish without exception; of God's chosen people, image of His Church, only few indeed are saved.

"How many multitudes teemed in Jericho, and of them how many escaped when Joshua encamped against the city? The walls fell, men and women perished. One house alone escaped, known by the scarlet thread, type of the blood of Jesus, and that was the house of a harlot.

"Gideon went against the Midianites with thirty-two thousand men. The host of Midian was without number, as the sand of the sea-side for multitude. How many of these thirty-two thousand men did God suffer Gideon to lead into victory? Three hundred only. Many, even thirty-two thousand men, were called; three hundred chosen.

"Type and figure this of the many enrolled into the Church's army, of whom so few go on to 'fight the good fight of faith!'

"Of the tribes of Israel *twelve men only were chosen* to be Apostles; and of those twelve, one was a traitor, one doubtful, one denied his Master, all forsook Him.

"How *many rulers* were there among the Jews when Christ came: but *one only went to Him*, and he *he by night!*

"How *many rich men* were there when our blessed Lord walked

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this earth; but *one only ministered* unto Him, and he only in His burial!

"How *many peasants* were there in the country when Christ went to die; but *one only was deemed worthy to bear His cross*, and he bore it by constraint.

"How *many thieves* were there in *Judæa* when Christ was there; but *one only entered Paradise*, and he was converted in his last hour!

"How many *centurions* were there scattered over the province; and *one only* saw and believed, and he by cruelly piercing the Saviour's side!

"How *many harlots* were there in that wicked and adulterous generation; but *one only washed His feet* with tears and wiped them with the hair of her head! Truly '*Many are called, but few are chosen.*'"

There can be no doubt that this is earnest scriptural preaching, and if the Bible is the power of God, it may surely be expected that such preaching would be with power.

I am not concerned to recite all the madness of the preaching friars, the races of men who wandered over Europe with the rosary of St. Dominic, or the cord of St. Francis, nor do I desire in this lecture to narrate their achievements, but without doubt they do sufficiently affirm the power of speech and of preaching. Dr. Milman has shown how their popular eloquence became a new power, reviving the languid faith, and rekindling the dying ardor or superstition of the Church of the Middle Ages. Wondrously from burning lips, the enthusiasm spread; the story of the preaching orders is a wonderful chapter in the romance of the pulpit, and if we smile at, and even scorn the fanaticism of some, it is impossible to forbear interest in the magical effects of the harangues of St. Anthony of Padua, and the spell of holiness, which even now seems to attract, in the life and words of St. Bonaventura: we may

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laugh, indeed, when the first preaches in sober seriousness —and not, like his namesake St. Antonio of Vieyra, in satire to "the fishes who approached the shore, and listened to him, devoutly bowing down their heads, and moving very gently."* But it is impossible, I think, to misunderstand what Bonaventura intended when Thomas Aquinas asked him whence he received the force and unction he displayed in all his works, and he pointed to a crucifix hanging on the wall of his cell and exclaimed, "*It is that image which dictates all my words to me;*" he felt the presence of Christ in his lonely cell, it wrought in him, it wrought through him, it was the passion of his Redeemer which moved his soul, his life, his pen.

Christ, His name, His works, did give unquestionably a deep and constant pathos to the words of many of these preachers; many of them seem to say, with the great Bernard, "*Jesus;* all the food of the soul is dry, if it be not mingled with this oil; is insipid, if it be not preserved with this salt; if you write, I have no relish unless I there read of Jesus; if you dispute or confer, I have no relish unless in them I hear the name of Jesus." Thus came their discourses to be so eminently Scriptural; thus every text, every incident became hallowed and perfumed with the name of Jesus. There is a fragment of a sermon by GUARRIC of Igniac, a friend of St. Bernard, showing how we ought to see Christ in all the histories of the Old Testament, and the very text strikes the note of the whole:—

"THEY TOLD JACOB, SAYING, JOSEPH IS YET ALIVE."

And they told Jacob, saying, Joseph is yet alive. You will perhaps say to me, It is very well; but what is it to the point? What has Joseph to do with the joy of this day—with the glory of the resurrection of CHRIST? It is Easter; and are you still setting before us Lent fare? Our soul is an hungered for the Paschal Lamb, for which it has been preparing itself by so

*See *The Life of St. Anthony of Padua.* Paris, 1660.

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long a fast. Our heart burns within us for JESUS; we desire JESUS; if we do not as yet merit to see Him, at least we would hear of Him. We hunger for JESUS, not for Joseph; for the SAVIOUR, not for the dreamer; for the LORD of heaven, not of Egypt; not for him who fed the body, but for Him Who feeds the soul that is hungry. In this, at least, your discourse may help us, by causing that for Him after Whom we already hunger we should hunger still more. For we read "*Blessed are they that hunger, for they shall be filled.*" When we hear we hunger the more; for he who commends a feast irritates hunger. If we were to hear of JESUS, we should be "*made to hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which were broken may rejoice.*" Broken they were with our Lent affliction and grief, yet still more with the sorrow of His Passion; but they shall rejoice at the tidings of His Resurrection. Why, then, are you setting before us your Joseph, when we have no relish for anything of which you speak except JESUS; especially to-day, when the Paschal Lamb is eaten, when *Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us?* My brethren, I have given you an egg or a nut; break the shell and you will find the meat. Let Joseph be investigated, and JESUS will be discovered—the Paschal Lamb after whom ye hunger; who has so much the more sweetness in the eating by how much there is more abstruseness in the hiding, and diligence in the seeking, and difficulty in the finding. You say to me, What has Joseph to do with CHRIST; what has the history which I proposed to do with this day? Much in every way; —call to mind the story, and the loving kindness of the Mystery will reveal itself of its own accord, if only ye have JESUS as the interpreter, who to-day, rising from *the letter that killeth, speaks to His own in the way, and opens to them the Scriptures.*

Surely such passages show how sweet were the meditations of many of these men amidst their cloisters. They desired to speak plainly; it was only in the latter part of that long, and, to us, dark age, that the reproofs of ANTHONY of Vieyra became necessary; that great preacher says, and surely his language may stand as a rebuke to many of our modern follies in this way:

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Let us learn from the heaven the way in which we are to arrange our matter and our words. How ought our words to be? Like the stars. The stars are very distinct and very clear. So should be the style of sermons; very clear and very distinct. And have no fear, lest on this account it should appear low and vulgar; the stars, clear and distinct as they are, are most lofty. Style may be very clear and very lofty; so clear that those who are ignorant may understand it; and so lofty that those who are wise may have much to find out in it. The countryman finds in the stars rules for his husbandry, the mariner for his navigation, and the mathematician for his observations and judgments. So that the countryman and the sailor, who can neither read nor write, understand the stars; and the mathematician, who has read every book that was ever written, does not obtain to the complete understanding of the constellations. So a sermon might be; stars that all can see and very few can measure.

Yes, Father; but this way of preaching is not "the cultivated style." I wish it were. This unfortunate style which is now-a-days the fashion is called cultivated by those who wish to honor it, and obscure by those who condemn it. But even the latter do it too much honor. . . . Is it possible that we are Portuguese, and hear a preacher in Portuguese, and cannot understand what he means? As there is a lexicon for Greek and a Calepinus for Latin, so we want a vocabulary for the pulpit. I could wish one, at least, for proper names: for our cultivated preachers have unbaptized the saints, and every author whom they quote is an enigma. Thus they speak of the Penitent Sceptre! thus of the Evangelistic Apelles! thus of the Eagle of Africa! of the Honeycomb of Clairvaux! of the Purple of Bethlehem! of the Mouth of Gold! And this they call quoting! They say that the Penitent Sceptre means David, as if no other sceptre ever felt penitence; that the Evangelistic Apelles is St. Luke; the Honeycomb of Clairvaux, St. Bernard; the Eagle of Africa, St. Augustine; the Purple of Bethlehem, St. Jerome; the Mouth of Gold, St. Chrysostom. But a man might take it another way, and think that the Purple of Bethlehem was Herod; the Eagle of Africa, Scipio: the Mouth of

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Gold, Midas. If there were an advocate who thus quoted Bartholus or Baldus, would you trust your cause in his hands? If there were a man who thus spoke in conversation, would you not consider him a fool? That, then, which is folly in conversation, why should it be wisdom in the pulpit?

This reminds us of a well-known anecdote of a young preacher, or composer of sermons, who was reading a discourse before Charles Simeon for the purpose of obtaining his approbation. He reached the following passage: "Amidst the tumult and the ecstacy of the children of Israel, the son of Amram stood unmoved." "The son of Amram?" exclaimed Simeon, "the son of Amram, who was he?" "Why, sir, I meant Moses." "Then if you *meant* Moses, why not *say* Moses?"

The spirit of clearness and familiarity in these preachers led them to illustrate their discourse by stories, homely proverbs, and similes; their business was to win their way to the hearts of the poor; this is best illustrated by Mr. Gould; some of the preachers from whom he cites, and whose names were quite unknown to me, had in the pulpit, the fancy of Hans Andersen; it is impossible to divest the mind of the feeling of an affectionate spirit pervading all they said, they desired to rouse, inform, and comfort, and they succeeded. In our day genius has been too proud to condescend to the pulpit, or, even there, to the poor; or if the poor are condescended to, it is in mistaken language, as if they lacked the power of the appreciation of the beautiful, the tender, and the true. Some, it is true, stooped to buffoonery, they loved to reproduce, in coarse and homely guise, the manner of Æsop; like John Raulin. Francis Coster followed quite another style, and while I will not commend, or give my sanction to it, any more than I would the deliverance of one of Mrs. Gatty's parables from the pulpit, I think, in a day when the pulpit was everything in the way of teaching, when there was no

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press, no books, there must have been those to whom such lessons must have been very charming, touching as they did the superstitious fancies of the time. Francis Coster was born in 1531, and died in 1619, aged eighty-eight years. Mr. Gould says, in introducing the story:

The stories Coster tells are very unequal. There is one delightful mediæval tale reproduced by him which I shall venture to relate, as it is full of beauty, and inculcates a wholesome lesson. There is a ballad in German on the subject, to be found in Pocci and Göres' *Fest Kalender*, which has been translated into English and published in some Roman children's books.

The story was, I believe, originated by Anthony of Sienna, who relates it in his Chronicle of the Dominican Order; and it was from him that the preachers and writers of the Middle Ages drew the incident. With the reader's permission I will tell the story in my own words, instead of giving the stiff and dry record found in Coster.

There was once a good priest who served a church in Lusitania; and he had two pupils, little boys, who came to him daily to learn their letters, and to be instructed in the Latin tongue.

Now these children were wont to come early from home, and to assist at mass, before ever they ate their breakfast or said their lessons. And thus was each day sanctified to them, and each day saw them grow in grace and in favor with God and man.

These little ones were taught to serve at the Holy Sacrifice, and they performed their parts with care and reverence. They knelt and responded, they raised the priest's chasuble and kissed its hem, they rang the bell at the sanctus and the elevation; and all they did they did right well.

And when mass was over they extinguished the altar lights; and then, taking their little loaf and can of milk, retired to a side chapel for their breakfast.

One day the elder lad said to his master—

"Good father, who is the strange child who visits us every morning when we break our fast?"

"I know not," answered the priest. And when the children

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asked the same question day by day, the old man wondered, and said, "Of what sort is he?"

"He is dressed in a white robe without seam, and it reacheth from his neck to his feet."

"Whence cometh he?"

"He steppeth down to us suddenly, as it were, from the altar. And we asked him to share our food with us: and that he doth right willingly every morning."

Then the priest wondered yet more, and he asked, "Are there marks by which I should know him, were I to see him?"

"Yes, Father; he hath wounds in his hands and feet; and as we give him our food the blood flows forth and moistens the bread in his hands, till it blushes like a rose."

And when the master heard this, a great awe fell upon him, and he was silent awhile. But at last he said gravely, "O my sons, know that the Holy Child, Jesus, hath been with you. Now when He cometh again, say to Him, 'Thou, O Lord, hast breakfasted with us full often, grant that we brothers and our dear master may sup with Thee.'"

And the children did as the priest bade them. The Child Jesus smiled sweetly, as they made the request, and replied, "Be it so; on Thursday next, the day of My Ascension, ye shall sup with Me."

So when Ascension Day arrived, the little ones came very early as usual, but they brought not their loaf, nor the tin of milk. And they assisted at mass as usual; they vested the priest, they lighted the tapers, they chanted the responds, they rang the bell. But when the *Pax Vobiscum* had been said they remained on their knees, kneeling behind the priest. And so they gently fell asleep in Christ, and they, with their dear master, sat down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Without some such illustrations I could not give an adequate idea of the pulpit of the Middle Ages, for the preachers recited to the people stories and traditions recalled from refectory lectures and by kitchen fires of monasteries; many probably, the mere invention of the cloisters, but I hope not always the inventions of designing men, merely

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to delude and hold in the snares of designing priestcraft. They all seemed, priest and laity, to live on such free and easy terms with the world of souls; and nervous, spiritual, and uninformed natures, wholly innocent of all scientific principles, having no proclivities towards inductive reasoning, that I am sure I cannot undertake to say to what extent they did or did not believe in their own tales. Those tales varied like national myths, they seem to have been not so much transmitted from monastery to monastery, as to have been indigenous to many. Some of them very likely were always intended to be a kind of scarcely veiled parable; one of the best known, is that which passed into the *Magnum Speculum*, from the pages of St. Antoninus of Florence. It is the story of a great preacher, and the fame he acquired, and who at last he turned out to be—and the most cautious and cultivated minds need not disdain the evident lesson the story tells. A great preacher was expected at a certain priory church, but at the very hour when the people expected his discourse he fell sick—preachers were not more ready on the spur of the moment then, than now—the prior was distressed, and knew not what to do; when at that very moment there came to the door of the priory a strange brother in the garb of the order. He saw the distress of the prior and inquired into its cause. "Ah!" said he very piously, "you must trust in the Lord; I hope that God by me will supply this want of yours. Let me enter into your library for a few moments. You need not toll the bell longer than usual, I shall be ready." "Thanks! thanks!" said the prior, as he led the strange brother into the library. Arrived there, he turned over the *Summa* of St. Thomas, and the works of Albert the Great; and, in a few moments he was ready; the strange Frater was in the pulpit; it was indeed the Frater Diabolus. He talked wondrously on the joys of paradise, and the pains of hell, and the sin and the misery of the world; and he

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moved all present to tears and compunction by his eloquence; but there was a holy man present who knew him, and while he wondered, he waited to mark the result. After the sermon he approached the Frater Diabolus. "Oh! thou accursed one," said he, "vile deceiver, how couldst thou take this office upon thee." And, adjured so, Frater Diabolus replied, "Think you my discourse would prevent a single soul from seeking eternal damnation? Not so; the most finished eloquence and profoundest learning are worthless beside one drop of unction, there was no unction in my sermon. You see how I have moved the people, but they will forget all, they will practise nothing, and hence all the words they have heard, will serve to their greater judgment;" with which words Frater Diabolus vanished. As much as we insist, it was insisted in those days, that the preacher should be a builder, not of words, but of life and of character, nor did he disdain to talk with peasants by the wayside, with children on the grassy knoll, or rustic laborers following the plough. One of them said, "A spiritual pastor, like a real shepherd, should carry bread and salt in a bag, that is the bread of good life and discretion; he should use water for drink, that is, living water; he should eat green herbs, that is, have provision of good examples; he should keep a dog to guard the sheep, that is, a learned tongue; he should wear coarse raiment, and a leathern girdle, indicating that he despises earthly pleasures and subdues the flesh; he should sleep under a low roof, implying that he has no remaining city but sighs after Heaven; he should have straw for his bed, as significative of living an austere life; and trees and leaves for sheets in heat, representing the words of Scripture which are his covering and defence; he should have a crook for a staff, as implying his dependence on the cross; a pipe to play on to collect the flock, denoting the voice of praise and prayer; and a sling for the wolf, to signify the

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justice with which which he may put to flight the devil."* I know of no work which does any justice to the pulpit of the mediæval times, or, indeed, to the history of the pulpit of any age; the best is that by Dr. Lenz,† but it is brief and quite insufficient; and innumerable names find no mention at all, although occupying a large share of the attention of their times. What do we now know of BERTHOLD of Ratisbon—of the age of Frederick II. of Germany, whose tomb is still, I believe, to be seen at Ratisbon with its inscription, "Bertholdus Magnus Predicator?" We only know that sixty, and sometimes a hundred thousand persons assembled, hoping to see him, or to hear his voice; and that still, in Bohemia, a field near Glatz, where he used to preach, is called the field of Berthold to this day. Great preachers in those ages were regarded with the enthusiasm which waits on great conquerors—they received the highest honors, and wealthy cities contended for the honor of hearing them. They were often great and marvellous missionaries too, and a halo of splendor and holy mysticism surrounds the memory of such men as St. ADALBERT, the Apostle of Prussia, or JOHN CORVINO, the missionary to the Tartars, or St. GALL; the words of such men were so persuasive and eloquent, that voices, it is said, were heard over the tops of the tall mountains, and mournful elegies through the woods and forests in the silence of the night, as if the broken idols were wailing amidst the acclamations of the people who had cast them into the fire, and into the water, at the call of the preachers. Such also were the effects which in later years followed the words of the great preachers of the Middle Ages, as they appeared in the rude or rich cathedrals, or the market-places, and great broadways of French, Italian, or German cities. It

**Bucchius—The Book of Golden Conformity,* quoted in *Compitum.*

†*Geschichte der Christlichen Homiletik, &c.,* von C. H. G. Lenz.

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was so with BERNARDINE of Sienna. At Bologna, it is said, all the dice tables were brought out and thrown into a vast fire in the centre of the square; and after preaching in Florence, in the great square of Santa Croce, the listeners erected a monument on the spot, on which was inscribed only the name of Jesus; and it was so with ANTHONY of Padua, a name associated in our memory with much superstition; but who, after preaching in Pavia, burnt, in one fire, objects of licentiousness to the value of two thousand pieces of gold; and, after his Sermons in Sienna, Modena, Perugia, committed to the flames immense piles of what were termed the Castles of Satan: books—*Ovid, Martial, Boccaccio*—and cards, ornaments and treatises of magic and necromancy. It is marvellous to hear of twenty thousand persons assembling to hear him; rising by night and hastening by the light of lanterns to secure good places in the field in which he was to preach; while the shops of the cities were closed and all business suspended. We smile at it, and perhaps do not regret that we have nothing like it now, or only by very remote resemblance; but surely it illustrates the wonderful power of the preacher. These preachers attacked and reformed the vices of the ages. Their sermons, like those of SAVONAROLA, combated the vices and the follies of the times—indecent ceremonies, ridiculous dresses, the painting of the face, the decorating the hair—in many ways they had a faithfulness which would finish the popularity of a great preacher now.

It will be very possible, in referring to the history of the pulpit of the Middle Ages, to find much to condemn or to take exception to; but the pulpit was a great power, and it was a power because it aimed at the consciences of men. THOMAS A KEMPIS was surnamed the "Hammer," from the force with which he struck the hearts of sinners. PHILIP NERI preached a sermon on non-residence before Pope Gregory, and thirty bishops, it is said, started to their

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episcopates the next day; they were strange men, no doubt, often carried out of themselves, even unto very questionable speeches, as St. Francis, who commenced a sermon at Spoletto, "Angels, men, devils;" bad taste, and we wonder at it, but the effect produced by the sermon was not less marvellous; the preacher, we are told, found the whole city rent and confused, torn with dissensions and enmities, and all parties by this sermon were reunited in love, and a band of sanguinary robbers transformed into pacific and blessed men. Time would quite fail to tell of these preachers;—of Fra Rocco, a celebrated Dominican preacher, a sort of spiritual Joe Miller; he preached a celebrated penitential sermon on one occasion, all the audience were in terror and fell on their knees; while showing every sign of contrition, he cried, "All who are truly penitent, hold up your hands."—Every man in the vast multitude held up his hand; then he said, "Holy Archangel Michael, thou who with adamantine sword standest at the judgment seat of God, cut me off every hand which has been held up hypocritically."—Every hand dropped. Nor can we omit to mention the name of St. Bernardine of Sienna, who imagined himself only fit to preach in small rustic towns in the height of his celebrity; of Bernardine of Monte Feltro, who traversed Italy in all directions, and travelled on foot, through snow and rain, over rock and marsh; of Jerome of St. Saviour, also one of those marvellous mystic men; then there was another preacher, his contemporary, Aretinus, to whom one said, "Those who hear Jerome are changed into other men, they become devout in manner and contrite in spirit; those who hear you depart joyous and talkative, but they do not correct their ways." And Aretinus replied, "I will not deny my poverty and his virtues: what I find in books I bring forth with no fervor, nor do I kindle those flames in myself which I ought to excite in others. I am a coal but almost ex-

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tinct. How should I kindle my wood, but that poor and simple man is all burning, and all the sparks of his love kindle to a flame the cold fuel." This was that Jerome of whom it was said, "Go and hear the preacher of the best sentences, but the worst rhetoric; gather the fruit and neglect the leaves;" and even dukes and senates followed him when his sermons were ended. I wish that we had a more comprehensive account than has yet been published of these great preachers of the Middle Ages. Amidst all the abuses I am compelled to see more than sacred eloquence, religious power: it is a study in itself to contemplate the studies of these men. Meditation, long meditation, and painful searching of Scripture marked them all, or almost all.*

In many other instances, however, we shall find that the ministry has been power in proportion as it has been the work of the conscience upon the conscience. This is the truth of all true preaching; it is a strange instrument for the Divine Spirit to play on, "the foolishness of preaching," but God does use it as a divine instrument. Like the harp or the organ, preachers are only the subjects of the fingers invisible to themselves. When Jerome asked Gregory of Nazianzen the meaning of a passage in Luke, he referred him to the exposition he would give of it in the church; and there is, no doubt, as much difference between the private exhortation and the public preaching, as between private and public prayer; the sense climbs higher and sinks deeper.

One of these preachers of the post-mediæval times, most remarkable and most worthy of imitation, and now, by an admirable translation, most accessible, is the Father

* The long and curious account of many of these forgotten men in the *Mores Catholici, or Ages of Faith*, is, of course, by a most intolerant Papist; but it is very interesting. See Vol. ii., Book vi., Chap. v.

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Segneri, he did not indeed appear until the seventeenth century; his sermons are pervaded by intense earnestness, and justify the tradition that he was inflamed when young by a holy missionary ardor to follow in the steps and career of Francis Xavier.† He was a Jesuit, and after he was ordained a priest, while he spent the half of every year in the meditative life of a recluse, he gave the other half to the task of traversing the towns, cities, and villages of Italy as a home missionary. He died in 1694. He has been called "the restorer of Italian eloquence." He certainly was a great pulpit reformer. He set Chrysostom before himself as his model, but he studied so closely as to become, while dignified and serious, colloquial and easy in his style; in an age of great licentiousness he rebuked with most remarkable vigor, and strength, and boldness, the sins of the age. Of course, being a Romanist, the Protestant will find many things in these sermons,—stories, traditions, references to the lives of the saints, which will not only be displeasing, but even false, from our point of view, but they are remarkable pieces of faithful and firm handling of the consciences of hearers, they may even be commended as especially suitable as models for our own times; there is a very striking, happy, and impressive dealing with Scripture; as with all the great mediæval preachers, there is remarkable freedom too in the handling of Scripture; and in the whole conduct of the discourse, whatever the topic or text, these men wandered with great ease through innumerable ways branching out from it. I admire Segneri; it is impossible—even reading, and reading through a translation —not to be carried away irresistibly by his earnestness; he allows no time for thought, he permits to his hearers no self-complacent survey of their own position, possessions,

† See the edition in English, *The Quaresimale of P. Paolo Segneri*, translated from the origin Italian, by James Ford, A.M., Prebendary of Exeter Cathedral. Three Vols.

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or attainments; firm himself, and self-assured in every word, he uses all his words with the power of a master, they are like lightning in the severity with which they search out the subterfuges of the soul, and set before it its sins; there is tenderness and love too, but the precious cup of consolation is only offered after the hearer is made to drink of the wine of astonishment. Hell was a great reality to him, his pictures and personifications of Hell were very daring—as in the following passage, in which he deals with a well-known passage in Isaiah, often, both by Protestant as well as by Papist preachers, misquoted and inverted :—

What then, after all, have I this morning to do, but pour forth two copious streams of inconsolable grief for the many souls, who see hell open before them, and yet do not draw back, but boldly press on to launch themselves into its flames? Ah, no: stop, ye wretched beings, for a moment; stop!—and, before plunging with a headlong leap into that abyss, let me demand of you in the words of the same Isaiah—*Which of you can dwell with the devouring fire? Which of you can dwell with everlasting burnings* (xxxiii. 14, Vulg.)? Excuse me, my people; for this once you are not to leave the Church, unless you have first made a satisfactory reply to my demand—*Which of you can dwell with everlasting burnings?* What sayest thou, O lady, who art so tender in cherishing thy flesh?—Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings?* Now thou canst not bear it, should the point of a needle at thy work lightly stain thy delicate skin. How thinkest thou then? Wilt thou be able to endure those terrific engines, by which thou must feel thyself dismembered, disjointed, and with an everlasting butchery crushed into powder? What sayest thou, O man, who art so intent on providing for thy personal comforts?—Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings?* Now thou canst not tolerate the breath of a poor man, who by coming near thee in the least offends thy organs of smell. Wilt thou be able to stand those foul stenches, by which thou must feel thyself poisoned, stifled, and with an everlasting suffocation pressed down to the ground? And thou,

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what sayest thou for thyself, O priest, who art so negligent in the discharge of thy duties?—Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings?* Now thou art not able to remain in the choir of thy church a single hour without looking indecently about thee, without being restless, without indulging thy tongue in every kind of gossip. How then does it strike thee? Wilt thou be able to remain through all the ages of eternity, I say not, reclining on thy elegantly carved stall, but rather stretched out on an iron frame-work, on a bed of flames, there to be listening to the demon's howls ringing in thy ears? What sayest thou, O glutton? What sayest thou, O slanderer? What sayest thou, O libertine?—thou young man, luxuriating so wantonly in all thy heart's desires?—Canst thou *dwell with everlasting burnings?* Alas! who, who among us can? And yet, why do I thus enlarge on the case of other people? Excuse me: of myself, of myself I ought to speak; of myself, an ecclesiastic it is true, as cannot be denied from my dress, and yet a wretched creature, so unmortified, so headstrong, so vain, so averse to that true penitence, which my sins demand of me! If I am not able to remain for a short time before the presence of my LORD in tears for my sins, if I am so fond of my own ease, if I am so studious of my own reputation, how can I hereafter, wretch that I am, stand fixed for ever and ever at the feet of Lucifer, the place assigned to such as myself, to such, as having undertaken to confer benefits on other men and been gifted accordingly for that purpose with so much light and knowledge, and so many endowments, have betrayed my vow by my actions? Ah, LORD, have pity, have pity! We have sinned; we know it; we confess it. "We have done ungodly, we have dealt unrighteously in all thy ordinances" (Baruch ii. 12). And therefore we cannot make bold to ask Thee *not* to punish us. Punish us, then, since we well deserve it. *Reward the proud after their deserving* (Ps. xciv. 2). Only, in Thine infinite mercy, may it please Thee not to sentence our souls to hell. O hell, O hell, the mere mention of thee is enough to overwhelm us with horror! This is the punishment, from which, not for our merit's sake, but for the sake of Thy agony, for the sake of Thy bloody sweat, we entreat Thee to deliver us. *O Lord, correct me, but with judg-*

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ment; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing (Jer. x. 24). Behold us willing to suffer in this life the worst it may please Thee to bring upon us; here, lay Thy rod upon us: "Consume us here, cut us to pieces here; only spare us in Eternity" (S. Augustine)! Send us poverty now; that we may be spared in Eternity. Send us reproach now; that we may be spared in Eternity. Send us sickness now; that we may be spared in Eternity. Send us just as many evils as may please Thee, in this world, provided we be spared for ever in the world to come—that we may be spared in Eternity! that we may be spared in Eternity.

This preacher had a very impressive and, usually, a very real and natural way of turning the incidents of the Old Testament to account for the purpose of alarming the conscience.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

No one can know for a certainty when that day will be, which GOD has appointed for the exercise of a vengeance, terrible in proportion as it is delayed. This must depend upon the secret disposal of those judgments, which *the Father hath placed in His own power.* (Acts i. 7.) For even the heathen could say, "The gods have feet of wool." Hence they step so softly over thy head, that with thy utmost attention, thou art not aware of their approach. Nothwithstanding, if with any probability we may infer the future from the past, according to the famous saying of S. Jerome, "Things future are known by things past," I think we may designate the very hour with some probability at least, if not with certainty. Attend, that you may know when that hour will be. All among you must well remember the wonderful manner in which the city of Jericho was assaulted by the soldiers of Joshua. He had given orders that, during the space of seven mornings, they should carry the Ark in circuit round the walls, that the armed troops should go before, that the unarmed people should follow after, and that the Priests, every time of their going the round, should cause the trumpets to sound. This was accordingly done! and precisely on the seventh day, at the sound of those trumpets, the walls fell down and the city was

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taken. Permit me now, in my own way, to offer a few weighty observations upon this victory, generally so well known. The *first* morning, when the besieged people of Jericho beheld from the top of their walls that imposing array and heard those trumpets, what a terrible panic must the poor souls have suffered! They must have fancied that the soldiers were even already deploying for the attack, even already leaping on the ramparts, even already scaling the very battlements. But when they soon afterwards perceived that all this noise was followed by no practical effect, they must have begun to breathe a little more freely. The *second* morning, when they witnessed a like repetition of the same performance, their fears must have assumed the form of surprise; not one among them being able to comprehend what was the meaning of this clamorous demonstration that all ended in nothing. The *third* morning their surprise must have degenerated into a disposition to smile; as was natural to people, who now knew by repeated proof that the whole assault vented itself in empty sound. But then, the *fourth* morning, and the *fifth*, and the *sixth*, when the besieged had more thoroughly recovered their spirits; only conceive what must have been the laughter, the ridicule, the hisses, and the shoutings, with which they saluted the enemy from their heights. I can quite realize the scene to my mind. "Yes," they in all likelihood exclaimed, "these fine trumpets of theirs sound beautifully. Take notice of their new invention for taking cities, not by the force of battering trains, but by the effect of sound! Blow on merrily by all means; for while you are blowing we can be dancing. Why, what, in all seriousness, do you mean by this? To frighten us out of our wits by your noise, when you are unable to subdue us by your valor? We are none of those big, stupid birds, who are brought down from their nests by mere dint of clattering noises. If you have the hearts of men, take the trumpets out of your mouth; come on, sword in hand; and then we'll believe you." Thus with every possible insult they may have cried aloud from their walls during those days. But, if at any time their fear must have been at the lowest point and their raillery at the highest, it was, if I mistake not, on the morning of the *seventh* day, preceded, as that day had

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been, by so many circumstances calculated to embolden their minds under a feeling of their security. And, behold, it was *on that very morning* that the entire overthrow of their city took place. *At the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, the wall fell down flat.* (Josh. vi. 16–20.) Now, you will conceive, whether this overthow was not all the more terrible from its being the less expected. The wretched inhabitants find themselves with a smile on their lips, when, on a sudden, behold their bastion wall tumbling down, their towers falling headlong, and themselves, too, involved in the dreadful crash. And then—what with the groans, of some, who were wounded, of others, who were mangled to pieces, of others, who were smashed under the ruins—one simultaneous, universal outcry of distress must have deafened the air and affrighted the very stars. The Israelites, in the meantime, each soldier at his proper post, pushed forward intrepidly over the gaping breach, and making their way over the bodies of the enemy buried before they were dead, advanced with their pikes lowered and their swords drawn. Taking different directions, they penetrated into the private dwellings, and scattered on every side blood, on every side havoc, on every side death, they quickly reduced the city to complete desolation. * * * * * *

What was it you wished to learn from me, my dear Sirs?—The time when destruction shall overtake the wicked? Do you know when it will be? Why, when it overtook the people of Jericho; which is tantamount to saying with the prophet Isaiah, at the time when they were least thinking about it; whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant. (Isaiah xxx. 13.) * * * In the midst of your merriment the wrath of heaven shall fall on you; and when you perceive how, all of a sudden, such irrecoverable ruin has overtaken you, "Alas! alas!" you will exclaim, "we are lost and undone! See the blood, see the slaughter, see the havoc, see the desolation, see the flames, see the plagues, see the death!" and amidst such outcries as these, stunned and stupified, you will terminate your lives, condemned, so to speak, even before you die. * * * *When they shall say, peace and safety*—(*peace* now, *safety* hereafter)—*then sudden destruction cometh upon them . . . . . and they shall not escape.* (1 Thess. v. 3.)

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These are very fair illustrations of the method of this great Whitefield of the Italian pulpit; here he is but little known, and anywhere now probably but little read; an ascetic philosophy does, no doubt, prevade much of his discourse; but his sermons bear the marks of that spiritual retreat in which he passed so many months of every year, that life of meditation without which the life of the preacher becomes forced, wearied, unnatural, and jaded, from the incessant necessity laid upon him. In his cloister, too, he probably plumed his wings for those high and sweet meditative flights in which again and again he indulges; and as when he exclaims, at the close of the strange rapture entitled *The Soul's Flight from Earth to Heaven:*

Let all here present determine to decline accepting whatsoever the earth has to offer us; and lifting up at last our eyes to heaven, let us say, Glorious things, yes assuredly, glorious things are written of thee, thou city of God! (Ps. lxxxvii. 3.)

But how am I grieved that I should have been so slow to learn these *glorious things that are written of thee!* If, however, I once so basely preferred the earth, it was not for thy demerit: it only arose from this, that I knew thee not. But now who shall ever prevail to shut thee out from my heart? *Shall tribulation?* (Rom. viii. 35.)—not so; for thou shalt change it for me into the sweetest contentments. *Shall distress?*—not so; for thou shalt transform it for me into the most perfect peace. *Shall hunger?*—not so; for thou shalt satisfy it for me with a most luscious nectar. *Shall nakedness?*—not so; for thou shalt cover it for me with Royal apparel. *Shall peril!*—not so; for thou shalt turn it for me into immovable security. *Shall persecution?*—not so! for thou shalt recompense it to me with a glorious triumph. *Shall the sword?*—No, no; not even the sword shall ever cut me away from thee, my beautiful Celestial country! not even the sword, I say; for thou shalt convert its steel into gold, its point into rays of light, its circling edge into a crown of rejoicing!

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Pulpit Monographs.

III.—St. Bernard: the Mediæval Preacher.

ST. BERNARD is neither by name, character, nor influence, unknown to our readers. His name is a very prominent one in the Church history of mediæval times—of his age he is the very foremost man. He also may be designated as "the solitary monk that shook the world." The form of the frail man rises—amidst the encircling crowd of emperors and kings, and popes, princes and priests, fighting barons and crusaders, the arch-disputants and polemical heretics of the time—with commanding and most subduing power: he ruled all, he influenced all. The lone hermit touched and impressed himself upon all the affairs of his time, always with a powerful, often with a painful, distinctness. He moves like the very Elijah of Europe through the nations of those times; now pitching his voice to the shrill fervor or the ensanguined furiousness of a mad apostle, as when he became the prophet of the crusades; now sinking it to the deep and tender minor tone of Christian experiences, when amidst his band of monks he breathes out his contemplative sermons on *The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.* From beneath the cloistral shades of Clairvaux he molded

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princes to his will. His was the voice which determined a distracted people and church in their election of a pope. The spiritual vivacity of the man, in an age when nations received the law from the spiritual kingdom, was surpassingly amazing. That lonely man might have said, as a far different chieftain said,

> Of old things all are over old;
> Of good things none are good enough.
> We 'll show that we can help to frame
> A world of other stuff.
>
> I, too, will have my kings, that take
> From me the sign of life and death;
> *Kingdoms shall shift about like clouds,*
> Obedient to my breath.

He was a Burgundian. His father was a feudal baron, lord of the castle of Fontaines, near Dijon, by name Tesselin. When he became the successful abbot of European fame, and cloisters rose in England in connection with his order, one of the most glorious and graceful in Europe sprang to his honor, as well as to the honor of the Lord; and the ruins of Fontaines Abbey perpetuate the memory of the birthplace of the great Middle Age monk and preacher. Tesselin was, in his way, a pious fighting-man, surnamed *Sorus*, which meant red-headed; a kind of Christian Rufus, with a rude sense of justice, and ill-conditioned holiness in him. He is described as gentle, although brave; modest, although strong; and pious, although rich. And so also the mother of our saint was an earnest, loving, devout creature, Alice, or Alith, by name; a pale, shadowy, mournful mother, the latter years of her life passed in austerities and devotions; charitable after the fashion of the times, mother of seven children—six sons and one daughter—such a mother of such a son would, of course, not be without monkish eulogists; and she has ever had plenty who have covered

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her name and tomb with all legendary and traditional honor. The Abbé of Dijon requested her body for the church of the blessed martyr, Benignus. There she was buried. She was wont to appear, we are told, after death to her son Bernard, advising him to continue in his good work when he avowed himself to monkery, in which tradition we are to see no more than "the robe of beauty given to the tomb unseen in the sunlight," and to hear only "the words of the departed," which, as Mr. Morison, St. Bernard's latest and best English biographer, says, "acquire a strange reverberating echo from the vaults wherein they sleep."

Bernard was the child of these two good people—his mind and heart, not less than his body; he studied at Chatillon. They were stirring times, the times of his early boyhood; they were the days of the first crusade; there was a blaze of wild enthusiasm for the libération of the Holy Land and sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels; this wild idea was "the way of God," and all men were embarking upon the great pilgrimage of nations. Lands were sold for the love of Christ; barons and serfs all felt the animation of a common tendency and hope. "Christ," says one old writer, "had thundered through the minds of all." Some of the poor harnessed their oxen to their farm-carts, and placed therein their goods and their little ones, and started in all simplicity for the Holy City. Along the bad roads and the long journey, even from province to province, they went, slowly moving and creaking over marsh and moor. As town or castle rose in sight, the children would ask, "Is that the Jerusalem we are going to?" One of the chief leaders was the Duke of Burgundy. He never returned alive; and he desired that his remains might rest among the poor monks of the wretched Abbey of Citeaux, rather than in any of the more sumptuous and wealthy abbeys of his dominions. Citeaux was near to the

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hearth of Fontaines, and the duke was the suzerain of Tesselin. The good Alith would print the lesson of this event upon the mind of the little Bernard, then nine years old—the great crusader going forth with his warriors in full panoply, and returning coffined and still to the cemetery at Citeaux.

It was a strange age. Two instincts ruled the world—an instinct for fighting and an instinct for praying. Men passed from one action to the other with ease and happiness; nay, at last did not pass from one to the other, but fought and prayed in the same breath. Thus rose the Society of the Templars; hence the stream of the mad crusaders; for ordinary fighters, the usual occupation was besieging a castle; everybody was slaying or being slain. A very fierce world; and thoughtful and refined natures had very little hesitation in quitting it. Dukes and princes, and peasants and paupers, all sought the haven in which they desired to say their prayers, and lie down for the long night in peace.

And such a haven was then opened, and inviting to all. Between the clash of arms and the din of wars, comes a silvery peal of convent bells. In the deep, hushed winter's night, the chorus-song of matins is heard in measured cadence, and the last chaunt of compline goes forth as the summer sun approaches the horizon. There, in the thick woods, sleeps the monastery, from which these voices and bell-tones are heard. Calm and holy it looks, casting long rays of light into the dark air, as the "'lated traveller" hastens to its welcome shelter. For a young ardent spirit, entering the world, the choice practically was between a life of strife, violence, wickedness, of ignoble or ferocious joys and sorrow; or of sober, self-denying labor and solitude, with a solemn strain in the heart, lightening and prospering the work of the hands.*

* *The Life and Times of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux*, A. D. 1091-1153. By James Cottis Morison, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford.

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At first Bernard heard, of course, the voices of the trumpets and the clang and clash of arms, but he was too frail for a knight. Then, in the time of the extraordinary literary awakenment of the twelfth century, philosophy lifted up her voice and called him. The great doctor of Paris, William of Champeaux, is celebrated throughout Europe; and still more remarkable, the young audacious knight-errant of heresy, Master Peter Abelard, was fascinating crowds of thousands, over mountains and seas, to enjoy the privilege of hearing him lecture. And the spell of intellect almost called Bernard aside from the life of holiness and prayer, to which his mother's example and conversation had incited him. Then in a dubious but all distracted mood he rode on his way through the tangled forest and the bare bleak moor, and presently he came to a church; the clouds of doubt rolled away before the rising sun of faith, and upon his knees, in that wayside church, and in a torrent of tears, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and poured forth his heart like water in the presence of the Lord. That was the hour of his conversion; from that hour his determination to enter the monastic life never faltered.

Bnt Bernard would not enter the monastery alone. The instinct was strong upon him which leads us to desire the conversion of other souls immediately after the conversion of our own; and he at once displayed that commanding personal ascendancy, that overpowering influence of spirit, which hardly met with a defeat during his long life. His uncle, his brothers, Guido and Gerard, both knights, yielded very shortly to the spell of his power. Nay, the effect of his preaching was such, that mothers hid their sons, and wives their husbands, and companions their friends, lest they should be led captive by the persuasive eloquence of the youthful enthusiast. At last he had gathered round him thirty adherents; with them he retired into seclusion at Chattillon, where for the space of six months they all de-

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voted themselves by preparation for the great change they were to undergo. In the year 1113, Bernard, being then twenty-two years old, knocked at the gate, and disappeared within the walls of Citeaux. It was a severe house; of all religious houses one of the most severe. It was under the rule of Stephen Harding, an Englishman, from Sherborne in Dorsetshire. Within its walls he was carrying on a system of monastic reform, keeping St. Benedict's rule most literally, not conventionally and with large allowances, as was usual in the strictest houses. No;—but eating only one meal a day; and they had risen twelve hours from their couches, sung psalms, and worked in the fields, before they got even that; never tasting fish, meat, grease, or eggs, and milk only rarely; their dress consisting only of three garments, all of the coarsest wool; their church, austere in its simplicity. There was little sympathy with this pleasant monastic life, and a fearful epidemic raging through the cloisters seemed likely to bring the dream of monastic reform to a close, when Bernard and his brethren sought admittance beneath its cheerless shades.

But these austerities, and others we must not stay to particularize, were too few for Bernard, and he determined to do his best, not only to subdue the desires of the flesh which arise through the senses, but even those senses themselves. He excluded himself from all communication with the outer world; time given to sleep he regarded as lost; when importunate friends came to converse with him he heard nothing, he stopped his ears with little wads of flax, and buried his head deep in the cowl; for food he lost all desire, and the little he took seemed taken rather to defer death than to sustain life; he betook himself also to hard manual labor—digging, hewing wood, and carrying it on his shoulders. One luxury for a time remained, the desire for it unextinguished as yet, but to be also banished from the soul by-and-by—it was the love of nature. He lived in this

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love; to him, in his first monastic days, the love of God and the love of nature were all; from nature to the Bible, from the Bible to nature; the beeches and the oaks, the woods and the fields, and the Scriptures—no word of thought came between him and that glorious phantasmagoria; the result of a word of God, and at a word of God, at last, to vanish away—only a procession of burning thoughts swept through the soul, raptures of ecstatic love, in the gloomy forest, and before the sailing clouds, and the pomp of setting suns. No world of cause and effects, and laws obscured or aided his vision. He says to a friend and pupil:

"Trust to one who has had experience. You will find something far greater in the woods than you will in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. Think you not you can suck honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty rock? Do not the mountains drop sweetness; the hills run with milk and honey, and the valleys stand thick with corn?"

We have spoken of the surprise created by the selection of Citeaux as the solitude to which Bernard consigned himself with his thirty companions. Great, however, must have been the joy created by their arrival in that decaying monastery. It was the turning-point in its history. Very soon it became necessary to leave the spot of his selection; and, selected by the Abbot of Citeaux, he became himself, although only just turned four-and-twenty, the head of a new community. Stephen Harding placed a cross in Bernard's hands, gave him twelve monks, and sent the young Abbot forth to choose some spot for a new religious house in the wilderness. He and his companions struck away northward; passed up by the source of the Seine, by Chatillon, a place of old school-day associations till he reached a place called Ferté, equally distant between

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Troyes and Chaumont, situated on the river Aube. Four miles beyond La Ferte, they came to a deep valley; thick, umbrageous forests giving a character of gloom and wildness. It was called the Valley of Wormwood; a name, surely, befitting the austerities we have associated with our pilgrims. Here he laid the foundation of that building, whose name is immortal in the history of the Church and of Europe, the famous Abbey of Clairvaux. It was a singularly unpretentious building, utterly excluding from the mind all romantic associations with monastic piles — a building covered by a single roof, under which chapel, dormitory, and refectory were all included; miserable windows artistically contrived rather to exclude than to convey the light. The monks' beds are described as a kind of bin of wooden planks, long and wide enough for a man to lie down in; a small space hewn out with an axe allowed room for the sleeper to get in or out, and the inside pleasantly strewn with chaff or dried leaves; these below, and the woodwork above are the mattress and bed-clothes, which furnish to our imagination an idea of the comforts of the home. In truth, all about the establishment marked its extreme poverty. They were near to September when the rude building was completed. Autumn and winter were approaching. They had no stores laid by. Their food during the summer had been a compound of leaves and coarse grain; their food during the winter was to be beech-nuts and roots. The austerities of Citeaux, before Bernard made his appearance had been severe; but those austerities, which to him were the necessary conditions of his spiritual life, began to be terrible to his twelve monks. Very shortly there seem to have been signs of mutiny. Deaf to their Abbot's entreaties, they talked of leaving the valley of bitterness and returning to Citeaux. At this period monkish historians tax the faith of readers with the traditions of miracles, now commencing to perform a part in the history

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of Bernard, and henceforth never wanting to that history. "Wait and ye shall see, O ye of little faith," said the Abbot; and it seems they did see; if not miracles, marvels made their appearance. But when are marvels wanting in the life of faith? He compelled the obedience, and, eventually, the perfectly docile trust of his more faithless brethren, and finally presented himself before his diocesan for consecration over the, as yet, quite incipient abbacy. A precious appearance he and his are described as presenting in the palace of the renowned dialectician, William of Champeaux. Before the experienced master of the Paris schools came the threadbare care-worn youth, with attenuated body and emaciated countenance. That was a day in which splendor was not wanting to the bishop's palace; and we can easily figure the mirth of the loungers and idlers as the grotesque band made its appearance.

But the old master soon detected the soul in the ragged body, and a life-long friendship was formed between the two from that hour, which, in the life of Bernard, presents us with many pleasant glimpses and particulars. And now Bernard fell ill, which also is not surprising. William of Champeaux, when he found his new friend resolute against the relaxation of the painful austerities of his life, started for Citeaux, bishop as he was, that from Stephen Harding, the Abbot, he might receive the power to compel the remittance of those toils and pains beneath which the enfeebled constitution was failing fast. He received a commission to manage Bernard for twelve months himself. Hastening back to Clairvaux, he found its Abbot now obedient and yielding. He caused a small cottage to be built outside the monastery walls, and commanded that his diet should no longer be regulated by monastic rule. All this was irksome enough to the spirit of Bernard; but it is easy to see, that probably but for this timely interference, that magic influence, which gave to Clairvaux a far more

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than European fame, and moved popes, emperors, and princes at its touch, had never been known. He, on his part, seems to have received his lease of life and comfort very ungraciously; and, when William of St. Thierry visited him in his hut, and asked him how he did, a satire, not very common with him in those days, broke forth, as he replied, "Excellent well. I, who have hitherto ruled over rational beings, by a great judgment of God, am given over to obey an irrational beast." Clairvaux, meantime, began to rear its loftier buildings. William of St. Thierry breaks forth into rapturous exclamations at once over the the beauty of the valley, and the consecrated labors which were there discovering themselves; a still silent solitude, yet the valley soon became full of men. The sounds of labor, the chants of the brethren, and choral services began now to relieve the solitudes of the forests and the gorges. We have also the story of Peter de Roya, who turned aside into the valley from a long habituation, as he tells us, "with festive banquets and silver salvers." "To him it seemed," as he says, "that he had found the building whose foundation is in the holy mountains—the gates loved of the Lord more than the dwellings of Jacob. In Clairváux," says he, "they have found Jacob's ladder, with angels upon it, some descending, who so provide for their bodies, that they faint not on the way: and others ascending, who so rule their souls, that their bodies hereafter may be glorified with them." He continues: "To judge from their outward appearance, their tools, their disordered clothes, they appear a race of fools, without speech or sense; but a true thought in my mind tells me that their life is hid with Christ in the heavens. Many of them, I hear, are bishops and earls, and men illustrious through their birth and knowledge. I see Godfrey of Peronne, Raynald of Picardy, William of St. Omer, Walter of Lisle; all of whom I knew formerly in the old man, whereof I see

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now no trace, by God's favor." All this ended in his going to Clairvaux.

From his retirement of sickness Bernard came forth, we think, healthier in mind as well as in body. His nature seems to have righted itself, as far as it ever righted itself in its earthly tabernacle; and, in the course of a year or two, he commenced that course of marvellous literary labors, infinite correspondences, sermons, extending governments, and travels, which alternate his name in our minds, as the man of action not less than the man of contemplation. Not that he ever became tolerant or tender to any kinds of self-indulgence; and his description of a wolf of a prior, whose tender regards to the necessities of human flesh had succeeded in fascinating one of his monks from Clairvaux to Cluny, is sufficiently humorous: hear him: "Wine and the like, soup and fat things, these are for the body, not for the mind; not for the soul, but the flesh is nourished by ragouts. Many brethren in Egypt serve God a long time without eating fish, pepper, ginger, sage, and cummin; they, indeed, delight the palate; but, think you, youth can be passed in safety surrounded by them?" He bids those who fear his fasts, and vigils, and manual labors, to dwell on the thought of eternal flames. "The thought of outer darkness will banish all fear of solitude. If you reflect, that account is to be kept of every idle word, silence will strike you as less appalling; and eternal weeping and gnashing of teeth will make a feather-bed and mattress equally indifferent. Arise, then, soldier of Christ." But the soldier did not arise: the morning slumbers, and the ginger, and the pepper were too much for the beech-nuts of Clairvaux.

At this period of the history of Bernard we might dwell a little time, did space permit, upon the miracles which form a portion of the life of St. Bernard; but we cannot dwell. It may be sufficient to remark that it was an age

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in which material nature was supposed to be at the command of moral goodness.—Must not the earthly give way to the heavenly? Must not Christ be the conqueror of Satan? One writer tells us how he saw a knight offer thanks to Bernard for having cured him with a piece of consecrated bread. There are plenty of stories of the diseases which fled at the command or the blessing of Bernard. When he came to the dedication of the church of Foigny, it happened that an incredible number of flies filled the place. "I excommunicate them," said the saint. Next morning they were all found dead, they covered the pavement, they were shovelled out with spades, the church was rid of them; the cursing of the Foigny flies passed into a proverb. Shall we laugh at these things? Shall we laugh at the story that, when his attendants were unable to catch his horse, Bernard said "Let us pray;" and, kneeling down, they were not through the Lord's prayer when the horse returned and stood before Bernard? We give these stories in their crudity. At any rate, they are significant enough, and show the estimation in which Bernard was held by his cotemporaries. And we must remember, in looking at the matter, that our talk about miracles would have availed nothing with Bernard. "Laws of Nature!" we think we hear him exclaim; "what do I know of the laws of nature? Miracle is the law of God." Miracles, and apparitions, and Divine and demoniac interferences with human affairs! a man of the twelfth century—and especially such a man as Bernard—would have as soon parted with his existence as he would have parted with his belief in these. Moreover, there was evidently that in the psychological character of Bernard which would easily hang round him the apparition of miracles to ordinary minds: his whole life was a kind of miracle, resolvable by us in a measure; and, if our readers are disposed still to smile, we must remind them that miracles belong to that

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time as much as the feudal castle, vast monastic piles, and the baron's chain mail.

At the age of thirty-four Bernard travelled to fortify the population of his young community.

He visited Paris, "a little, thronged, dirty, ill-paved city:" one smiles at the unrecognisable description. The schools of Paris were the marvel of Europe. Bernard was requested to enter them and lecture in them. He did not enter the schools, but he was glad enough to seize the opportunity for dilating on the true philosophy,—contempt for the world and voluntary poverty for Christ's sake. His visit, while not entirely unsuccessful, does not seem to have greatly strengthened Clairvaux. He gladly returned to his peaceful seclusion, from which, indeed, he was never a willing wanderer; and there are many passages of his life which give us glimpses of serene and thoughtful days, amidst the turmoil and barbarism of that wild, ungovernable time. In his way, we are pleased also to see, that St. Bernard set himself heartily to the reformation of burglarious barons, bishops who thought too much of their temporalities, and abbots who gave more attention to their revenues than to souls. He set himself as the representative of the Church, to do battle with the exuberant animalism of the age—to tame it, and drill it—and it is truly amusing, in this connection, to notice how, again and again, the question of cookery forces itself upon our saint's attention. Some passages, in which he condemns the luxury of the Cluniacs, are scarcely less curious than they are humorous. A Cluniac dinner must have been a tolerably inviting repast, "Who," says our saint, "could say, to speak of nothing else, in how many forms eggs are cooked and worked up? with what care they are turned in and out, made hard or soft, or chopped fine; now fried, now roasted, now stuffed; now they are served mixed with other things, now by themselves; even the external appearance of the

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dishes is such that the eye, as well as the taste, is charmed; and when even the stomach complains that it is full, curiosity is still alive. So also," he continues, "what shall I say about water-drinking, when even wine and water are despised? We all of us, it appears, directly we become monks are afflicted with weak stomachs, and the important advice of the apostle to use wine, we, in a praiseworthy manner, endeavor to follow, but for some unexplained reason, the condition of *a little* is usually omitted." In the same manner he denounces the monkish lust of dress. "You say religion is in the heart; true, but when you are about to buy a cowl you rush over to the towns, visit the markets, examine the fairs, dive into the houses of the merchants, turn over all their goods, undo their bundles of cloth, feel it with your fingers, hold it to your eyes or to the rays of the sun, and if anything coarse or faded appears you reject it; but if you are pleased with any object of unusual beauty or brightness, you buy it, whatever the price. Does this come from your heart or your simplicity? I wonder that our abbots allow these things, unless it arises from the fact, that no one is apt to blame any error with confidence, if he cannot trust to his own freedom from the same." Nor these vices alone. He speaks of others whose vice was a mock humility: "Again, with our bellies full of beans, and our minds of pride, we condemn those who are full of meat; as if it were not better to eat a little fat on occasion, than to be gorged, even to belching, with windy vegetables." He looked with little more favor upon the rich architecture, now beginning to adorn the churches of Europe, than the sumptuary condition of the priests. "The church's walls are resplendent," exclaims he, "but the poor are not there."

"In the churches are suspended, not *coronæ*, but wheels studded with gems, and surrounded by lights, which are scarcely brighter than the precious stones which are near them. Instead

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of candlesticks, we behold great trees of brass, fashioned with wonderful skill, and glittering as much through their jewels as through their own lights. What do you suppose is the object of all this? The repentance of the contrite, or the admiration of the gazers? O vanity of vanities! but not more vain than foolish. The church's walls are resplendent, but the poor are not there. . . . The curious find wherewith to amuse themselves—the wretched find no stay for them in their misery. Why, at least, do we not reverence the images of the saints, with which the very pavement we walk on is covered? Often an angel's mouth is spit into, and the face of some saint trodden on by the passers-by. . . . But if we cannot do without the images, why can we not spare the brilliant colors? What has all this to do with monks, with professors of poverty, with men of spiritual minds?

"Again, in the cloisters, what is the meaning of those ridiculous monsters, of that deformed beauty, that beautiful deformity, before the very eyes of the brethren when reading? What are disgusting monkeys there for, or ferocious lions, or horrible centaurs, or spotted tigers, or fighting soldiers, or huntsmen sounding the bugle? You may see there one head with many bodies, or one body with numerous heads. Here is a quadruped with a serpent's tail; there is a fish with a beast's head; there a creature, in front a horse, behind a goat; another has horns at one end, and a horse's tail at the other. In fact, such an endless variety of forms appear everywhere, that it is more pleasant to read in the stonework than in books, and to spend the day in admiring these oddities than in meditating on the law of God. Good God! if we are not ashamed of these absurdities, why do we not grieve at the cost of them?"

Thus, finally, perhaps, Bernard would not be far from a disposition to pronounce the objurgation of Thomas Carlyle, "Let the devil fly away with fine arts." "I never met with a man," says Ruskin, "whose mind was fully set upon the world to come, perfect and right before God, who cared about art at all." We are disposed to commend the considerations of these sundry texts from all these worthies to

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those who find a strong disposition to sneer at Puritanic tabernacles and conventicles, on one hand; or who are disposed to estimate the worth of our modern Nonconformity by its æsthetic developments, on the other.

As Bernard verged towards his fortieth year, the period of his comparative retirement and rest drew to a close. He attended the Council of Troyes—that celebrated council, famous for the part it took in founding the order of the Knights Templars. In this order those two grand instincts of mediæval times to which we have already referred—the fighting instinct and the praying instinct—became distinctly one. Bernard's exhortation to the Knights of the Temple is very characteristic of the times and of himself, although issued some three or four years later. He contrasts the secular with the monastic warfare in the following extraordinary words, curiously remarkable for their saintly bloodthirstiness.

"You always run a risk, you worldly soldier, of either killing your adversary's body, and your own soul in consequence, or of being killed yourself both body and soul. If, while wishing to kill another you are killed yourself, you die a homicide. If you vanquish and kill your enemy, you live a homicide. But what an astounding error, what madness is it, O, Knights, to fight at such cost and trouble for no wages except those of death or sin! You deck out your horses with silken trappings; you wear flaunting cloaks over your steel breastplates; you paint your shields, your spears, and your saddles; your spurs and bridles shine with gold, and silver, and gems; and in this gay pomp, with an amazing and incredible madness, you rush upon death. Have you not found from experience that these things are especially needed by a soldier, viz., that he be bold yet vigilant as regards his own safety, quick in his movements, and prompt to strike? You, on the contrary, cultivate long hair, which gets in your eyes; your feet are entangled in the folds of your flowing robes; your delicate hands are buried in your ample and spreading sleeves. In addition to all this, your reasons for fight-

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ing are light and frivolous, viz., the impulses of an irrational anger, or a desire of vain glory, or the wish to obtain some earthly possession. Certainly, for such causes as these it is not safe either to slay or to be slain.

"But Christ's soldiers can fight in safety the battles of their Lord; fearing no sin from killing an enemy; dreading no danger from their own death. Seeing that for Christ's sake death must be suffered or inflicted, it brings with it no sin, but rather earns much glory. In the one case Christ is benefited, in the other Christ is gained. Christ, who willingly accepts an enemy's death for revenge, and more willingly still grants himself to the soldier for consolation. Christ's soldier can securely kill—can more securely die: when he dies, it profits him; when he slays, it profits Christ. Not without just cause is he girded with a sword. When he kills a malefactor, he is not a slayer of men, but a slayer of evil, and plainly an avenger of Christ against those who do amiss. But, when he is killed, he has not perished, he has reached his goal. The Christian exults in the death of a pagan because Christ is glorified. In the death of the Christian the King's bountifulness is shown when the soldier is led forth to his reward. The just will rejoice over the first when he sees the punishment of the wicked. Of the latter men will say, '*Verily there is a reward for the righteous, doubtless there is a God that judgeth the earth.*'"

The following remarkable words, pervaded surely by a droll grim humor, express his feelings at the departure of the troops of crusaders for the Holy Land:

"But the most joyful and salutary result to be perceived is, that in such a multitude of men who flock to the East there are few besides scoundrels, vagabonds, thieves, murderers, perjurers, and adulterers, from whose emigration a double good is observed to flow, the cause of a twofold joy. Indeed they give as much delight to those whom they leave as to those whom they go to assist. Both rejoice,—those whom they defend and those whom they no longer oppress. Egypt is glad at their departure; yet Mount Zion and the daughters of Judah shall be joyful over the

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succor they will bring; the one for losing its most cruel spoilers, the other at receiving its most faithful defenders."

The most distinct turning point in the career of St. Bernard was, perhaps, the death of the Pope Honorius II. on Feb. 14th, 1130. His death led to a double election to the papacy. On the same evening on which the Pope died, Cardinal Gregory, of St. Angelo, was proclaimed supreme Pontiff under the name of Innocent II., while another party went through the form of election with their Pope, dressed him in pontificals, and declared that Peter Leonis was the vicar of Christ, under the title of Anacletus II. Innocent fled from Rome to France, trusting in the allegiance of the nations of Northern Europe; and although Anacletus had been a monk of Cluny, that monastery produced a strong presumption in favor of Innocent by the recognition of his right. But the French bishops had not decided, although it became necessary immediately to decide. A council was convened at Etampes for the purpose of discussing the claims of the hostile Popes. To this council Bernard was very specially invited by the king and the chief bishops. He confessed afterwards that he went with much fear and trembling; nor are we surprised that on the road his eyes were saluted by a vision in which he saw a large church, with all the people harmoniously praising God. This raised his spirits. We can scarcely conceive the importance of such a schism as that which the council was called in some way to heal. Fasting and prayer preceded its deliberations, and no clearer impression can be conveyed of the immense fame and influence Bernard had acquired, than in the fact that the council unanimously agreed, first, that this business, which concerned God, should be entrusted to the man of God, and that his judgment should decide the assembly. We can scarcely think that that assembly was in great ignorance as to the

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verdict he was likely to pronounce; nor can we doubt that this, too, was one of the occasions when that felicitous and marvellous swell and sweep of all-subduing eloquence, which mighty councils and vast convocations of princes, barons, and scholars were destined yet many times to prove, exhibited much of its matchlessness. He rose obedient to the call and examined the whole question; the causes which led to the double election, the life and character of the first elected; as he advanced, it is said, the Holy Ghost seemed to speak through him. He pronounced Innocent, without hesitation or reserve, the legitimate Pope, and the only one they could accept as such, and, amidst acclamations and praises, and vows of obedience to Innocent, the council broke up. Henceforth, the way of Bernard lay much among the higher principalities and powers of Europe.

Immediately after the council it is interesting to find him meeting, face to face, with our own Henry I., the wisest soldier of his age, and the mightiest monk of the cloisters of Christendom; old knight and young priest; and the young priest conquered the old knight, for Henry had been indisposed to acknowledge Innocent. The enthusiast convinced the man of the world. "Are you afraid," said he, "of incurring sin if you acknowledge Innocent; think how to answer your other sins before God, and I will answer and take account of this one." And Henry yielded to the quaint and not very polite reasoning. It is not wonderful that Innocent should regard Bernard as a necessary friend and adviser. Events, perhaps, subsequently prove that an Elijah-like kind of character was not the most comfortable companion for the Vatican; but for the present he was necessary to the Pope. They met at Morigny near Etampes; they met also another man whom we shall presently see much more distinctly, who was one of the guests that night with the Abbot of

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Clairvaux at Morigny—Master Peter Abelard. Very shortly after this, Innocent, the early days of whose papacy were anything but tranquil, had to receive the comparative hostilities of the Emperor Lotharius at Liege. Once more Bernard came to the rescue. He boldly faced Lotharius, smoothed matters of difference between papal and imperial claims, persuaded the Emperor to acquiesce in the claims of Innocent; finally, urged by Bernard, the Emperor went on foot through the crowd towards the Pope on his white palfrey, and when Innocent descended from his horse, the Emperor was there to assist him; and thus, before all men in that age of forms and ceremonies, he proclaimed his submission. There was a strength of texture in the stuff of which these churchmen in those days were made, yet their temporalities had not reached the dangerous ambitiousness of more recent times, and we find Innocent spent some time at Clairvaux on his way homewards. He, perhaps, was surprised at the marvellous austerity, the self-restraint and solemn silence of the plain unornamented church, and the bare walls of the monastery. The monks received the brilliant cavalcade with closed lids; they were seen of all and saw no one; nor do they seem to have treated the Pope much better than they treated themselves: we read that if a stray fish could be caught it was reserved for the table of the Pope alone.

We must pass by the circumstances of the Council of Rheims; and Bernard, after this powerful intercourse with the affairs and destinies of Europe, returned to the shades of his own beautiful vale—returned to leisure, rest, reflection, and solitude. Fifteen years had passed away since the grotesque foundation had been laid of the now famous monastery. From his obscurity he had emerged to place the tiara on the head of the chief of Christendom; but he was regarded himself as the acknowledged chief of the most active minds of Europe and of the age. Clairvaux

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was growing outwardly and inwardly. Houses connected with it were rising in many parts of France; and especially through the broad, unbroken solitudes of Yorkshire, where still, two of the loveliest ruins—Riveaux and Fontaines—keep the memory of Bernard alive, and relate the mind of the visitor to the crumbling wall. But Clairvaux itself was expanding; it was too small. Numbers were coming, and the existing site was quite insufficient for the necessities of the order—insufficient for the monks, especially for the visitors. Soon a nobler structure arose. Large grants of land were easily obtained, and every needful supply for the erection lavishly poured in. Still it was a little haven of shelter in the midst of a stormy sea. A strange and motley population, we know, assembled within those walls. Rough, strong, mediæval knights, men of appetites and passions, who had spent their days in intense animalism and blood-shedding, felt a spirit touch their hearts as they approached that place, or as its tidings approached them. They came in the repentance of sackcloth and in strange agonies of soul, bent their stiff, iron-clad knees before the altar and in the cloister. We read of some, their faces on the grass, foaming at the mouth. To this succeeded a period of peace; they entered the narrow pathway for life: a pathway now skirted by the gates of hell, now rising to the heights of heaven.

And is it not beautiful to think of Bernard returning to these his brethren and his children from those interviews we have seen him holding with the statesmen of his age; and in that same year, 1135, then aged forty-four, commencing to this congregation of miscellaneous hearts—some subdued and hushed to a peace deeper than that of woods, and clouds, and hills, a peace that passeth all understanding—and some wild, and fevered, and beating still—that series of discourses which have been called matchless, in which all the richness, the symbolism, the

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mystery, tenderness, and beauty of the Ancient Church were pressed out—his sermons on the *Song of Solomon?* By these we suppose the name of Bernard will ever be most affectionately immortalized. They form one of the richest roses of the Mediæval Church. Let us read them as they should be read; world-wearied and wasted, but sighing after peace. Let us think of ourselves as listening to them in those still, cool aisles, sometimes while the sun is climbing in the early morning over the forest trees and hills, and sometimes in what seems the more sweet and suitable hour of meditative twilight. In reading, it is imperatively necessary to dismiss from the mind all the refining casuistries of modern criticism; but read by the spirit of the ancient book, and with a transference of soul to the time, the place, the auditors, and preacher, there is something magical and sweet in their deep experiences. The preacher himself had been a man to whom life had been no child's play, who had thought of all the burden of the weary and intolerable world; perhaps quite as much as any who suppose they have suffered more in this day of more fastidious tastes, sometimes mistaken for more acute sensibilities; but he had passed through his novitiate, and had reached the peace spoken so deeply in every syllable of those discourses. There came sliding in the old monk, his mortifications almost done; there the young beginner, scarcely yet habituated to a life so severe; there the possessor of broad lands, relinquished now for Christ's sake; laborers from the hot fields; or, rising from the night's vigils, they gathered round the man whose words and conversation they verily believed to be of another world. I must let you see something of these discourses, so long treasured in the scriptorium of the Church, that you may estimate their strength and beauty:

GOD ALL AND IN ALL.

But who can grasp the magnitude of delight comprehended

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in that short word? God will be all in all. Not to speak of the body, I perceive three things in the soul—reason, will, memory; and these three make up the soul. How much each of these in this present world lacks of completion and perfectness, is felt by every one who walketh in the Spirit. Wherefore is this, except because God is not yet all in all? Therefore it is that our reason falters in judgment, that our will is feeble and distracted, that our memory confounds us by its forgetfulness. We are subjected unwillingly to this threefold weakness, but hope abides. For He who fills with good things the desires of the soul, He himself will be to the reason the fulness of light; to the will, the abundance of peace; to the memory, the unbroken smoothness of eternity. O truth! O charity! O eternity! O blessed and blessing Trinity! to thee my miserable trinity miserably groans, while it is in exile from thee. Departing from thee, in what errors, griefs, and fears is it involved! Alas, for what a trinity have we exchanged thee away. My heart is disturbed, and hence my grief; my strength has forsaken me, and hence my fear; the light of my eyes is not with me, and hence my error. O trinity of my soul! what a changed trinity dost thou show me in mine exile?

"But why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him," that is, when error shall have left my mind, sorrow my will, fears my memory; and serenity, sweetness, and eternal peace shall have come in their stead. The first of these things will be done by the God of truth; the second, by the God of charity; the third, by the God of omnipotence; that God may be all in all: the reason receiving light inextinguishable, the will peace imperturbable, the memory cleaving to a fountain which shall never fail. You may judge for yourselves whether you would rightly assign the first to the Son, the second to the Holy Ghost, and the last to the Father; in such a manner, however, that you take away nothing of any of them, either from the Father, or the Son, or the Holy Ghost.

Of course, a deep mystical fervor pervades all these sermons, as in the following illustrative extract on

THE FEET OF GOD.

But I must not pass over in silence those spiritual feet of God,

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which, in the first place, it behoves the penitent to kiss in a spiritual manner. I well know your curiosity, which does not willingly allow anything obscure to pass by it; nor indeed is it a contemptible thing to know what are those feet which the Scripture so frequently mentions in connection with God. Sometimes he is mentioned as standing on them, as "We will worship in the place where thy feet have stood;" sometimes as walking, as "I will dwell in them and will walk in them;" sometimes even as running, as "He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." If it appear right to the apostle to call the head of Christ God, it appears to me as not unnatural to consider his feet as representing man—one of which I shall name mercy, and the other judgment. Those two words are known to you, and the Scripture makes mention of them in many places.

On these two feet, fitly moving under one divine head, Christ, born of a woman, he who was invisible under the law, then made Emmanuel [God with us], was seen on the earth, and conversed with men. Of a truth, he even now passes amongst us, relieving and healing those oppressed by the devil; but spiritually and invisibly. With these feet, I say, he walks through devout minds, incessantly purifying and searching the hearts and reins of the faithful.

Happy is that mind in which the Lord Jesus has placed both of these feet. You may recognize that mind by these two signs, which it must necessarily bear as the marks of the divine footprints. These are hope and fear. The first representing the image of judgment, the other of mercy. Justly doth the Lord take pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy; seeing that fear is the beginning of wisdom, of which also hope is the increase, and charity the consummation. These things being so, in this first kiss which is received at the feet, is not a little fruit; only be careful that you are not robbed of either kiss. If you are pricked by the pain of sin, and the fear of judgment, you have pressed your lips on the foot of judgment and truth. If you temper this fear and pain by regarding the divine goodness, and by the hope of forgiveness, you may know that you have embraced the foot of mercy. It profits not to kiss one without the other, because the dwelling on judgment only

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casts you into the abyss of desperation, while a deceitful trust in mercy generates the worst kind of security.

To me also, wretched one, it has been given sometimes to sit beside the feet of the Lord Jesus, and with all devotion to embrace first one, then the other, as far as his loving-kindness condescended to permit me. But if ever, forgetful of mercy, through the stings of conscience I have dwelt too long on the thought of judgment, at once cast down with incredible fear and confusion, enveloped in dark shadows of horror, breathless from out of the deeps I cried, "Who knoweth the power of thy wrath, and through fear of thee who can reckon thy displeasure;" if it has chanced that I have then clung too closely to the foot of mercy, after forsaking the other, such carelessness and indifference have come upon me, that my prayers have grown cold, my work has been neglected, my speech has been less cautious, my laughter more ready, and the whole state of both my outer and inner man less firm. Learning then from experience, not judgment alone, nor mercy alone, but mercy and judgment together, will I sing unto thee, O Lord; I will never forget those justifications; they both shall be my song in the house of my pilgrimage, until mercy being exalted above judgment, then misery shall cease, and my glory shall sing to Thee for ever, and not be silent.

These were the discourses which charmed multitudes to the cloisters of Clairvaux. In our day the practical bias of life has so eclipsed and outstripped the speculative, that it is difficult to conceive how men could have renounced all earthly claims and every earthly emolument and position, that they might have the opportunity of listening to such spiritual raptures, and indulging in the austere pleasures of the spiritual life. It is quite wonderful to us to see those man-slaying barons drawn into the monastic life, often as by a force they could not resist. Strange conversions took place. They hovered near the abbey, half knowing, half dreading their fate; retired from it and returned, as a moth returns to the candle with increased haste. Mr. Morison tells the stories of knights riding to a tournament, or a fair, putting up over night at the welcome and opportune mon-

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astery, and spending a quieter night than was usual with them. And the place, and solemnity, and order of the monastery had not been witnessed in vain. The psalm-singing, and the ceremonies, and the music of the frequent bells, sent emotions of awe and gentleness into the wearied hearts of some of them. Perhaps they noticed some old companion in arms, who was heard last shouting in the shock of battle, now, instead, shouting Gregorian chants. The rude barbarian nature is touched, and stays or returns, to seek peace in the monastery too. There was peace in the monastery, no doubt; but those hearts which beat so vehemently beneath the cuirass and the breastplate we may be sure often chafed against the new rigors of the cage. The peace, however, which others felt—the peace which so profoundly breathes along the sermons on the Canticles, was scarcely the possession of the mighty Abbot. He experienced rather a foretaste of its pleasures, and presented it in his mellifluous eloquence. He was called upon in his vast correspondence to interfere, not only in the care of all the churches, but persons of distinction throughout Europe seem to have thought that Bernard's time, attention, and influence should be at their disposal. Bishops in England, the Queen of Jerusalem, the Kings of France, and Italy, and Britain, and abbots and ecclesiastics without number.

And his brother Gerard fell sick and died; he was one of the brethren of Clairvaux. The bereaved Abbot performed for him, whom he had most tenderly loved, the funeral service. The brother had been also tenderly and deeply loved by his brethren, and when his spirit passed away we are told how the sobs and tears of others, not less than those of Bernard, expressed their grief. Gerard was his second brother. He had been a bold knight, and had taken a worldly view of the Abbot's early enthusiasm. "Ah!" said the young preacher, "tribulation will give thee understanding, and thou shalt fear greatly, but shalt in

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nowise perish." There was a prophecy in the words: tribulation came. "I turn monk," said he, "a monk of Citeaux." He was one of his brother's first converts. It was, upon the day of his death, one of Bernard's duties to pursue his exposition of the Song of Songs, and at the appointed time he ascended the pulpit and preached that funeral sermon, which is also one of the most famous of the whole course, from Solomon's Song i. 5: "As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon"—that is, dark as is the first, comely as is the last.

And I quote again from these extraordinary expositions, so illustrative of the pulpit method of the cloisters of the Middle Ages—*As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.*

We must begin from this point, because it was here that the preceding sermon was brought to a close. You are waiting to hear what these words mean, and how they are connected with the previous clause, since a comparison is made between them. Perhaps both members of the comparison, viz., "As the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon," refer only to the first words, "I am black." It may be, however, that the simile is extended to both clauses, and each is compared with each. The former sense is the more simple, the latter the more obscure. Let us try both, beginning with the latter, which seems the more difficult. There is no difficulty, however, in the first comparison, "I am black as the tents of Kedar," but only in the last. For Kedar, which is interpreted to mean "darkness" or "gloom," may be compared with blackness justly enough; but the curtains of Solomon are not so easily likened to beauty. Moreover, who does not see that "tents" fit harmoniously with the comparison? For what is the meaning of "tents," except our bodies, in which we sojourn for a time. Nor have we "an abiding city, but we seek one to come." In our bodies, as under tents, we carry on warfare. Truly, we are violent to take the kingdom. Indeed, the life of man here on earth is a warfare; and as long as we do battle in this body, we are absent from the Lord, *i.e.*, from the light. For the Lord is light, and so far as any one is not in him, so far he is in darkness, *i.e.*, in

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Kedar. Let each one then acknowledge the sorrowful exclamation as his own: "Woe is me that my sojourn is prolonged! I have dwelt with those who dwell in Kedar. My soul hath long sojourned in a strange land." Therefore this habitation of the body is not the mansion of the citizen, nor the house of the native, but either the soldier's tent or the traveller's inn. This body, I say, is a tent, and a tent of Kedar, because, by its interference, it prevents the soul from beholding the infinite light, nor does it allow her to see the light at all, except through a glass darkly, and not face to face.

Do you not see whence blackness comes to the church—whence a certain rust cleaves to even the fairest souls? Doubtless, it comes from the tents of Kedar, from the practice of laborious warfare, from the long continuance of a painful sojourn, from the straits of our grievous exile, from our feeble cumbersome bodies; for the corruptible body presseth down the soul, and the earthy tabernacle weigheth down the mind that museth upon many things. Therefore the soul's desire to be loosed, that being freed from the body they may fly into the embraces of Christ. Wherefore one of the miserable ones said, groaning—"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" For a soul of this kind knoweth that, while in the tents of Kedar, she cannot be entirely free from spot or wrinkle, nor from some stains of blackness, and wishes to go forth and to put them off. And here we have the reason why the spouse calls herself black as the tents of Kedar. But now, how is she beautiful as the curtains of Solomon? Behind these curtains I feel that an indescribable holiness and sublimity are veiled, which I dare not presume to touch, save at the command of Him who shrouded and sealed the mystery. For I have read, "He that is a searcher of Majesty shall be overwhelmed with the glory." I pass on therefore. It will devolve on you, meanwhile, to obtain grace by your prayers, that we may the more readily, because more confidently, recur to a subject which needs attentive minds; and it may be that the pious knocker at the door will discover what the bold explorer seeks in vain.

The bursting forth of the grief is most pathetic and

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beautiful. "It was fitting that I should depend for everything on him who was everything to me. He left me but little besides the name and honor of superintendent, for he did the work. I was called Abbot, but he monopolised the Abbot's cares."

You know, my children, the reasonableness of my sorrow—you know the lamentable wound I have received. You appreciate what a friend has left me in this walk of life which I have chosen—how prompt to labor, how gentle in manner! Who was so necessary to me? To whom was I equally dear? He was my brother by blood, but more than brother by religion. Deplore my misfortune, I beseech you, who know these things. I was weak in body, and he sustained me; downcast in spirit, and he comforted me; slow and negligent, and he stimulated me; careless and forgetful, and he admonished me. Whither hast thou been torn from me—whither hast thou been carried from my arms, O thou man of one mind with me, thou man after my own heart? We loved each other in life; how are we separated in death! O most bitter separation, which nothing could have accomplished but death! For when wouldest thou have deserted me in life? Truly, a horrible divorce, altogether the work of death. Who would not have had pity on the sweet bond of our mutual love but death, the enemy of all sweetness? Well has raging death done his work; for, by taking one, he has stricken two. Is not this death to me also? Yea, verily, more to me than to Gerard—to me, to whom life is preserved, far gloomier than any death. I live that I may die living, and shall I call that life? How much more merciful, O stern death, hadst thou deprived me of the use, than of the fruit of life. For life without fruit is a more grievous death. Again, a double ruin is prepared for the unfruitful tree—the axe and the fire. Hating, therefore, the labors of my hands, thou hast removed from me the friend through whose zeal chiefly they bore fruit, if they ever did. Better would it have been for me, O Gerard! to have lost my life than thy presence, who wert the anxious instigator of my studies in the Lord, my faithful helper, my careful examiner. Why, I ask, have we loved, only

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to lose one another? Hard lot! but I am to be pitied, not he; for if thou, dear brother, hast lost dear ones they are replaced by dearer still; but what consolation awaits wretched me, deprived of thee, my only comfort? Equally pleasing to both was the companionship of our bodies by reason of the unison of our minds, but the separation has wounded only me. The joys of life were shared between us; its sadness and gloom are mine alone. God's wrathful displeasure goeth over me, and his indignation lieth hard upon me. The delights we derived from each other's society and conversation, I only have lost, whilst thou hast exchanged them for others, and in the exchange great has been thy gain.

In place of us, dearest brother, whom thou hast not with thee to-day; what an exceeding multitude of joys and blessings is thine! Instead of me thou hast Christ; nor canst thou feel thy absence from thy brethren here, now that thou rejoicest in choruses of angels. Nothing, therefore, can make thee deplore the loss of our society, seeing that the Lord of Majesty and the hosts of Heaven vouchsafe to thee their presence. But what have I in thy stead? What would I not give to know what thou now thinkest of thy Bernard, tottering amid cares and afflictions, and bereaved of thee, the staff of my weakness? if, indeed, it be permitted to one, who is plunged into the abyss of light and absorbed in the great ocean of eternal felicity, still to think of the miserable inhabitants of the earth. It may be that though thou knewest us in the flesh, thou knowest us no more, and since thou hast entered into the powers of the Lord, thou rememberest only His justice, forgetful of us. Moreover, he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit, and is entirely changed into one holy feeling; neither can he think of or wish for aught but God and the things which God thinks and wishes, being full of God. But God is Love, and the more closely a man is united to God the fuller he is of love. Further, God is without passions, but not without sympathy, for His nature is always to have mercy and to spare. Therefore thou must needs be merciful, since thou art joined to the Merciful One; although misery now be far from thee, thou canst compassionate others although thou sufferest not thyself. Thy love is not weakened,

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but changed. Nor because thou hast put on God hast thou laid aside all care for us, for "He also careth for us." Thou hast discarded thine infirmities, but not thy affections. "Charity never faileth;" thou wilt not forget me at the last.

I fancy I hear my brother saying to me, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Truly it were lamentable if he did. Whom shall I consult in doubtful matters? To whom shall I trust in trial and misfortune? Who will bear my burdens? Who will protect me from harm? Did not Gerard's eyes prevent my steps? Alas, my cares and anxieties entered more deeply into Gerard's breast than into my own, ravaged it more freely, wrung it more acutely. His wise and gentle speech saved me from secular conversation, and gave me to the silence which I loved. The Lord hath given him a learned tongue, so that he knew when it was proper to speak. By the prudence of his answers, and the grace given him from above, he so satisfied both our own people and strangers, that scarcely any one needed me who had previously seen Gerard. He hastened to meet the visitors, placing himself in the way lest they should disturb my leisure. Such as he could not dispose of himself, those he brought in to me; the rest he sent away. O diligent man! O faithful friend! *

Yes it is, I think, the most wonderful of funeral orations; and then that pathetic close: "And now my tears put an end to my words, I pray Thee teach me how to put an end to my tears."

To dwell upon all the minor details of the life of the illustrious Churchman, would be to write at length the history of the times. The year following that in which his brother died, 1140, when he was forty-nine years of age, that great duel was fought, which has never been allowed to pass from the memory, not merely of scholars, but even of cursory readers,—the contest of Bernard with the her-

* I have quoted lengthily Mr. Morison's admirable and vigorous translation, for, indeed, this is one of the most wonderful of funeral orations.

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esies of Abelard. Time forbids me to dwell upon the romantic history and fortunes of that most famous of heresiarchs. From his pages innumerable heretics have filled their minds with qualms and crotchets, sometimes of conscience, more frequently of notion and opinion. Perhaps he may be best described by saying, that what David Hume has been to our own and to the previous age, that Abelard was to his own and to the immediately subsequent times. He pierced into that dread domain in which men inquire for human and philosophical reasons—where they declare their wish to understand as well as believe. He and his disciples were the unconscious parents of a good deal. But when he was condemned and sent in custody to the monastery of St. Bernard, it is impossible not to feel the anguish which extorted from him that cry—"Good Jesus, where wast thou then?" But he was a vain, sensitive, Rousseau-like being; yet it is also impossible not to notice how much of the noble there was in his character, and how he labored, with practical earnestness, to reform many of the crying abuses of the Church. Upon Bernard, to whom religion was faith and certainty, or nothing, we can easily conceive he would look with a haughty and supercilious condescension and pity. I pass all his interesting relations with Heloise, which have also, no doubt, materially added to his fame.

But the mind of the man could not rest and be still and silent, and he was the apostle of free inquiry. His inquiries had even pierced into the holiest of all—the very ark of the Trinity. The disputes of the age were most significant; and Abelard and Bernard, as the foremost men, must inevitably come into collision. Bernard denounced the opinions of Abelard, and Abelard challenged Bernard to a logical disputation. All my hearers know of that great gathering, that expected tournament at Sens, and how, to the amazement of that wonderful assembly, when the hour

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came, Abelard refused to plead, but appealed from his adversary and from the assembly to Rome.

As Bernard drew near to the close of his life, his strength, like that of meaner men, became labor and sorrow, especially as the time came when he very earnestly desired to rest altogether. He was called to preach before the Pope and the King of France the second crusade. Vezelai was the place fixed for that wondrous gathering. The town could not hold the people assembled. The vast throng was convened upon the declivity of a hill overlooking the plain of Vezelai; the king, Louis VII., and his queen were there; barons and knights, and innumerable multitudes of hardly wrought peasants. But king, or queen, or nobles were not the objects of attraction. Bernard of Clairvaux was there on the top of the hill. A high platform of wood was raised. On this stood the preacher and the king alone. Thence he could be seen by all, if not heard; and from those lips flew the words of love, aspiration, and sublime self-sacrifice. The wondrous light of that thin, calm face, the flash of tenderness and terror from those dove-like eyes, communicated themselves to the crowd. Then rose the cry for "Crosses! crosses!" the murmur from the vast sea of faces. He scattered them broadcast among the people. They were soon exhausted. He tore up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand. He did nothing but make crosses so long as he remained in the town. The mind of Europe spoke through Bernard. The crusade was proclaimed. And now he travelled through Germany to preach the second crusade at Friburg, Basle, Constance, Spires, Cologne, Frankfort, Mayence; and, wherever he went, there the same tumult gathered round him. A daily repetition of the scene on the hill of Vezelai took place. A simultaneous rush of the whole population to see him and to hear him, and then the assumption of the cross by the larger portion of the able-bodied male inhabitants. Bernard says, that

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scarcely one man was left to seven women. At Frankfort, he nearly lost his life. The crowd so beset him that he was in danger of being suffocated. Conrad, the Emperor, for a time did his best to keep off the press; but it was more than he could do. At last, laying aside his cloak, he gripped Bernard in his brawny arms, and hoisting him over his shoulders, carried him away in safety. A procession of miracles, too, attended him on his way; but they astonished him. "I can't think," he says, "what these miracles mean." It is altogether a sad, painful story of the fanaticism, not only of a great mind, but of the age. We turn with pleasure from his wild proclamation of the fanaticism of the sword against the Infidel, to his equally enthusiastic, and more noble and Christian defence of the Jews from the horrors of persecution. This defence was one of the few items of our saint's history in which he was in advance of his age.

The crusade was one long disaster; and the fate of the mighty movement was sharply visited upon the head of its chief apostle. But other cares pressed upon him, especially the conquest of innumerable heresies, the writing of many books and letters connected with the defence of the faith, and also with efforts to repress the rising of the papacy, of which he only saw the beginning.

He died at the age of sixty-two. As he was dying, even ecclesiastics gathered round his dying bed to talk of public affairs; but they could not interest him. "Marvel not," said he, "I am already no longer of this world." Earnest contendings of prayerful struggles went on around, and in the delirium of their grief, his friends implored him to stay; and they created some contest in the mind of the expiring saint, but only to the lifting his eyes, and the expression of his wish that God's will might be done,—dying in the faith and practice of his great and memorable saying, "So far from being able to answer for my sins, I cannot answer even for my righteousness."

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VI.

The Great Preachers of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

I HAVE said that the history of the Church is the history of the pulpit; I may also say that the history of Protestantism is the history of free speech; and while we have to notice, in the course of the history, the alliance of many things to which we can only express, for the most part, entire dissent, it is gratifying to notice that, in our country and in the pulpit of Protestantism, no speech has obtained any very great or wide currency, which has not, in a very distinct manner, represented "*the truth as it is in Jesus.*" The pulpit of Protestantism is placed at a great disadvantage, all its faults and sins are open to the eye. The ages of Protestantism have been the ages of the press; we have not had the means of exercising a rigid watchfulness over the abberrations of speech of the troops of preaching friars, while all the unguarded heresies of speech and thought of the men of the Protestant pulpit stand as if in a panopticon. The Protestant pulpit has been remarkable for its free speech—and it must be admitted that speech has not at all times been guarded by good taste and good sense; we may speak in condemnation of those who have had so

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little reverence for ignorance and infancy, that they have made their public address the medium for the exhibition of all the infirm deformities and ulcers, the doubts all unresolved and unexplored in their own life and faith.

The rise of Protestantism was the birth also of Puritanism, and in their ministry we trace the origin of a pulpit power which is very distinctly separated from that of the Romish Church. We have never enough cultivated that which the Popish pulpit cultivated exclusively; we confine the intention of our pulpit to those twofold energies,—*persuasion* and *conviction*, but these are so simply mental; or, if emotional, they are so entirely through the operation of thought, that they very partially, I think, represent our work; and they do not represent the work of the Romish preacher at all; his aim has been to subdue, to overwhelm, as he overwhelms by the power of music and the efficacy of sensuous representations. You will see that it is possible for such preaching to affect very powerfully, but to leave the conscience quite unimpressed and untouched; such preaching is akin to the power of music, and such preachers preach with the same effects and results as those with which the master and prophet of song might sing; the very thing is described to the life in the prophet Ezekiel—"Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument, for they hear thy words, but they do them not."

Let me spend a moment in saying how many venerable names there are all unknown. I have not taken you to St. Paul's Cross, that famous place where Latimer, Hooker, Hooper, Ridley, and many another eloquent tongue spoke. We do not know the wealth of the old shelves where still are to be found their remains. Here I have one, Thomas Playfere, belonging rather to the sixteenth than the seventeenth century, he was professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge; a Calvinist, I may say almost, of

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course: and he, further, was a fine type of the direct method which Puritanism fastened on men's consciences. Dr. Playfere has been called a trifler, unrivalled in an ornate and flowery style; but he is lively, and life-giving, and resembles, in many particulars, his predecessor, Henry Smith; he stood in the pulpit of the great unchancelled church of St. Paul's Cross—no rood loft, no richly-carved or gilded wood-work or screen, no paraphernalia of Popish idolatry or corruption met the eye; it realized the often-acted scene of the church-yard cross, in which the old friar was wont to deliver his single sermon, when perchance denied the pulpit of the church, but it was the whispering-gallery of the nation. Playfere was a favorite there. I think, however he may be charged with trifling, his style was one to be eminently attractive to the multitude; for such an audience, he had what would be a very striking way of repeating, reiterating, as it were reverberating, his thoughts, images, and words; notice it in the following:

THAT THE PREACHER MUST SAY WELL AND DOE WELL.

Both pastor and people must doe that themselves which they teach others to doe. That must be. First for the pastor he hath two kind of garments,—a breastplate, and an Ephod: the breastplate shewes that he must have science to teach: the Ephod shewes that he must have conscience to doe that which he teacheth. And in the very breastplate itself is written, not onely Urim, but also Thummim. Urim signifies light. Thummim signifies perfection. To proove that the pastor must not onely be the light of the world, but also the salt of the earth: not only a light of direction in his teaching, but also a patterne of perfection in his doing. For even as the snuffers of the tabernacle were made of pure golde: so preachers, which should purge and dresse, and cleare others that they may burne-out brightly, must be made of pure golde, that by doing well they may also shine themselves. Hence it is that the Priest hath out of the sacrifices for his share, the shake-breast and the right shoulder. The shake-breast puts him in minde of teaching

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well: the right shoulder puts him in minde of doing well. That great Prophet Elias is called, the horseman and the Chariot of Israel. A horseman directs the chariot, and keeps it in the right way: a chariot goes in the right way it selfe. And so a minister must not onely as a horseman direct others, and set them in the right way, but also as a chariot, he must followe a good course, and walke in the right way himself. He must be both the horseman that teacheth, and the chariot that doth, both the horseman and the chariot of Israel. Therefore he hath upon the fringes of his vesture pomgranats and bells. Many preachers are full of bells which make a great ringing and gingling, but because they have not pomgranats as well as bells, therefore all the noise that they make is but as sounding brass, or as a tinckling cymball. For the godly pastor must not onely say well, and sound out the word of the Lord to others clearly as a bell, but also he must doe well, and as a pomegranat be fruitfull himself and full of good workes. Even as the pillars of the tabernacle were made of Shittim wood, and overlaid with pure gold: so preachers (which are called in the Epistle to the Galatians the pillars of the Church) must not onely be overlaid outwardly with pure gold, teaching the word of God purely, but also they must doe as they say, and inwardly be made of Shittim woode, which never corrupteth, never rotteth, having no corruption, no rottenness in their lives. Hereupon our Lord, speaking to his Prophet saies, Lift up thy voice as a trumpet. Divers things there are which sound louder than a trumpet, The sea, the thunder, or such like. Yet he saies not, Lift up thy voice as the sea, or lift up thy voice as the thunder, but lift up thy voice as a trumpet. Because a trumpeter when he sounds his trumpet, he winds it with his mouth, and holds it up with his hands: and so a Preacher which is a spirituall trumpeter, must not onely by teaching wel, sound forth the word of life with his mouth, but also by doing well he must support it, and hold it up with his hands. And then doth he lift up his voice as a trumpet. Those mysticall beasts in Ezekiel, which S. Gregorie understandeth to be the ministers of the Church, had hands under their wings. Many preachers are full of feathers, and can soare aloft in a speculative kind of discoursing: but if

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you should search for hands under their wings, perhaps you should scarce find many times so much as halfe a hand amongst them. But the godly pastor must have not onely wings of high wisdome and knowledge, but also hands under his wings to doe that which he knoweth. For as the Prophet Malachie witnesseth, The Priests lips should keepe knowledge. He saies not, they should babble or utter knowledge to others, and have no care to keepe it themselves, but having delivered it to others, they must as well as others observe and doe it themselves. And then indeede may their lips rightly be said to keepe knowledge. For even as they which repaired the walls of Jerusalem, held a sword in one hand and wrought with the other: so Preachers which by winning souls repaire and build up the walls of the heavenly Jerusalem, must not onely hold the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God in one hand, but also they must labor with the other hand. Els they shall pull downe and destroy rather than build up. But if they doe as fast as they say, then they shall build apace, and edifie very much. Therefore Saint Paul exhorteth Timothie to shew himself a workeman, which needeth not to be ashamed, dividing the word of God aright. He must not onely be a word-man, but also a workeman. He must not onely hold a sword in one hand, to divide the word of God aright, but also labor with the other hand, and DOE his best to shewe himselfe a workeman which neede not be asham'd. And the same Apostle exhorteth the same Timothie againe, to shewe the true patterne of holsome words. Holsome words is sound teaching; the true patterne of holsome words, is well doing. So that he shewes the true patterne of holsome words, which patternes and samples his teaching by *doing*, making them both matches and paires, so that (as Marke the Eremite speaketh) a man may easily read all his sermons, and all his exhortations to others, written downe as it were, and expressed in the lines of his own life. And thus must every faithful preacher doe. He must have not only a brest-plate, but also an Ephod: he must have written in this brest-plate, not onely Urim, but also Thummim: he must be like the snuffers of the tabernacle, not onely purging others, but also made of pure gold himself: he must have for his share of the sacrifices not onely the shake-

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brest, but also the right shoulder: he must be as Elias was, not onely the horseman, but also the chariot of Israel: he must have upon the fringes of his vesture, not onely bells, but also pomgranats: he must be like the pillars of the tabernacle, not onely overlai'd outwardly with gold, but also inwardly made of Shittim woode: he must not onely lift up his voice, but also lift it up as a trumpet; he must not onely have wings, but also hands under his wings: he must not onely with his lippes utter knowledge to others, but also keepe knowledge himself: he must not only hold a sworde in one hand, but also labor with the other hand: he must not onely devide the word of God aright, but also shewe himself a workman which neede not be ashamed: he must not onely deliver holsome words, but also shewe the true patterne of holesome words, which is a godly life. The sum is this: The faithful Pastor must not onely teach well, but also DOE well. For He that both doth and teacheth, the same shal be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

Here also from the same sermon:

Beloved in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, it is a verie monstrous thing, that any man should have more tongues then hands. For God hath given us two hands, and but one tongue, that we might doe much, and say but little. Yet many say so much and doe so little, as though they had two tongues, and but one hand: nay, three tongues and never a hand. In so much as that may be aptly applied to them, which Pandulphus said to some in his time; You say much, but you doe litle: you say well, but you doe ill: againe, you doe little, but say much: you doe ill, but you say well. Such as these (which do either worse then they teach, or lesse then they teach: teaching others to doe well, and to doe much, but doing no whit themselves) may be resembled to diverse things. To a whetsone, which being blunt it selfe, makes a knife sharpe. To a painter, which beeing deformed himselfe, makes a picture faire. To a signe, which being weather-beaten and hanging without it selfe, directs passengers into the Inne. To a bell, which being deafe, and hearing not it selfe, calls the people into the Church to heare. To a nightingale, which being restles, and sitting upon a thorne her

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selfe, brings others by her singing into a sweet sleepe. To a goldsmith, which beeing beggerly and having not one peice of plate to use himselfe, hath store for others which he shewes and sels in his shoppe. Lastly, to a ridiculous actor in the citie of Smyrna, pronouncing, *ô cælum*, O heaven, pointed with his finger toward the ground; which when Polemo the chiefest man in the place sawe, he could abide to stay no longer, but went from the companie in a chafe, saying, This foole hath made a solecisme with his hand; he hath spoken false Latine with his hand. Such are all they which teach one thing, and do another: which teach well and doe ill. They are like a blunt whetstone: a deformed painter: a weather-beaten signe: a deafe bell: a restless nightingale: a beggerly goldsmith: a ridiculous actor, which pronounceth the heaven and pointeth to the earth. But he that sitteth in the heaven shall laugh all such to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision, and hisse them off from the stage. Because howsoever they have the heaven commonly at their tongues ende, yet they have the earth continually at their fingers end. So that they speak false Latine with their hand, nay that which is worse, they speake false Divinitie with their hand. Whereas we might easily avoid all such irregularitie, and make true cogruitie between the tongue and the hand, if we would make this text of Holy Scripture the rule of our whole life. For then, I assure you, we should every one of us play our parts so well, that in the ende, the tragedie of this woeful life being once finished, we should have an applause and a plaudite of the whole theatre, not onely of men and angels, but even of God himselfe, who doth always behold us.

That which has been called his trifling style, is well illustrated in the copious manner in which he gathers up images and fancies in the following passage:

Otherwise, the remembrance either of vices or vertues, is so farre from putting us any whit forward, that it casteth us backward. For as Marke the Eremite witnesseth, The remembrance of former sinnes, is enough to cast him downe altogether, who otherwise might have had some good hope. Our sinnes and Elies sonnes are alike. Elie hearing his sonnes were slaine,

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whom he himself had not chastised and corrected as hee ought, fell downe backward and brake his necke. And so all they that remember and hearken after their former sinnes, which they should have mortified and killed, fall downe backward, and turne away from God. For this is the difference betweene the godly and the wicked. Both fall, but the godly fall forward upon their faces, as Abraham did when he talked with God: the wicked fall backward upon the ground, as the Jews did when they apprehended Christ. Hee that remembers his sinnes to be sorie for them, as Abraham did, falles forward upon his face: but he that remembers his sinnes, to rejoice in them as the Jews did, falles backward upon the ground. Wherefore if thou bee upon a mountaine, look not backward again upon Sodome as Lots wife did: if thou be be within the Arke, flie not out againe into the world, as Noah's crow did: if thou bee well washed, returne not againe to the mire as the hogge doth: if thou bee cleane purged, runne not again to thy filth, as the dogge doth: if thou be going towards the land of Canaan, think not on the flesh-pottes of Egypt: if thou be marching against the hoast of Madian, drinke not of the waters of Harod: if thou be upon the house top, come not downe: if thou hath set thy hand to the plough, looke not behinde thee; remember not those vices which are behind thee. No, nor those vertues neither. For as Gregorie writeth; The remembrance of former vertues doth many times so besot and inveigle a man, that it makes him like a blinde Asse fall down into a ditch. When Orpheus went to fetch his wife Eurydice out of hell, hee had her granted to him upon condition that hee should not turn backe his eyes to looke upon her, till he had brought her into heaven. Yet having brought her forward a great way, at length his love was so excessive, that he could not containe any longer but would needes have a sight of her. Whereupon forthwith he lost both her sight and herself, shee suddenly againe vanishing away from him. This is a poeticall fiction. Nevertheless it serveth very fitly to this purpose. To admonish us, that if we have any vertue, which is to be loved as a man is to love his wife yet wee must not be so blinde in affection, as to doate too much upon it, or to fall in admiration of our selves for it, or to be alwaies gaz-

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ing and wondering at it, lest by too much looking upon it, and by too well liking of it, and by too often remembering it, wee lost it. Because indeed he that remembers his vertues, hath no vertues to remember.

Here is what would be to the audience of St. Paul's Cross a delicious piece of trifling.

NAPHTHALI, THE HIND LET LOOSE.

So that the prophecie of the Patriarke Jacob is now also fulfilled, who saith, Nepthalie shal be as a hind let loose giving goodly words. For Christ did first preach in the land of Nepthaly among the Jews. But seeing the Jews would not obey him, therefore he had turned to the Gentiles. And So Nepthalie is as a hind let loose, giving goodly words. Because Christ, who first preached in Nepthalie, is not now any longer in prison among the Jews; but, as a hind let loose, leaping by the mountaines, and skipping by the hills, so he hath run swiftly over all the world, and with his goodly words, with his gratious words, he hath persuaded Japheth aud all the Gentiles, to dwell in the tents of Shem, and to ride in the chariots of Amminadab. These chariots of Amminadab are called in Latine, *Quodrige*, because each of them is drawne with foure horses. Which very aptly befitteth the doctrine of the Gospel. For, as Calvin noteth in his Epistle before his Harmonie, God hath of set purpose ordained that the Gospel should be written by foure Evangelists, that so he might make a triumphant chariot for his sonne. Which being drawn with fowre horses, and running upon fowre wheels might quickly pass over all the earth, and so shew the glorie of the Lord, unto all his Church.

Another writer may a little hold your notice. ANTHONY MAXEY, Dean of Windsor, and apparently one of the chaplains of Charles I. In these sermons is less of strength than in Playfere's, but there is assuredly even more of tenderness. There is another, less argumentative than Playfere, not so tender and rhetorical as Maxey, but abounding in strong and vigorous and more impressive

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images, JOHN STOUGHTON, also one of the preachers before kings. A chaplain of James I., and one of the thunderers at St. Paul's Cross. There is one beginning of that thick overlaying of the old learning and allusion, which, ornamental as it looks in print, is to be guarded against or very dexterously used, lest it become only a means of rather hiding the truth, than of revealing it. None of these men were either Basils or Chrysostoms; we are not, it must be confessed, so completely captivated with the setting, as in the early fathers of Christian eloquence—their method in the pulpit is the type of multitudes. It would not profit you, only should I amuse you, if I gave the method and outline of any of the sermons of good John Stoughton, especially in *Baruch's Sore Gently Opened*, indeed it is egregiously ludicrous. Yet he was able to talk thus of

PEACE WITH CONSCIENCE.

The Bride that hath good cheere within, and good musicke, and a good Bridegroome with her, may be merrie, though the hail chance to rattle upon the tiles without upon her wedding day: though the world should rattle about his eares, a man may sit merrie that sits at the feast of good conscience: nay, the child of God, by vertue of this, in the midst of the waves of affliction, is as secure as that child, which in a shipwracke was upon a planke with his mother, till shee awaked him securely sleeping, and then with his prettie countenance sweetly smiling, and by-and-by sportingly asking a stroake to beat the naughtie waves, and at last when they continued boisterous for all that, sharply chiding them, as though they had been but his playfellowes. O the innocencie! O the comfort of peace! O the tranquillitie of a spotless mind? There is no heaven so cleere as a good conscience.

Againe, all outward blessings cannot make a man happie that hath an ill conscience, no more than warme cloath can produce heat in a dead carkasse, if you would heap never so many upon it: there is no peace to the wicked, *Aut si pax, bello pax ea deterior.* For with this, a man in his greatest fortunes, is but

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like him that is worshipt in the street with cap and knee, but as soon as he is stept within doores, is cursed and rated by a scolding wife: like him that is lodged in a bed of ivorie, covered with cloth of gold, but all his bones within are broken: like a book of Tragedies bound up in velvet, all faire without, but all blacke within, the leaves are gold, but the lines are bloud; O the racke! O the torment, O the horror of a guiltie mind! There is no hell so darke as an ill-conscience, from which no earthly thing can free a man; if hee that is bound up in a velvet suit, filletted with gold laces, were sure to escape this, I think velvet would never be cut out for patches, to hang out for signs of the tooth-ach: But is not a Crown of gold can cure the head-ach, nor a velvet slipper can ease the gout, nor al the Minstrels can make the Maid that is dead for sin rise and dance: no more can honour, or riches, or pleasure, quiet the conscience: onely the harp of *David*, the holy singer of Israel can charme this evil spirit. For the Hebrewes observe, that the letters in the name of God, are *literæ quiescentes*, letters of rest. God only is the Center, where the soul may find this rest; God only can speake peace to the conscience, and God speaks this peace only by religion which brings in the last place, peace with God.

THE GOD OF PEACE.

God is the best store-house that a man can have, the best Treasurie that a Kingdom can have: God is the best Shield of any person, and the best Safe-guard of any Nation, if God be our enemie, nothing can secure us; if God be our friend, nothing can hurt us: for when the enemie begirts a Citie round about with the straightest siege, he cannot stop the passage to Heaven, and so long as that is opened, there may come releese and succour from thence, if God be our friend, if He be in league with us. Faith is a better Enginer than *Dædalus*, and he yet made wings, with which he made an escape over the high wals, within which he was imprisoned: let *Pharaoh* be behind, the red Sea before, the mountaines on each side, the Israelites can find a way, *Restat iter cœlo, cœlo tentabimus ire*: When there is no other way to escape a danger, a Christian can goe by Heaven. Againe, when a Citie is compast round

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about with a wall that is impregnable, it will yet be open still toward Heaven, and therefore cannot bee out of danger, if God be an enemie: for all their wals and bars, God could raine fire and brimstone upon the Sodomites from Heaven. *Alexander* asked the Scythians, what they were most afraid of, thinking they would have said of himselfe, who was so victorious everie where; but they answered scoffingly, They were most afraid lest Heaven should fall upon them, meaning they feared no enemy; but we indeed need not feare anything, but this onely, lest the heaven should fall upon us, lest God should be our enemy.

WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.

For as *Heraclitus* said, If the Sun were wanting, it would be night for all the Stars; so if the light of God's countenance be wanting, if he frowne us, a man may sit in the shadow of death, for all the glister of all worldly contentments: for, I beseech you tell mee, suppose the houses were paved with pearles, and walled with diamonds, if the roofe were open to the injuries of Heaven, would those shelter you from the storms and tempests? would you chuse to bee so lodged in an hard winter? Suppose the king should set you in a Chaire of State, at a table richly furnished, royally attended, but his sword hangs over your head in a twined threed, would that honour make you merrie? would you desire to bee so feasted? Suppose God himselfe should make you this offer, crowne your heads with rose-buds, and wash your paths in butter; cloath your selves in purple, and fare deliciously everie day, take your fill of pleasures, open your mouth wide, and I will fill you with all that heart can wish of worldly things, only this *Facitum meam nunquam videbitis;* You shall never see my face: would you think you had a good offer? would you accept of the condition?

In this rich and delightful way the Puritan preacher of Aldermanbury talked, interlacing his words with a variety of recondite allusion from the Rabbins, and from the classics—in the like of Him, however, and his style.*

* A good deal of condensed information and acquaintance with

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The dawn of the Reformation was in a day when the preaching of the Romish Church was especially cold, formal, and from the lips; the words of our Reformers, and the words of awakened Protestantism, have been especially characterised by this,—*they have searched the conscience.* I might attempt to delineate the vices of the French school of pulpit eloquence, and to lay down some principles from the materials which the Puritan pulpit has handed down to us. Both have their faults; true, the French school, as far as it is represented to us by Bossuet, seems to me audaciously sinful; and here let me say, that I have no idea that my meeting with you thus, from week to week, is for the purpose of making you eloquent as that term is usually understood—that is, florid, showy, artistic and rhetorical speakers. *The work of the true preacher is the searching of the entrance into men's consciences, by the knowledge of his own.* The preaching of Bossuet is sonorous and showy sound. Versailles, in those days, in the age of Louis XIII., had a *theatre* and a *chapel*, and the spirit of the one presided over the other; alike in either place it was the acting of things which did not for a moment affect the auditors' life; produced, but never really touched, the passions. What, then, is in preaching? —Manner, matter. The French is almost exclusively attentive to manner.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we are in periods during which, in our country, we find the most eminent illustrations of pulpit earnestness, and the most remarkable illustrations of pulpit listlessness. We have every variety of strange anecdote of that time, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the close of the last century; a long period I know, but time presses. We have heard

the Pulpit of St. Paul's Cross may be found in *Sketches of the Reformation and Elizabethan Age taken from the Contemporary Pulpit.* By J. O. W. Haweis, M.A.

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of William Austin, in the reign of James I., who preached on the words, "*And Bartholomew,*" for St. Bartholomew's Day. After noticing, what is perfectly true, that the name of Bartholomew never appears in Scripture without being preceded by the copulative particle, he proceeds to dilate on the Christian duty, and benefit of mutual help, and assistance, and doctrine, which was entirely evolved from the words "*And Bartholomew.*" And the ingenious repartee with which a preacher of this order was once met is well known. Having become a candidate for some lectureship, he was required, in his turn, to exhibit his talents in the pulpit, and naturally wishing to make the most of them, he took for his text the word "*But*"; he thence deduced the lesson, that no lot is without its cross. Naaman was a mighty man of valor and honorable; *but* he was a leper. The four wicked cities were as fruitful as the garden of the Lord; *but* the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly. The inhabitants of Ai thought that they had put the Israelites to flight; *but* they wist not that there were liers-in-wait behind the city, &c., &c. When our divine returned to the vestry, he was met by the principal of the lectureship with the appropriate observation: "Sir, it was a most ingenious sermon, and we are exceedingly obliged to you for it; *but* you are not the lecturer that will do for us.

And this anecdote leads me to remark that this verbal crochetiness is very characteristic of many of even the best preachers of the reigns of James I. and Charles I.; you will remember, some of you, how this defaces the sermons even of Bishop Andrewes, and of a greater mind still, that of Dr. Donne. No doubt our preaching has somewhat improved. Echart tells us of a preacher who may be said to have a shop-keeping sort of eloquence. He told his hearers that "Christ is a treasury of all wares and commodities," and then he cried aloud, "Good people, what do you lack?

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What do you buy? Will you buy any balm of Gilead, and eye-salve? Any myrrh, aloes, or cassia? Shall I fit you with a robe of righteousness, or with a white raiment? Say, then, what is it you want? Here is a very choice armory, shall I show you a helmet of salvation, a shield or breastplate of faith? Will you please to walk in and see some precious stones? A jasper, a sapphire or a chalcedony? Speak, what do you buy? what do ye buy?" To some of our notions this is but little short of shocking. But it has been usual to give the credit of all these sins against bad taste, and therefore against good sense, to the Puritan. Robinson, in his edition of *Claude* has given a multitude of instances illustrative of the sins of the educated, and even of bishops and High-Church dignitaries. At a later period the well-known Daniel Burgess used to say: "That is the best key which fits the lock and opens the door, though it be not a silver or a gold one." In one of his sermons he told his congregation, that "if they wanted a suit for a year they might go to Mr. Doyley; if they wanted a suit for life they might go into chancery; but if they would have one to last for ever they must go to Christ Jesus, and get the robe of his righteousness to clothe them." In William's reign he said, "The reason why the people of God who descended from Jacob were called Israelites was, because God did not choose that His people should be called Jacobites." The times are full to overflowing of such stories as these.

Amazing and amusing are some of these things in my possession. I have one sermon entitled *The Royal Merchant. A Sermon preach'd at Whitehall, before the King's Majesty, at the Nuptuals of an Honourable Lord and his Lady. By Robert Wilkinson of Cambridge.* The second edition—for it passed into a second edition—bears the imprint of 1708; it is mainly a description of the bride, and the happy text taken—"She is like a merchant ship, she bringeth her goods

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from afar." Every line of it is the most delightful nonsense. A wife is to be like a ship—a merchant ship—to teach! (1.) The merchant is a profitable ship, to teach a wife in all things to endeavor her husband's profit. (2.) The merchant is a painful ship, and she must be a painful wife. (3.) He is the merchant, she the ship, she must conclude she was made for him, &c. (4.) She is like a merchant's ship, that is a friendly fellow and peaceable companion, not a man-of-war to him. Then we have the following exquisite passage :

But of the Qualities, a Woman must not have one quality of a Ship; and that is too much rigging. O! what a wonder is it to see a Ship under sail, with her Tacklings, and her Masts, and her tops and top-gallants, with her upper Decks and her Nether-decks and so bedect; with her Streamers, Flags, and Ensigns, and I know not what; yea, but a world of wonders it is to see a Woman created in God's Image, so miscreate oftentimes and deformed, with her French, her Spanish, and her foolish fashions, that he that made her, when he looks upon her shall hardly know her, with her Plumes, her Fans, and a silken Vizard; with a Ruff like a Sail; yea, a Ruff like a Rain-bow; with a Feather in her Cap, like a flag in her Top, to tell (I think) which way the Wind will blow. Isaiah made a profer, in the third of his Prophecy, to set out by enumeration the Shop of these vanities; their Bonnets, and their Bracelets. and their Tablets, their Slippers, and their Mufflers; their Vails, their Wimples, and their Crisping-pins; of some whereof if one should say to me, (as Philip sometimes said to the Eunuch) Understandest thou what thou readest? (Acts 8.) I might answer with the Eunuch again, How can I without a Guide? That is unless some Gentlewoman would comment on the Text. But Isaiah was then, and and we are now; now that fancy hath multiplied the Text of Fashions with the time, so as what was then but a Shop is now increased to a Ship of Vanities. But what saith the Scriptures? The King's Daughter is all glorious within, Psal. 45, and as Ships which are the fairest in shew, yet are not always the fittest for use; so neither are Women the more to be esteemed, but the

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more to be suspected for their fair trappings; yet we condemn not in greater Personages the use of Ornaments; yea, we teach that Silver, Silks and Gold were created, not only for the necessity, but also for Ornament of the Saints: In the practice whereof, Rebeccah, a holy Woman is noted to have received from Isaac a Holy Man, even Ear-rings, Habiliments and Bracelets of Gold, Gen 24, therefore, this is it we teach for Rules of Christian Sobriety, That if a Woman exceed neither Decency in Fashion, nor the limits of her State and Degree; and that she be proud of nothing, we see no reason but she may wear any thing.

It followeth, she is like a Ship, but what a Ship? A Ship of Merchants, no doubt, a great Commendation; for the Kingdom of Heaven is like a Merchant, Matt. 13. and Merchants have been Princes, Isa. 23, and Princes are Gods, Psal. 82. The Merchant is of all Men most laborious for his Life, the most adventurous in his Labour, and the most peaceable upon the Sea, the most profitable upon the Land; yea, the Merchant is the Combination and Union of Lands and Countries. She is like a Ship of Merchants, therefore first to be reckon'd (as ye see) among the Laity; not like a Fisherman's Boat, not like St. Peter's Ship; for Christ did call no She Apostles. Indeed it is commendable in a Woman, when she is able by her Wisdom to Instruct her Children, and to give at Opportunities good Counsel to her Husband: but when Women shall take upon them (as many have done) to build Churches and to chalk out Discipline for the Church; this is neither commendable nor tolerable: For her Hands (saith Solomon) must handle the Spindle, Ver. 19. the Spindle or the Cradle, but neither the Altar nor the Temple; for St. John commendeth even to the Elect Lady, not so much her talking as her walking in the Commandments, 2 John 5. 6. therefore to such preaching Women, it may be answered, as St. Bernard sometimes answered the Image of the Blessed Virgin at the great Church at Spire in Germany; Bernard was no sooner come into the Church, but the Image straight saluted him, and bade him, Good morrow, Bernard, whereat Bernard well knowing the Juggling of the Fryars, made answer again out of St. Paul. O (saith he) your Ladyship hath forgot yourself, It is not lawful for Women to speak in the Church.

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Assuredly, all the nonsense was not on the lips of the Nonconformist. Of course, the period to which I refer was the time when these moral essays abounded—those pretty little performances, of which it has been well said by Dr. Newman, to still and to overcome the force of the passions they are as effectual as the feathers of the Chinese thrown into the sea to quiet the storm and to drive away the devil.

I have quoted some specimens of Romanist oratory, which certainly show that prejudice had not blinded my eyes to any measure of excellence among the orators of that Church; but I could fill a volume with specimens of nasty sermons, nonsense sermons, and vulgar sermons, from the lips and pens both of Popish and Church-of-England orators. After such specimens as these, who shall ridicule the preaching of the so-called Puritan carpenters or cobblers. Things come round, for the very sermons so ridiculed, were frequently preached by those who ridiculed them. "Odd fate," exclaims Robinson, "of a Puritanical sermon,—studied in a jail, preached under a hedge, printed in a garret, sold at a pedlar's stall, bought by a priest's footman, uttered from a pulpit in a Cathedral, applauded by a bishop, and ordered to the press by a procession of gentry."

A mode of treatment of Scripture truth more unlike our now ordinary method, than that adopted by some of these men, it is impossible to conceive. How different to Keil and Delitzsch, to Lange, Olshausen, Ebrard, Ewald, or Hengstenberg? These old men dealt with Scripture in altogether another fashion. When they sat down to the Bible they never said, "What do you here? Who sent you? Whence came you? How do you prove yourself?" There were not many of them even who said, "What is the meaning of you?" They accepted all that as understood from the commencement; they said to the Bible, or the

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part of it to which they addressed themselves, "You are here and I am here; comfort me, help me, talk to me, be wisdom to me, light to me, treat me tenderly, guide me truly." They submitted themselves to the Bible with a simplicity and earnestness which, to most of our modern divines, would seem the most helpless and hopeless imbecility. Do we mean by this to give altogether our admiration and adhesion to the method of the old Puritan commentators? No. We are thankful to the modern men for much; but, assuredly, the things we cannot press out of them are—comfort, refreshment, and sweetness. Where is there one of whom that can be said, which Mr. Grosart says of Richard Bernard's *Ruth*?—"As you read, you feel refreshed as with the blowing of bean-blossom-scented breezes in your evening walk; you fancy its author has a gentle spirit, living apart from the crowd in cloistered piety; the pastor of some small rural flock bringing the odor of kine and grass into some antique village church." Again, he speaks of him, and of another of his works—"As full of wit, wisdom, penetration, and ineffable touches, as the tints in seashells, or the cups in flowers." We shall look a rare long time among modern theologians of the scholastic or expository, critical or exegetical order, before we meet with any likeness to things so sweetly, so simply, and delightfully natural. We have no doubt that, comparing the two orders of men together in breadth of thought, perhaps in the quality of pure thought, the moderns have an advantage over their fathers; of criticism, of course, in our sense of the word, most of these fathers were entirely ignorant—though even in this department we would back *Owen on the Hebrews* against any of the innumerable efforts of modern times to dig into the depths or scale the heights of that stupendous epistle; and we still remember with homage the immense labors of Lightfoot and Pocock; they excelled in that which seems to be so much passed over, forgotten,

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unknown, or unappreciated among modern theologists; whether from the pulpit, the professor's chair, or the press; these ancient men were tender and emotional, experimental. The probability is, if a man assay that now a-days, he sprawls over into the most deplorable stupidity, or, with the most perfect *sang froid*, he offers you a glass of the most watery milk and water. The old commentators were human, thoughtful, perfectly serious in their apprehension of life and the life to come; they were profoundly experimental, and even now they better read the human states of some of us than the men who are living in our midst.

Their diffuseness was immense; to us, if our convenience did not permit us to skip huge gulfs, they would most of them be frequently tedious. If it be true, as Guibert De Nogent says, "A tedious sermon only causes anger, what was good in it is forgotten, and men go away feeling only aversion," then we think the auditors of those times must have often gone away angry. It must be admitted that about many of them there is a great sameness; but they are rich in illustration and in feeling. Many of them could scarcely ever have laid down their pen; they must have been always in the study, they carried the study perpetually with them, they communed with their own heart. It is probable the night-lamp continued trimmed to a late hour, "outwatching *The Bear;*" it is still more probable that they were up at an early hour. One wonders how their works contrived to find a sale sufficient to pay the printer—of more than this they were usually careless. Conceits and fancies fastened themselves like burrs upon them, and led them to all sorts of even whimsical, spiritual, allegorical interpretations, like Richard Bernard's description of the marshalling the subjects of the proceedings in Manshire:

Sin is the Thief and Robber; he stealeth our graces, spoileth us of every blessing, utterly undoeth us, and maketh miserable both body and soul. He is a murderer; spares no person, sex,

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or age; a strong thief: no human power can bind him; a subtle thief: he beguiled Adam, David, yea, even Paul. The only watchman to spy him out is Godly-Jealousy. His resort is in Soul's Town, lodging in the heart. Sin is to be sought in the by-lanes, and in Sense, Thought, Word, and Deed Streets. The hue and cry is after fellows called Outside, who nod or sleep at Church, and, if awake, have their mind wandering: Sir Worldly Wise, a self-conceited earthworm; Sir Lukewarm, a Jack-on both-sides; Sir Plausible Civil; Master Machiavel; a licentious fellow named Libertine; a snappish fellow, one Scrupulosity; and one babbling Babylonian; these conceal the villain Sin. To escape, he pretends to be an honest man; calls vices by virtuous names; his relations, Ignorance, Error, Opinion, Idolatry, Subtility, Custom, Forefathers, Sir Power, Sir Sampler, Sir Must-do, Sir Silly, Vain Hope, Presumption, Wilful, and Saint-like, all shelter and hide him. The Justice, Lord Jesus, issues his warrant—God's Word—to the Constable, Mr. Illuminated Understanding, dwelling in Regeneration, aided by his wife, Grace; his sons, Will and Obedience, and his daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity; with his men Humility and Self-denial, and his maids Temperance and Patience. Having got his warrant, he calls to aid his next neighbor, Godly Sorrow, with his seven sons, Care, Clearing, Indignation, Fear, Vehement Desire, Zeal, and Revenge: these are capable of apprehending the sturdiest thief. He goes to the common inn, an harlot's house called Mistress Heart, a receptacle for all villains and thieves, no dishonest person being denied houseroom. Mistress Heart married her own father, an Old-man, keeping rest night and day, to prevent any godly motion from lodging there. The house has five doors, Hearing, Seeing, Tasting, Smelling, and Feeling. Eleven maids, impudent harlots, wait upon the guests, Love, Hatred, Desire, Detestation, Vain-hope, Despair, Fear, Audacity, Joy, Sorrow, and Anger, and a man-servant Will. The Dishes are the lusts of the flesh, served in the platter of pleasure; the lust of the eyes, in the plate of profit; and the pride of life. The drink is the pleasure of sin; their bedroom is natural corruption. "In this room lieth Mistress Heart, all her maids, her man, and all her guests together, like wild Irish." The bed is Impenitency,

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and the coverings Carnal Security; when the Constable enters, he attacks them all with "apprehension of God's wrath," and carries them before the Judge, who examines the prisoners, and imprisons them until the assizes, in the custody of the jailor New Man. "If any prisoner breaks out, the sheriff—Religion—must bear the blame: saying, This is your religion, is it?" The keepers and fetters, as vows, fasting, prayer, &c., are described with the prison.

Or, as in another like description of the trial of the prisoner, and judgment without appeal:

The commission is conscience; the circuit, the Soul: the council for the king are Divine Reason and Quick-sightedness; the clerk, Memory; the witness, Godly Sorrow; the Grand Jury, Holy Men, the inspired authors: the traverse jury, Faith, Love of God, Fear of God, Charity, Sincerity, Unity, Patience, Innocency, Chastity, Equity, Verity, and Contentation; all these are challenges by the prisoners who would be tried by Nature, Doubting, Careless, etc., all freeholders of great means. This the Judge overrules; Old-man is put on his trial first, and David, Job, Isaiah, and Paul, are witnesses against him. He pleads, "There is no such thing as Original Corruption: Pelagius, a learned man, and all those now that are called Anabaptists, have hitherto, and yet do maintain that sin cometh by imitation, and not by inbred pravity. Good my lord, cast not away so old a man, for I am at this day 5,569 years old." He is found guilty, and his sentence is: "Thou shalt be carried back to the place of execution, and there be cast off, with all thy deeds, and all thy members daily mortified and crucified, with all thy lusts, of every one that hath truly put on Christ." Mistress Heart is then tried, Moses (Gen. viii., 21), Jeremiah (xvii., 9), Ezekiel (xi., 19), Matthew (xii., 34), and others give evidence, and she is convicted, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment under the jailor, New Man. All the rest of the prisoners are tried.

Some of my hearers will say, Precisely so, it is the spirit of fancy and conceit; these "quirks and quiddities" of speech, with which these men abound, are not pleasant to

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us. To which we may also reply, Where such characteristics are, this nimbleness of pregnant fancy brings many other better things with it; it is like the light or the rain—valuable, not only for what they are in themselves, but for what they open in others. We like such words as the following, quoted by Mr. Grosart from Samuel Torshell, in which he so happily sketches the humble rustic believer. He says:

There lies a great deal of wealth in some obscure and neglected Christians. They do not more ordinarily tread upon and walk over the unknown veins of gold in America, than many supercilious and conceited professors do pass by and neglect golden and very precious spirits. One would not think what dexterity in the Scriptures, what judgment in controversies, what ability to settle and comfort a disturbed conscience, what fervency and expressions in prayer, what acquaintance with God and His providence, what strength of faith, what patience, meekness, moderation, contentedness, heavenly-mindedness, and what not, may be now and then found out and discovered in plain people, men and women that wear plain clothes, that have plain carriage and plain speech. And besides, there may haply be more where grace is expected than we look for; more in a saint than a bare sentence or action will or can express. The golden vein is broader and thicker than sometimes we guess it to be. How then is the necessary use of wisdom to be able to see further than the russet? Not to be cozened with reverend beards and grave furs, and demure countenances (like the councillors to the Muscovian that I spake of in my *Hypocrite*), as if graces and gifts dwelt only at those signs. And when we find a vein, there must be skill to dig it. Oh! how did the old patriarchs remove their habitations for the benefit of water-springs! how did they rejoice when they found a well; and we, when we have met with these "wells of living water," how shall we fetch it up! (Proverbs xx., 5).

The reading of these men was peculiar, it was a reading we have learned to despise. They were not great in novels,

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and compendious notes, and treatises of philosophy; these were few then; indeed, modern philosophy had scarcely left her kingdom of Egyptian night of the dark ages to set forth upon her pilgrimage to the promised land. We read a hundred books to their one; but for the weight of real learning, we have in general, perhaps, the proportion of a grain to a hundredweight. They were thoroughly well-bottomed men, they turned over the fathers with infinite delight. Dear to them *Gregory the Great on Job;* dear to them *Augustine on the Psalms;* and words and works such as these became index fingers to them of matters they were to make their own by experience. They put us in mind of that solitary of the desert, who came into the city of Alexandria and carried back with him a single text of Scripture, refusing afterwards to learn another because he could never fully practise the first. We find fault with them because they found a whole body of theology, a perfect universe, in a text; and yet, perhaps, they were more reasonable than we are, for as the whole firmament is held in a drop of rain or dew, and all the forces of nature may be held in solution in a single grain, so it does not seem unreasonable that even a single portion of the Book of God should contain the whole of the Book of God; and it was a characteristic of most of these commentators that they liked to find and to dwell upon texts which were to them little, but comprehensive Gospels, the self-contained chapters and portions of the Book of God, and every text was a kind of geometrical staircase, and stood self-poised and balanced. Many of these men can never be sufficiently loved, their lives were the salt of our English earth, their ashes and memories give a sanctity of memory to many an out-of-the-way village church or tabernacle, and their words, while we receive with thankfulness the thoughtful criticism of modern times, possess a searching and sustaining grace and vigor which thought and criticism alone can never bestow.

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A notice of these men, their Commentaries and Sermons, would be quite incomplete if it did not include a reference to the great and bulky books of CHRISTOPHER NESS* and JOHN TRAPP;† the estimates formed of these seem also, for the most part, the character of THOMAS GOUGE, of EDWARD ELTON, of ELNATHAN PARR, of MICHAEL JERMIN, of WILLIAM COWPER, of DANIEL ROGERS, and innumerable authors besides; amongst whom, it must be confessed, there is considerable sameness of doctrine, remark, and style; among them, perhaps, Trapp may be regarded as chief, more desultory than many, less critical, more amusing and illustrative, but very substantially the same. Trapp was no commentator to please the men of the modern critical school, or nice, over-refining and fastidious tastes. A great deal that he said will bear perhaps no sort of close scrutiny; he set down every thing as it came to his nimble and wondrously-furnished memory, and rapid glancing mind; of all the spiritualizing old commentators he is the chief. Matthew Henry has a flowing and felicitous style; he is often quaint, never coarse, every word may be read in the family; what he knew and had read never appears, he always keeps such a highway of speech that the most illiterate can apprehend him; he must have known Trapp's book well. Their method is very similar, and both dealt with Scripture exactly as Augustine and Gregory the Great have set to all times the example. We do not mean, of course, to compare in weight or worth our two dear commentators with the grand and immortally-beloved bishops of Hippo

* *A Complete History and Mystery of the Old and New Testaments, Logically Discussed and Theologically Improved, etc., etc.* 4 vols., folio. 1690.

† *A Commentary or Exposition upon the Whole Bible.* By John Trapp, M.A., once of Christ's Church, Oxford, now of Weston-upon-Avon, in Gloucestershire, 1650–1660. 5 vols., folio. Now in course of reprint by R. D. Dickenson, London.

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and Rome. But they all treated the words of Scripture in a manner which seems now to be impossible. Every remotest thread of the fringe of sacred speech was to those men penetrated with divine aromas of fragrances, like "the oil that went down to the beard, even Aaron's beard, unto the skirts of his garments," so spiritual power and meaning pulsed along every syllable of the Holy Book. They could not read a text without saying, "Surely God is in this place." All the words, too, panted and were alive with spiritual meanings—Christ must be everywhere. They constantly heard him saying, in all the texts of the old Book, "They testify of Me." This is Trapp's method. A good deal of modern criticism and commentary results in a beautifully adroit success in lowering to the reader's mind the whole tone and intention, exclusiveness and spirituality of the Book. There is a great deal of nonsense in Trapp; we are often compelled to smile, and something more, perhaps, but we do not hesitate to say that his nonsense is always innocent, and we would rather have it than a great deal that passes for modern critical refinement and sense. The things in his pages which are most far-fetched and amusing are delightful compared with some of the dreary dissertations, the occult, critical sagacities and impersonal etymological abstractions in which some modern minds cut themselves adrift from all the moorings of sense. His reading must have been extraordinary, he lays it all under contribution; we have no commentary at all approaching it in its multiplicity and variety of reference and suggestion. The Fathers, the Greek and Latin poets, historians, and philosophers, the chroniclers of our own country, all yield him admirable illustrations; he who read no book but Trapp, translating, referring to, and verifying, all the authors he quotes, could only be a learned man. Then he is quaint and witty, and then he holds all in a solution of rich unction and tenderness. His work abounds with anecdote,

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and while there is much in so large a work with which we might dispense, so that I have often thought it might be well condensed for family reading, yet I am compelled to feel that for ministers and teachers who desire to be masters of assemblies, no commentary is so rich and useful. He does not refine either in learning or thought, he teems with corresponding texts whatever passage he expounds. His knowledge of Scripture must have been, so to speak, infinite; he explains a text, and, in doing so, refers you to some out-of-the-way text, or Scripture illustration, which has most likely escaped your notice, and thus often guides you to a whole chain of illustration. Certainly William Orme's criticism, in his *Bibliotheca Biblia*, partakes only of his often ungenerous, and always cold criticism, when he says that "Trapp was a man of some vigor of mind, but his language is often exceedingly quaint and uncouth."

A large volume would not suffice to trace the characteristics, and even slightly to illustrate the various features of, the pulpit of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Yet I should like to mention some names, not often heard now, names of men whose works are few and rare, and not very likely to be reprinted: some of these are associated with a rare amount of learning, of piety, of calm thought, and still more frequently with the excursions of a most lively fancy. Turn to the shelves of the Puritan divines—those massive, square, closely-printed volumes, those stately folios—they were all spoken in churches before the great parties came to their defiant struggle, and the madness of that imbecile, old, frantic Laud tore the Church in twain; or churches in villages and in towns, while the strife was raging, and the Independents and Presbyterians were renewing the contest, which had been between freedom and episcopacy; or, perhaps, in lonely village chapels and conventicles, in the poor meeting-house, retreating into the lonely lane from the sneer of the satirist, or the warrant of

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the magistrate. Let me mention a few whose names and works will be light, and help, and aid, if you place them within reach in your study. There were men to whom, I confess, I have an attachment of heart—the Puritan mystics; especially GEORGE SIKES, the friend and biographer of Sir Harry Vane,* and his friend, PETER STERRY, whose work on "The Freedom of the Will," and his rare and highly prized "Rise, Race, and Royalty of the Kingdom of God in the Soul of Man in the Gospel," and his posthumous work "On the Appearance of God to Man," refract and glow with broken and mystical splendors in every syllable, disorderly and incoherent as they are. More to the level of ordinary apprehension is JOHN EVERARD* of Kensington; and to those who care to enter upon the treasures of mystical divinity, this volume, as well as those mentioned before, is a perfect exchequer of divine wealth and suggestion; and not at all inaptly does he illustrate a large religious philosophy of his time, and the mode in which the letter of the word was made to give up unexpected stores to the patient seeker. An instance of this occurs in his mode of expounding Joshua xv. 15, 16, 17:

THE SMITING OF KIRJATH-SEPHER.

But to all this I reduce only *this part* of this chapter now read, to unfold and *interpret* all this: And for the present I have made *choice* of these two verses, to give light to that *whole* chapter; and that chapter is the exposition of this, as I before said: O, how like is my text, and every part thereof, to those new washed sheep! Cant. iv., 2, *Every word beareth twins, and there is none barren among them.*

Of which two verses, I shall say, *as Abigail said of Nabal*, when David came to destroy him,

* *Evangelical Essays towards the Discovery of a Gospel State.* By George Sikes, 1666. *An Exposition of Ecclesiastes, or, The Preacher*, First printed, 1680.

**Some Gospel Treasuries Opened, or the Holiest of all Unvailing*, &c., &c. By John Everard, D.D. 1653.

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Regard not this son of Belial, and let not my Lord be angry, Nabal is his name, and so is he: So I may say of this text, *as their names are, so are they.*

Here is Kiriath-sepher, and Caleb, and Othniel, and Achsah. We will see what *secrets and mysteries* the Holy Spirit hath couched under these vails: For as they are in Hebrew, they express nothing to us; but read them in English, and take off their vail, and you may see *what honey will come out of the mouth of the eater*, and out of the *strong sweetness.*

What, then, is Kiriath-sepher? In Hebrew it signifies *the City of the Book, or the City of the Letter.*

We will first interpret them to you into English, and then we shall come to show you *what* they are to every one of us; for it is the office of the ministers of the New Testament, to strive to *take off the vail*, that every one may see his *own face* in the Scriptures.

In the next place, what is Achsah? In Hebrew it signifies, *the rending of the vail.*

And then what signifies Caleb? In the Hebrew it is as much as to say, *My heart, or a perfect heart, or a good heart.*

And what, then, is Othniel? In the Hebrew it is, *God's good time*, or the *Lord's fit opportunity.*

I have, beloved, as yet read it to you but in Hebrew: And then it runs as it is written, and Caleb said, *Whosoever smiteth the city Kiriath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah my daughter to wife; and Othniel, the son of Kenaz, the brother of Caleb, took it, and he gave unto him Achsah his daughter to wife*, and so on. But in English it is to be read thus: And my heart said, or a good heart said, that whosoever smiteth and taketh the City of the Letter, to him will I give the tearing or rending of the vail; And Othniel took it, as being God's fit time or opportunity, and he married Achsah; that is, enjoyed the rending of the vail, and thereby had the blessing possessed by Achsah, by the vail being rent, both the upper springs, and the nether springs. To him that obtains *this rending* of the vail, to him shall be given the mysteries of the kingdom of God; he possesses *full content*, heaven and all happiness, and whatever *his heart can wish for*, as we shall show hereafter, if God permit.

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The smiting of this Kiriath-sepher is the smiting of the Letter; we must strike this Letter, this Scripture, and take it, and then we shall have *bonas*, the gift, or reward; there is no getting of Achsah to wife without the smiting of this Kiriath-sepher, and *taking it;* you yourselves must be the Othniels, but it must be a Caleb, a good heart, that must make proclamation in you, encourage and put you on to this work; you must know this, Self can never smite this Letter. If you smite it for *your own ends*—for your own carnal advantages, or for your own liberty—there is enough would so smite the Letter, as St. Paul saith, to *abuse* their liberty by Jesus Christ, to the satisfying of the flesh—this is nothing but the Devil's and Satan's smiting and taking the Letter: *for flesh and the old man* wished there were no law to rule and bridle it: this is not Othniel's, nor a Caleb's smiting and taking; but this is ourselves—this is not to strike it in *Christ's name*, but in our own names, and then we shall never marry Achsah.

He that rightly strikes the City of the Letter, *shall have Achsah to wife:* observe hence—

That we may have the Scriptures, and yet not marry Achsah; we may be very conversant with, and daily use the Scriptures, and yet never marry Achsah, never possess the *rending of the vail.* Oh, brethren! know this for certain, we may be bred and born with the Scriptures, live and die with the Scriptures, rise and go to bed with the Scriptures, eat and drink with the Scriptures; they may be always *in our hands* and always in use: insomuch that we may be able to *give account* of the whole Bible by heart, and yet not marry Achsah, and yet this *rock* yield no water to quench our thirst, and all because we read them as a history, as things done long ago without us, and not at present doing in us.

Let us labor to *preserve* the Letter of the Word *whole, entire* and *untouched;* but the Letter is said to kill, not that it doth so in *its own nature*, but *per accidens:* it is so to him who looks no farther than the Letter, we make it so to *ourselves*, a *killing Letter.*

As if, suppose I should give you a cogal, or an oyster, and I should tell you, Take this, for therein is precious meat to sustain

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and nourish you. Now if you take this and keep it by you and never crack the shell, that so you may come at the meat and the virtue that is in it; I may say now, the shell kills you, for if you only look on the shells, and lie watching the outside only, will this nourish, will this give life? Certainly no; but if you crack it, and open it, and *eat the meat*, this will nourish: yet I may justly and truly say, this cogal, or these oysters kill you, because you depend upon that which will starve and undo you, but the *meat*, that gives life, so in the same sense is it spoken concerning the Word. *The Letter kills, but the Spirit gives life.* If you be always *handling* the Letter of the Word, always *chewing upon* that, what great things do you? No marvel you are such starvelings; no marvel you thrive not; no marvel you are such *monsters*, always children, and never come to any growth; no marvel you *go not on to* perfection; what do you more then every carnal man may do? what do you more than hypocrites? *Do not hypocrites the same?* Nay, do not the devil the same? For he knows the Letter exactly, and he can discourse excellently thereof, *far beyond* the learnedest Rabby in the world; but I say then, if you rest only in the *Letter*, that kills, except this *Letter* be crackt, except this city, Kiriath-sepher, be smitten and taken, ye cannot come at the kernel, ye cannot have Achsah Caleb's daughter.

Though the Letter contain in it life and nourishment, as the oyster-shell doth the oyster, and as the shell of the cogal doth the meat; and ye cannot have the oyster without the shell, yet you see you cannot have the meat neither, without you crack and break the shell.

This was a singular method of exposition; the style of Peter Sterry was more suggestive, rich, and magnificent, literally his pages shine like the dewy spangles of the hedges upon a bright summer morning, they are glowing with a mystical gold and glory. Alas! how many names for the present I leave unmentioned, the ages to which this Lecture refers were the ages of Hooker, and Milton, and Barrow, and Taylor, the age of the Field of Cloth of Gold of our language and literature.

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Every man's mind, as we shall see by-and-by, makes its own style; I do not commend this style to you, but true stateliness is strength, and even the most popular style gains by that tone supplied by Hooker and Milton. I cannot conceive either of these vast men as orators, their works had no *nimbleness*, they move like the sails of vast ships and fleets, not like the wings of birds; this is not the impression the pulpit is to convey, the preacher is to attack, to be busy with scaling ladders, to use the arrows of choice words, these men rather blow the trumpet, and parley and cry aloud for a truce while one matter is being debated.

Beloved names crowd on names. I find it good to pronounce them, but I cannot tythe the shelves that give wealth to language, and speech, and thought. I can say nothing of THOMAS WATSON; of THOMAS BROOKS; of NEHEMIAH ROGERS, the author of *The Fast Friend, The Figless Fig Tree*, and other such pieces; of OBADIAH SEDGWICK, a master of wit and tenderness, especially in his beautiful piece, *The Shepherd of Israel*; and GODFREY GOODMAN, the quaint author of *The Fall of Man*. Their faults are not so much the want of clear arrangement, as of mere verbal and desultory observation, a lively fancy led them too often to the mere remarking about a word or a text rather than a protracted inquiry into the scope and relations of it; from this vice Willet and Sclater, Jacomb and the Goodwins, and Manton, are very greatly free, but of all of them and of these also it may be said for the most part they broke their treatment of subjects and texts too much into heads; we read them with love, and with use, but still are often compelled to think as we read, of Herder's definition of a sermon, "An animal, with an emaciated body, stretching out two heads one after the other, displaying two or three teeth, and dragging after it a four, three, or two-fold tail, which feebly wags." Emaciated bodies these sermons can scarcely be said to possess, but they were wanting in that

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architecture in the laying of the bricks of the building, likely to impose and to command success.

Nothing is more remarkable than that, while the writings of Taylor, and South, and Barrow, should have received the honor of incessant commendation and quotation, the writings of Thomas Adams and Brooks and Watson should be almost unknown, it cannot be the faults of their style, they exist in even a larger degree in Jeremy Taylor, it cannot be their inattention to the principles of *ne quid nimis*, the presence of superfluities, that was a fault of their age, there is scarce an exception to the sin of superfluity in any of those whole pages upon which the fame of these men has floated. Their wealth is overflowing, their language and their ideas and illustrations roll in waves upon our mind. There is the wit and pungency with no unhallowed and servile coarseness, and there is the richness of learning, and majesty, variety, and beauty of style, with tender, imaginative pathos.

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Pulpit Monographs.

IV.—Puritan Adams.

THOMAS ADAMS has been called the Shakspeare of the Puritans. In no sense does this convey any idea of the place he occupies; but perhaps he was the Herbert—the George Herbert—of the pulpit. There is scarcely a name the age to which he belonged has preserved which is so surrounded by an atmosphere of oblivion as his. He is now to us a voice out of a cloud—at best a shade, and nothing more: "no man knoweth his sepulchre;" there is no likeness of him; nothing is known of his parentage; nothing can be gathered of his life, or his manner of life; over his grave "the inquity of oblivion," as Sir Thomas Browne would say, "has blindly scattered her poppy." He is, doubtless, found in the register of God; but all about him, if we may trust the industry of those who have sought to perpetuate his works, has passed from the record of man. Our folio edition of his collected works bears the imprint of the year 1629. He was alive in the year 1658, when the two sermons were published included in Dr. Angus's edition. He can be traced from pulpit to pulpit, but this is all that can be gathered of him. In 1612 he was preacher of the

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Gospel at Willington, in Bedfordshire; in 1614 he was at Wingrave, in Buckinghamshire; in 1618 he held the preachership of St. Gregory's, under St. Paul's Cathedral, and was "observant chaplain" to Sir Henry Montague, the Lord Chief Justice of England; in 1629 he published the folio collection of his works, now reprinted; in 1633 he published the well-known Commentary on the Second Epistle of Peter; then he vanishes from sight. Hints there are of his being sequestrated during the period of the Revolution and Protectorate—possible, even probable. In 1653 he was living in a "decrepit and necessitous old age," and most likely died before the period of the Restoration. Through what an eventful period he lived we have seen; through what changes of events and princes. His sermons have all the marks of the transition age; they have all the mannerisms of the Puritan theology; while in his ideas of government he had all the traces of absolute Toryism. Like most of the Low Church party of the present day, he held no doubt to Puritanism in doctrine, and Whitgiftism in Prelacy, rubric and general Church symbolism. Hence, he not only indulges in ample eulogy upon Queen Elizabeth and her thrice blessed memory, but floats with almost all the preachers and writers of his age in flattering homage to James, and to the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Puritan Adams, no doubt, suffered by being what he must have been, a popular preacher. Had Hooker been under the necessity of delivering his *Ecclesiastical Polity* in discourses at St. Paul's Cross, had George Herbert been a city preacher, or Sir Thomas Browne one of the divines of his day, in no instance should we have had the rich, and rare, and peculiar gems they have contributed to our language. Adams is very popular, but his style is often very rugged. He speaks to the populace, and his fancies and conceits, his anagrams and conundrums of speech, are frequently a

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snare to him throughout his discourses. He is usually rather pretty than powerful. Instances of bad taste are abundant in his writings; are they not also said to be abundant in the writings of men of his times, far greater than he? Moreover, he was a preacher of an extinct order; for sermons on manners have now gone quite out of date, and his were such. In the pulpit he portrayed character; we cannot say after the manner of Bishop Earle, and Overbury, and Butler, since he preceded these writers. Thus, the portrait of *the inconstant and unstable man*, like many another such a sketch, justifies this remark:

He would be a Proteus too, and vary kinds. The reflection of every man's views melts him; whereof he is as soon glutted. As he is a noun, he is only an adjective, depending on every novel persuasion; as a verb he knows only the present tense. To-day he goes to the quay to be shipped for Rome, but before the tides come, his tide is turned. One party thinks him theirs; the adverse theirs; he is with both—with neither; not an hour with himself. Because the birds and beasts be at controversy, he will be a bat, and get him both wings and teeth. He would come to heaven but for his halting. Two opinions (like two watermen) almost pull him apieces, when he resolves to put his judgment into a boat, and go somewhither; presently he steps back, and goes with neither. It is a wonder if his affections, being but a little lukewarm water, do not make his religion stomach-sick. Indifference is his ballast, and opinion his sail; he resolves not to resolve. He knows not what he doth hold. He opens his mind to receive notions, as one opens his palm to take a handful of water: he hath very much, if he could hold it. He is sure to die, but not what religion to die in! he demurs like a posed lawyer, as if delay could remove some impediments. He knows not whether he should say his Paternoster in Latin or English; and so leaves it, and his prayers, unsaid. He makes himself ready for an appointed feast; by the way he hears of a sermon; he turns thitherward, and yet, betwixt the church-gate and the church-door, he thinks of business and retires home again. He

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receives many judgments, retains none: embracing so many faiths that he is little better than an infidel. . . . He loathes manna, after two days' feeding, and is almost weary of the sun for perpetual shining. If the Temple pavement ever be worn with his visitant feet, he will run far to a new teacher. . . . His best dwelling would be his confined chamber, where he would trouble nothing but his pillow. He is full of business at church, a stranger at home, a sceptic abroad, an observer in the street, everywhere a fool.

But while he performed this task well, it required a loose and rapid manner and tongue to give effect to the delineations. He draws with a bold hand the pictures of the manners of the times. Indeed, it is impossible to read Adams attentively without feeling that the writers whose names we have just mentioned, not only knew, but felt themselves beneath the influence of his portraitures. He is, perhaps, rather a divine moralist than a theologian. He follows no thought out in the spirit of Aquinas and the schools, or even in the spirit and manner of St. Augustine. He is a man of quick impulses, and often seems to be mastered by words and forms. He never ventures into the region of abstract thought; is never tormented by the causes of things. He is a preacher, and as such he holds up the mirror to his hearers. He is never far from them in heights or in depths. There is often a cheerful, easy garrulity about him. He preached in stirring times, and he knew how easily to turn the popular feelings by hints, and reference to the political events of the day. He lived and preached in the day of the gunpowder plot; preaching from the text, "Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads," he exclaimed, "They love fire still: they were then for fagots, they are now for powder. If these be Catholics, there are no cannibals." The point of many of his allusions lay in the memory, and therefore in the ready sympathy of the people.

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Of illustrative aphoristic words the reader may take the following:

A beast hath one kind of eye, a natural man two, a Christian three. The beast hath an eye of sense; the natural man of sense and reason; the Christian of sense, of reason, and faith.

To want the eyes of angels is far worse than to want the eyes of beasts.

Riches are called *bona fortuna*, the goods of fortune; not that they come by chance, but that it is a chance if they ever be good.

Philip was wont to say, that an ass laden with gold would enter the gates of any city; but the golden load of bribes and extortions shall bar a man out of the city of God. All that is to follow is like quicksilver; it will be running.

Not seldom a russet coat shrouds as high a heart as a silken garment. You shall have a paltry cottage send up more black smoke than a goodly manor. It is not, therefore, wealth, but vice, that excludes men out of heaven.

There are some that "kiss their own hands" (Job xxxi. 12) for every good turn that befalls them. God giveth them blessings, and their own wit or strength hath the praise.

It is usual with God, when he hath done beating his children, to throw the rod into the fire. Babylon a long time shall be the Lord's hammer to bruise the nations, at last itself shall be bruised. Judas did an act that redounds to God's eternal honor and our blessed salvation, yet was his wages the gallows. All these hammers, axes, rods, saws, swords, instruments, when they have done those offices they *never* meant, shall, for those they *have* meant, be thrown to confusion.

The five senses are the *Cinque Ports*, where all the great traffic of the devil is taken in.

When the heart is a good secretary, the tongue is a good pen; but when the heart is a hollow bell, the tongue is a loud and lewd clapper. Those undefiled virgins admitted to follow the Lamb have this praise, "In their mouth was found no guile."

Ask a woman who hath conceived a child in her womb will it be a son? Peradventure so! Will it be well-formed and featured? Peradventure so? Will it be wise? Peradventure so!

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Will it be rich? Peradventure so! Will it be long-lived? Peradventure so! Will it be mortal? Yes, this is without peradventure, it will die!

The following passage upon the almost casual expression in 2 Peter i. 17—"*Such a Voice*"—well illustrates how a word caught him, and often carried him away upon a stream of learned and gorgeous fancy and discourse:

"SUCH A VOICE."

Tully commends voices: Socrates' for sweetness; Lysias' for subtlety; Hyperides' for sharpness; Æschines' for shrillness; Demosthenes' for powerfulness; gravity in Africanus; smoothness in Lœlius—rare voices! In holy writ we admire a sanctified boldness in Peter; profoundness in Paul; loftiness in John; vehemency in him and his brother James, those two sons of thunder; fervency in Simon the zealous. Among ecclesiastical writers, we admire weight in Tertullian; a gracious composure of well-mattered words in Lactantius; a flowing speech in Cyprian; a familiar stateliness in Chrysostom; a conscionable delight in Bernard; and all these graces in good Saint Augustine. Some construed the Scriptures allegorically, as Origen; some literally as Jerome; some morally, as Gregory; others pathetically, as Chrysostom; others dogmatically as Augustine. The new writers have their several voices: Peter Martyr, copiously judicious; Zanchius, judiciously copious. Luther wrote with a coal on the walls of his chamber: *Res et verba Philippus; res sine verbis Lutherus; verba, sine re Erasmus: nec res nec verba Carlostadius.* Melancthon had both style and matter; Luther matter without style; Erasmus style without matter; Carlsdat, neither the one nor the other. Calvin was behind none, not the best of them, for a sweet dilucidation of the Scriptures, and urging of solid arguments against the Anti-Christians. One is happy in expounding the words; another in delivering the matter; a third for cases of conscience; a fourth to determine the school doubts. But now put all these together: a hundred Peters and Pauls; a thousand Bernards and Augustines; a million of Calvins and Melancthons. Let

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not their voices be once named with this voice: they all spake as children. *This* is the voice of the *Ancient of Days.*

Thus he rang the changes very effectively on a word as in

DUST.

Dust, the matter of our substance, the house of our souls, the original grains whereof we were made, the top of all our kindred. The glory of the strongest man, the beauty of the fairest woman, all is but dust. *Dust*, the only compounder of differences, the absolver of all distinctions. Who can say which was the client, which the lawyer; which the borrower, which the lender; which the captive, which the conqueror, when they all lie together in blended *dust?*

Dust; not marble nor porphyry, gold nor precious stone, was the matter of our bodies, but earth, and the fractions of the earth, *dust*. *Dust*, the sport of the wind, the very slave of the besom. This is the pit from whence we are digged, and this is the pit to which we shall be resolved. "*Dust* thou art, and to *dust* thou shalt return again," Gen. iii. 19. They that sit in the dust, and feel their own materials about them, may well renounce the ornaments of pride, the gulf of avarice, the foolish lusts of concupiscence. Let the covetous think, What do I scrape for? a little golden *dust;* the ambitious, What do I aspire for? a little honorable *dust;* the libidinous, What do I languish for? a little animated *dust*, blown away with the breath of God's displeasure.

Oh, how goodly this building of man appears when it is clothed with beauty and honor! A face full of majesty, the throne of comeliness, wherein the whiteness of the lily contends with the sanguine of the rose; an active hand, an erected countenance, an eye sparkling out lustre, a smooth complexion, arising from an excellent temperature and composition; whereas other creatures, by reason of their cold and gross humors, are grown over, beasts with hair, fowls with feathers, fishes with scales. Oh, what a workman was this, that could raise such a fabric out of the earth, and lay such orient colors upon *dust!* Yet all is but *dust*, walking, talking, breathing dust; all this

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beauty but the effect of a well-concocted food, and life itself but a walk from *dust* to *dust*. Yea, and this man, or that woman, is never so beautiful as when they sit weeping for their sins in the *dust:* as Mary Magdalene was then fairest when she kneeled in the dust, bathing the feet of Christ with her tears, and wiping them with her hairs; like heaven, fair sightward to us that are without, but more fair to them that are within.

The *dust* is come of the same house that we are, and when she sees us proud and forgetful of ourselves, she thinks with herself, Why should not she that is descended as well as we bear up her plumes as high as ours? Therefore she so often borrows wings of the wind, to mount aloft into the air, and in the streets and highways dasheth herself into our eyes, as if she would say, Are you my kindred, and will not know me? Will you take no notice of your own mother? To tax the folly of our ambition, the *dust* in the street takes pleasure to be ambitious.

The mind of Puritan Adams did not express itself in the copious and sonorous eloquence of Hooker, nor had his fancy the solemn, quaintly gargoyled style and thoughtfulness, the subtle paradoxical of Sir Thomas Browne; for, as we have already said, he was a preacher, and he evidently thought constantly of his audience; but in his sermons will be found many of the best characteristics of all the wit of Fuller, and the allegoric lights of Bunyan, and much of the out-of-the-way learning and radiant fancy of Jeremy Taylor. His method and style of treating a text or subject are altogether his own; a style, however, adopted and found very taking since his day. We cannot commend it. Thus in his sermon, "A Generation of Serpents," from the text, "Their poison is like the poison of a serpent, like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear," he expounds eleven characters.—1. The *Salamander*, the troublesome and litigious neighbor, whoever loves and lives in the fire of contention. 2. The *Dart*, that is, the angry man. 3. The *Dipsas*, the drunkard. This serpent lives altogether in moorish places:

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the serpent in the fens, the man at the ale-house. 4. The *Crocodile*, the hypocrite. 5. The *Cockatrice*, said to kill with its eyes—the courtesan. 6. The *Caterpillar*, or the earthworm, emblem of the covetous. 7. The *Asp*, the traitorous seminary. 8. The *Lizard*, an emblem of the slothful. 9. The *Sea Serpent*, the pirate, a very common character in Adams' day. 10. The *Stellion*, the extortioner. 11. *Draco*, the great red dragon. Sometimes his illustrations are of the very queerest. Thus he speaks of the wonderful making of the tongue.

To create so little a piece of flesh, and to put such vigor into it: to give it neither bones nor nerves, yet to make it stronger than arms and legs, and those most able and serviceable parts of the body.

Because it is so forcible, therefore hath the most wise God ordained that it shall be but little, that it shall be but one. That so the paruity and singularity may abate the vigor of it. If it were paired, as the arms, legs, hands, feet, it would be much more unruly. For he that cannot tame one tongue, how would he be troubled with twain!

Because it is so unruly, the Lord hath hedged it in, as a man will not trust a wild horse in an open pasture, but prison him in a close pound. A double fence hath the Creator given to confine it—the lips and the teeth—that through those bounds it might not break.

A certain quaint and frequently happy ingenuity characterises all the sermons and the writings of Adams. We have before noticed his resemblance to Herbert: the quaintness of the good parson of Bemerton is found in abundance here, not less than his piety. Churchman as he was, we do not find, indeed, the same temple-like stillness, or carved imagery of thought. Herbert's life was secluded, lonely, and hermetic; that of Adams was passed apparently for the most part in London. Herbert, too, was a more intense ecclesiastic; his fervors were monastic; and although

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his poems are not organ-like airs, they are notes from a choir, a strange piercing song. Adams was a man of action, interested in all that went on in the great world; and quaint as he is, his quaintness is rather that we notice in the carved oak tracery of some domestic hall or ancient manor, than the writhing gargoyles, or the dim forms of ancient church window. He did not, like Herbert, invite his fancies in to stay and converse with him; he followed them out; and even while he followed one, a host started up, and we sometimes think he chases them all in rather undignified gait or mood. Yet there are some notes, and they are very frequent, which remind the reader of George Herbert or more aptly Jeremy Taylor.

Men and brethren, let us be thankful. Let our meditations travel with David in the 148th Psalm, first up into heaven. Even the very heavens and heights praise Him. And those blessed angels in His court sing His glory. Descend we then by the celestial bodies, and we shall find the sun, moon, and all the stars of light praising Him. A little lower, we shall perceive the meteors and upper elements, the fire and hail, snow and vapor, magnifying Him, even the wind and storms fulfilling His word. Fall we upon the centre—the very earth. We shall hear the beasts and cattle, mountains and hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, extolling His name. The chirping birds still sing sweet psalms and carols to the Creator's praise, every morning when they rise, every evening when they go to rest. Not so much as the very creeping things, saith the Psalmist, noisome dragons, and crawling serpents in the deeds, but they do, in a sort, bless their Maker. Let not man, then, the first-fruits of His creatures, for whose service all the rest were made, be unthankful.

And the following is very sweetly expressed:—

Pride, fraud, drunkenness, is as Mount Seir to the lovers of them. But, alas! how unsafe: if stronger against, and further removed from, the hand of man, yet nearer to God's hand in heaven, though we acknowledge no place far from God

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or from His thunder. But we say, it is not always the safest sailing on the top of the mast. To live on the mountainous height of a temporal estate is neither wise nor happy. Men standing in the shade of humble valleys, look up and wonder at the height of hills, and think it goodly living there, as Peter thought Tabor. But when, with weary limbs, they have ascended, and find the beams of the sun melting their spirits, or the cold blasts of wind making their sinews slack, flashes of lightning, or cracks of thunder, soonest endangering their advanced heads, then they confess (checking their proud conceit) the low valley is safest. For the fruitful dews that fall fast on the hills stay least while there; but run down to the valley: and though, on such a promontory, a man further sees, and is further seen, yet, in the valley, where he sees less he enjoys more!

Again:

There is so much comfort in sorrow as to make all affliction to the elect, a *song in the night*. Adversity sends us to Christ, as the leprosy sent those ten. Prosperity makes us turn our backs upon Christ and leave him, as health did those nine (Luke xvii.) David's sweetest songs were his tears. In misery he spared Saul, his great adversary; in peace, he killed Uriah, his dear friend. The wicked sing with grasshoppers, in fair weather; but the faithful (in this like sirens) can sing in a storm. When a man cannot find peace upon earth, he quickly runs to heaven to seek it. Afflictions sometimes maketh an evil man good, always a good man better.

We could imagine the author of the *Urn Burial* had the following in his mind in a famous passage:

No, they that are *written* in the eternal leaves of heaven, shall never be wrapt in the cloudy sheets of darkness. A man may have his name written in the chronicles, yet lost; written in durable marble, yet perish; written on a monument equal to a Colossus, yet be ignominious; written on the hospital gates, yet go to hell; written on his own house, yet another come to possess it. All these are but writings in the dust, or upon the waters, where the characters perish so soon as they are made.

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They no more prove a man happy than the fool could prove Pontius Pilate a saint, because his name was written in the Creed. But they that are *written in heaven*, are sure to inherit it.

But it was the age of strange conceits ; and absurdities inwrought themselves with every department of taste, the age had not recovered from the grotesque freaks of the Elizabethan time. From those outrageous leaps, and acrobatic displays of genius, even Shakespere is not free, and the archictecture of the time, like the speech, we know abounds with strange displays ; allegoric lessons were constantly offering their teachings from classic forms and allusions, and essays on the wisdom of the ancients were written in a way which often to us seem ludicrous enough, graceless and tasteless in the different departments of domestic architecture. The pulpit of those times has often been found in harmony with the taste which only employed the power of its genius

> To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
> Each panel in achievement's clothing,
> Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing.

And quaintness and queerness did assuredly inspire not only many of the lines of the poets and designs of the architects, but the plans and conceptions of the preachers too. Few could preach without interlacing the English with little bits of Latin,—to our ears and eyes it seems the merest pedantry—purposeless, for nothing is illustrated, and nothing proved. It was an absurd fashion of speech, here are two illustrations of this most singular mode ; from both sermons I leave out, as too long, the more ludicrous of similar passages from the text "Take thou thy son," &c.

Not to preface away any more tyme, please yow to call to mind these four generalls observable in the text:

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1.—*Victima*, the Hoast or Sacrifice; described here by a double name. 1. Proper, Isaak. 2. Appellative, or a name of relation, Sonne; which likewise is further illustrated by two other attributes; the one taken *ab electione divina*, the other *ab affectione humana*. 1. *Unigenitus*, his onely sonne; there's God's inscrutable election. 2. *Dilectus*, his beloved sonne; there's Abraham's deerest affection.

2.—*Sacerdos*, the Priest which was to offer up this sacrifice. The person not exprest, but in the word *Tolle*, Take thow. God speakes to Abraham: The Father must bee the Priest and Butcher of his own sonne.

3.—*Altare*, the Altar or Place where this was to be offered; set downe 1, Generally, the land of Moryah. 2, Specially *super uno montium*, one particular mountayne in that land.

4.—*Ritus*, the Rite and Manner of sacrificinge, or the kind and quality of the sacrifice: *Holocaustum*, it must bee an whole burnt offringe.

Again, from the text, "Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them," &c.

In which Prayer and Supplication of his these six thinges are observable.

1.—*Quando*, the tyme when. When hee was hanginge now on the Crosse, and ready to yield up the Ghost; *Tunc*, then Jesus sayd.

2.—*Quis*, the party prayinge. *Dixit Jesus*, it was Christ Jesus.

3. *Cui* or *ad Quem*, the object to whome his prayer is directed; and that is God his Father.

4.—*Quid*, the matter and subject, or thinge for what he prayed; which is Pardon and Forgivenes.

5.—*Pro quibus*, for whome hee prayeth; *Illis*, them, his Enemyes.

6.—*Quare*, the ground and reason of his petition; which was theyr Ignorance, for they know not what they doe.

The Tyme, when: the Persons, who; the Person, to whome: the Persons for whome; the Thinge, for what; and the Cause, wherefore.

In a state of transition from the times which produced

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these curious formularies was the age when Thomas Adams began to preach. He must have been contemporary with Bishop Andrewes and Dr. Donne. I love Bishop Andrewes, but his style, almost through every line of it, abounds with strange readings and words, thus, "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel?" "Let Him be arrayed in *scarlet*, it is His due." His "Doctor's weed"—

ON THE BIRTH OF CHRIST AT EPHRATA.

Even so, Lord, saith our Saviour, for so is thy pleasure. And since it is His pleasure so to deal, it is His further pleasure (and it is our lesson out of this *Bethlehem minima*). Even this, *ne minima minimi*, that we set not little by that which is little, unless we will so set by Bethlehem and by Christ and all. He will not have little places villified, little Zoar will save the body, little Bethlehem the soul, nor have, saith Zacherie, *dies parvus*—little times—despised, unless we despise this day, the Feast of Humility. Nor have one of these little ones offended. Why? for, Ephrata may make amends for, *parvula, ex te for tu.*

How quaint and singular reads the following:—

Will ye now to this inglorious *Signe* heare a glorious *Song;* to this *cratch* of *humilitie*, a *hymne* of caelestiall harmonie? If the *Signe* mislike you, ye cannot but like the *Song*, and the *Queer* that sing it. The *song* I shall not be able to reach to, will ye but see the *Queer?* and that shall serve for this time: For, by all meanes, before I end, I would deal with somewhat that might ballance this *Signe* of His low estate. This the *Evangelists* never faile to doe; Ever, they look to this point carefully: If they mention ought, that may offend, to wipe it away streight, and the Scandall of it, by some other high regard. See you a sort of poore *Shepherds?* Stay, and ye shall see a troope of *God's Angels.* Heare ye one say, *layd in the cratch below?* abide, and ye shall heare many sing, *Gl rie on high*, in honour of Him that lyeth in it.

Vidisti vilia (saith St. Ambrose) *audi mirisica:* Were the things meane you have seen?

Wonderful shall they be, ye now shall heare and see both.

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Vilescit præsepe, ecce Angelicis cantibus honoratur: Is the *Cratch* meane? Meane as it is, it is honoured with the musike of *Angels;* it hath the whole *Queer* of *Heaven* to sing about it. This also will prove a *signe*, if it be well looked into; a counter-signe to the other: That, of His *humilities;* this of His *glorie.*

Lancelot Andrewes illustrates the monastic method in a Protestant Church, listen to him intently, bring to his words what you will certainly meet in them, a spirit of prayerful devotion; forgive the quaintness of the preacher for the holiness which shines through all his words, and you will not listen in vain. His sermons will bear modern adaptation, if the mind adapting them and using them be itself informed and filled with ardent and seraphic reverence for the great truth of the Incarnation; for indeed there is the glow of a seraph about him—quaint as he is the aureola of a saint shines over him; cloistral and monastic, his sermons are wholly free from the wider inspirations of thought and worldly knowledge, they are narrow in their range but they are intense; the live coal from off the altar has given to all his faculties a pure flame; but even as a coal presents strange and grotesque faces in the fires, so with the ardors of his style, they are as grotesque as they are holy; fancies in words took him captive, often it must be admitted very pleasantly. Thus Christ the Conqueror coming from Edom and from the grave.

And *comming backe* thus, from the debellation of the spiritual *Edom*, and the breaking up of the true *Bozra* indeed, it is wondered, *Who* it should be. Note this that nobody knew Christ at His rising; neither *Mary Magdalen* nor they that went to *Emmaus.* No more doth the Prophet here.

Now there was reason to aske this question, for none would ever think it to be Christ. There is great oddes; it cannot be He.

1. *Not He*: He was put to *death* and put into His grave and a

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great stone upon Him not three days since. *This Partie* is alive and alives like. His *Ghost* it cannot be: He *glides* not (as Ghosts, they say, doe) but *paces the ground very strongly.*

Not He: He had His *apparell shared amongst* the souldiers; was left all naked. *This Partie* hath gotten Him on glorious apparell, rich scarlet.

Not He: if He come, He must come in white, in the *linnen* He was lapped in, and laid in his grave. *This partie* comes in quite another colour, all in *red.* So the colours suit not. To be short, not He; He was put to a foile—to a foul foile—as ever was any: *they did to him even what they listed;* scorned and insulted upon Him. *It was then the houre and power of darknesse. This partie,* whatsoever He is, hath got the upper hand, won the field; *marches stately, Conquerour*-like. His the day sure.

The following little extract illustrates the refreshing way Andrewes had of pressing out comfortable truth in his barbarous Latinities.

There was then a new begetting, this day. And if a new begetting, a new Paternitie and Fraternitie, both. By the *hodiè genuite* of Christmas, how soone Hee was borne of the Virgin's wombe. Hee became our brother (sinne, except) subject to all our infirmities; so to mortalitie and even to death it selfe. And by death that brotherhood had beene dissolved, but for this dayes rising. By the *hodié genuite* of Easter, as soon as Hee was borne again of the wombe of the grave, Hee begins a new brother-hood, founds a new fraternitie straight; adopts us (wee see) anew againe, by his *fratres meos;* and thereby, Hee that was *primogenitus à mortius,* becomes *primogenitus inter multos fratres*: when the first begotten from the dead, then the first begotten in this respect, among many brethren. Before Hee was ours: now wee are His. That was by the mother's side; so, Hee ours. This is by *Patrem vestrum,* the Father's side; So wee His. But halfe-brothers before; Never of whole bloud, till now. Now, by Father and Mother both, *Fratres germanie, Fratres fraterimi,* we cannot be more.

Bishop Andrewes talks like an old monk of the cloister,

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devout, narrow, and intense; John Donne, another of the courtly preachers of those times, talks like a monastic schoolman; he also was a contemporary of Adams, they were both city preachers. But Donne was in himself wonderful, he was a kind of poetical Aquinas, in the pulpit most metaphysical of preachers; he ran his speculative spirit into all strange subtleties, his fancies were not verbal but real. His mind, like mysterious lenses and glasses, explored the infinity revealed in little things and large things; the remote orbs of distant, dark, and inaccessible heavens; the unsuspected recesses of homely objects and tritest truths. His Gospel was the same as that which Andrewes preached. As compared with Adams both Andrewes and Donne had a more semi-Lutheran and semi-Romanist way of regarding it, in their ideas of the functions of the Church, and perhaps in their conceptions of a moral, rather than forensic justification. Although none of these things must be pressed too closely as the attributes of their theological system. Donne had a consuming genius, its flames slew him. But I have referred to him, because, amidst all its magnificence, he illustrates the eccentricity of the age in thought and in style, "Every man is but a sponge, a sponge filled with tears." "We fell by Adam's fall into the dirt, from that we are washed in baptism, but we fell into a heap of sharp stones too, and we feel all those wounds and bruises our whole lives after." There is nothing simply barbarous in his style; his fancies startle, they do not degrade.

CLOUDS.

We take a star to be the thickest, and so the impurest, and ignoblest part of that sphere, and yet, by the illustration of the sun, it becomes a glorious. Clouds are but the beds, and wombs of distempered and malignant impressions, of vapors, and exhalations, and the furnaces of lightnings and of thunder; yet by the presence of Christ, and his employment, these clouds are

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made glorious chariots to bring him and his saints together. Those vapors and clouds which David speaks of, St. Augustine interprets of the ministers of the church, that they are those clouds. Those ministers may have clouds in their understanding and knowledge (some may be less learned than others), and clouds in their elocution and utterance (some may have an unacceptable deliverance), and clouds in their aspect and countenance (some may have an unpleasing presence), and clouds in their respect and maintenance (some may be oppressed in their fortunes), but still they are such clouds as are sent by Christ to bring thee up to him. And as the children of Israel received direction and benefit, as well by the pillar of cloud as by the pillar of fire, so do the children of God in the church, as well by preachers of inferior gifts, as by higher. *In nubibus*; Christ does not come in a chariot and send carts for us. He comes as he went; "This same Jesus which is taken from you into heaven shall so come, in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven;" say the angels at his ascension.

GOD IN A CIRCLE.

He shows no mercy which you can call his greatest mercy, his mercy is never at the highest; whatsoever he hath done for thy soul or for any other in applying himself to it, he can exceed that. Only he can raise a tower whose top shall reach to heaven; the basis of the highest is but the earth; but though thou be but a tabernacle of earth, God shall raise thee piece by piece into a spiritual building; and after one story of creation, and another of vocation, and another of sanctification, he shall bring thee to meet thyself in the bosom of thy God where thou wast at first, in an eternal election; God is a circle himself, and he will make thee one; go thou not about to square either circle, to bring that which is equal in itself to angles and corners into dark and sad suspicions of God, or of thyself, that God can give, or that thou canst receive, no more mercy than thou hast had already. This, then, is the course of God's mercy, he proceeds as he begun, which was the first branch of this second part, it is always in motion and always moving towards all, always perpendicular, right over every one of us, and always circular, always commu-

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nicable to all; and then the particular beam of this mercy shed upon Ahaz here in our text is *Dabit signum*, "The Lord shall give you a sign." It is a great degree of mercy that he affords us signs. A natural man is not made of reason alone, but of reason and sense; a regenerate man is not made of faith alone, but of faith and reason; and signs, eternal things, assist us all.

But, as we said of Adams, he is now unknown, save by these reliquaries of his pen, like his predecessor in metropolitan fame for Puritan speech, Henry Smith, of whom, indeed, little as we know, we know more, for of him we have a rumor, and an effigy—such as it is—but of Adams nothing. Surely these felicitous and happy sayings, these brilliant and vivid pieces, must have won the ears of multitudes: they could not have been delivered with any cold and feeble mannerism. His friendships have gone, too. He knew Donne: they both ministered in the same old St. Paul's Church. What appreciation they had of each other—the subtle, metaphysical speaker, with the clear, practical one—the quaint creature, full of visible oddities of eloquence, with the solemn spirited man, the dark sayings of whose harp none the less practical, spoke to the depths of inner conduct and speculation. It is interesting to think of him in London, while the great roar of events rose to the ear from the Continent, and throughout the land. It was a glorious age—the age immediately succeeding that of Elizabeth—the great struggle rising in England between the people and prerogative; the great struggle rising in France, too—the age of the independence in Holland—the age of the *Mayflower*—the age of the murder of Raleigh; of the fall of Bacon; the translation of the Bible; the Quixotism of Laud; the execution of Strafford; the rise of the civil war. Adams was preaching through all these events, and in the most powerful and wealthy district of the city of London. He was there when the members took shelter from the King within its liberties; and the spirit of that free age

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seems to speak out in the words of the man. What does it matter really that we know so little of him. As men live neither in their names nor their bodies, so neither do they live in their tombs nor the hatchments over them; and of millions of men, perhaps as worthy or as mighty as Adams, we know as little, or less. So drifts away many a simple parish minister, or conventicle teacher: no tombstone marks his grave, no printed piece of paper commemorates his name, but the "enduring substance" abides in spiritual power conferred, although its ancestry cannot be traced. Fame is a most capricious inheritance, even like wealth: it is distributed very blindly. We know a great deal about that ridiculous Pepys, and that absurd jackanapes Brummell. Our author goes altogether out of sight, wraps his invisible cloak about him, and goes altogether away from a world which did not, it would seem, treat him too well, becomes possessor of the "oblivion which is not to be bribed," and some may think his lot enviable.

His works have been long prized as a vast mine of illustrations, a fertile field of happy imagery. Adams we in no case commend as the architect of Thought or of Theology. His views—and decidedly Calvinistic they were—were clear to himself, but they were expressed in too much of the style of Paul's Cross to be the best means of furnishing a student; but, for a happy, witty characteristic, for the quaint intermingling of learning, allusion, fable, and fancy, for felicitous description, for powerful appeals to, blows indeed on, the conscience of the hearer—say rather, vivid lightning-like glances into the eyes of conscience—Adams, we believe, has few rivals and scarcely any superior.

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VII.

Wit, Humor, and Coarseness in the Pulpit.*

AMONG the contributions of Huram, king of Tarshish, to the great builder of the temple of Jerusalem—in the report presented in the Second Book of Chronicles—there stands the curious item of monkeys and peacocks. Monkeys and peacocks have been very plentiful in the building of the temple in all

* Among the innumerable volumes published illustrating this, we may mention:

1. *Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher: the Birth, Fortunes, and General Experiences of the oldest American Methodist Travelling Preacher.* Edited by W. P. Strickland. London; Arthur Hall, Virtue & Co.

2. *The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle Bag, and other Lectures.* By William Henry Milburn. With a Preface, including a Life of the Author. By the Rev. T. Binney. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1857.

3. *Ten Years of Preacher Life. Chapters from an Autobigraphy.* By William Henry Milburn. With Introduction by the Rev. William Arthur, M. A. Sampson, Low & Co.

4. *An Essay on the Composition of a Sermon.* Translated from the Original French of the Rev. John Claude. With Notes by Robert Robinson. In Two Volumes. 1788.

5. *The Metropolitan Pulpit.* By James Grant.

6. *Scot's Presbyterian Eloquence.* Tenth Edition, 1766.

7. *Answer to Ditto,* 1798.

8. *English Presbyterian Eloquence, &c.,* 1720.

&c., &c., &c.

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ages since, especially the apes—the monkeys. It might seem singular how that quaint and disgusting beast can ever minister to the service of the masters of wisdom, or the priests of the temple; but it seems certain that his foolishness has aided the plans and purposes of even highest and holiest things. Indeed we are not squeamish in our ears, whatever we may be in our appetites; it is with food for the mind as with food for the stomach: all food which seems coarse is not really coarse; good oatmeal is a fine, honest, nutritive diet, while the fine kickshaws of a Paris cook, drenched in condiments and sauces, are among the most gross and vicious—the most really coarse and innutritious abominations which can vex the stomach. The Rev. Mr. Treacle sometimes has offended our gastric tastes, but we could never listen to the Rev. Mr. Honeyman for five minutes without being surfeited and sickened; true, we have no wish to make a meal of either the one or the other.

The subject of these remarks is a very large one, and is capable of a great variety of treatment; it is perhaps true that the taste of the nation and of the Church has improved. Perhaps the things altogether outrageous to good sense and propriety would not be dictated now to the mind of any speaker. We are far from thinking they would not be tolerated if uttered. And we think we perceive a disposition to return to those times when the unction of a discourse was in its gross coarseness, and its pith and its power in its offensiveness. Perhaps it is impossible to wield an influence over immense masses of people without something of this. Certainly it has usually been the case that those sacred orators who have moved multitudes have done so, if not principally, yet frequently by offences against the canons of good taste. The time has gone by when even gentlemen and scholars thus indecorously exposed themselves; the history of the pulpit furnishes some strange instances to

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some of which we may refer—but these are comparatively old. Against the legitimate use of humor, wit, and satire in the pulpit we have little to say; those who can use them with skill may find these weapons of speech as available, perhaps more available, than any; for they certainly are weapons which lie on the side of the more simply human, perhaps, even in the case of satire, the more shining part of human nature. We gain power over men principally as we remove from the regions of the abstract. Even imagination is most powerful, not when it ascends into the heights and heavens of unrealized poetry, but when it rather descends into the household and the shop; and here is its most legitimate realm. No one can doubt that humor may be purified, who has heard some of the great pulpit masters of even the present day; and we believe that its judicious use, reined and guided by piety, tenderness and taste, would do more to bring truth near to the hearts of the multitudes than any other element of speech. It is singular that so rich as our language is in humor, in the pulpit it has been so seldom employed, nay, it has become so rare that it has also become distasteful; and he who uses it has to calculate on a fair share of unpopularity with his brethren in the ministry for his condescension to the popular infirmity of a smile, even if he stop short by many degrees of the more flagrant heresy of a laugh. And yet the minister may be sure that his successful speech will depend greatly upon his ability to use this; for it is humor which is the great detective in character—it distinguishes the shades of minds, and hearty humor also has a keen eye for the frailties and failings, the sins and infirmities, the lesser and the larger sorrows, and the lighter or the weightier joys of the whole human family. I have often said that a man may as well preach without humanity as without humor, but then perhaps most men do preach without humanity—they find their truth, and dissect off all its human

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relations, and hold it up, a mere piece of curious theologic osteology to the eye.

In the pulpit any man who does not aim to lift his audience out of the region of every-day life—out of the region of sorrow and of sin, out of the region of doubt and trembling—the preacher who does not perpetually aim to influence the mind from higher regions, had better for his own sake hold his peace; if that guiding thought—which is only what the essayists and reviewers would call the ideological way of speaking of the glory of God, as the reviewers' chief end—if that commanded all the faculties and powers of the preacher it would balance all his efforts. Truest humor is tenderness; coarseness is always synonymous with hardness; a gross, overflowing, sensual nature may say a multitude of clever, shrewd, laughable things, but not for a moment merit the character of the humorist; they may be just the luxuriant outgrowth of a hot tropical climate; that wilderness of rank luxuriance does not delight us, it is the nestling ground of very dangerous things; the very beauty needs to be educated in a less voluptuous soil. Such productions may be wonderful, but scarcely beautiful. Such is the coarseness with which the old pulpit abounded; hardness and blasphemy are characteristics of many of the sermons of the old times.*

* No doubt, in very rude and primitive times, and over very rough and ragged congregations, this weapon even may be used, and not in vain. Mr. Milburn gives us an account of an old American preacher of the backwood districts in the days of the Saddle Bag:

"Take the following as a specimen of their predilections. It was a discourse delivered by the Rev. James Axley, familiarly known as 'Old Jimmy,' a renowned and redoubtable preacher of East Tennessee. It was related by Hugh L. White, for many years a distinguished judge in that State, and afterwards a conspicuous member of the Federal Senate.

"It was noised through the town of Jonesborough that Mr.

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Yet this is not so objectionable as many other styles of preaching to which we may yet have occasion to refer. We can almost match it ourselves, from the unpublished pulpit reminiscences of a dear departed friend. It may be sixty years since there frequently came to Bristol a well-known Calvinistic Methodist preacher of that day—in a day when flattering titles were not very lavishly distributed—called Sammy Breeze by the multitudes who delighted in his ministry. He came periodically from the mountains of Cardiganshire, and spoke with tolerable efficiency in English. Our friend was in the chapel when, as was not unusual, two ministers, Sammy Breeze and another, were to preach.

Axley would hold forth on the morning of the ensuing Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favorite—with none more than with Judge White. At the appointed hour, the judge, in company with a large congregation, was in attendance at the house of prayer. All was hushed in expectation. Mr. Axley entered, but with him a clerical brother, who was 'put up' to preach. The congregation was composed of a border population; they were disappointed; this was not the man they had come to hear, consequently there was a good deal of misbehavior. The discourse was ended, and Mr. Axley rose. It is a custom in the new country when two or more preachers are present, for each of them to have something to say. The people opine that it is a great waste of time to come a long distance and be put off with a short service. I have gone into church at eight o'clock in the morning, and have not come out again until five o'clock in the afternoon. Short administrations are the growth of thicker settlements.

"Mr. Axley stood silently surveying the congregation until every eye was riveted. He then began:

"'It may be a very painful duty, but it is a very solemn one, for a minister of the Gospel to reprove vice, misconduct, and sin, whenever and wherever he sees it. But especially is this his duty on Sunday and at church. That is a duty I am now about to attend to.

"'And now,' continued the reverend speaker, pointing with his long finger in the direction indicated, 'that man sitting out yonder behind the door, who got up and went out while the brother was

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The other took the first place—a young man with some tints of academical training, and some of the livid lights of a then only incipient Rationalism on his mind. He took for his text—"He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned;" but he condoned the heavy condemnation, and, in an affected manner, shaded off the darkness of the doom of unbelief, very much in the style of another preacher, who told his hearers that he "feared lest they should be doomed to a place which good manners forbade him from mentioning." The young man also grew sentimental, *and begged pardon* of an audience, rather more polite than usual, for the sad statement made

preaching, stayed out as long as he wanted to, got his boots full of mud, came back and stamped the mud off at the door, making all the noise he could, on purpose to disturb the attention of the congregation, and then took his seat; that man thinks I mean him. No wonder he does. It doesn't look as if he had been raised in the white settlements, does it, to behave that way at meeting. Now, my friend, I'd advise you to learn better manners before you come to church next time.—*But I don't mean him.*

"'And now,' again pointing at his mark, 'that little girl sitting there, about half-way of the house—I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—that's her with the artificial flowers on the outside of her bonnet and the inside of her bonnet; she has a breast-pin on, too (they were very severe upon all superfluities of dress), she that was giggling and chattering all the time the brother was preaching, so that even the old sisters in the neighborhood couldn't hear what he was saying, though they tried to. She thinks I mean her. I'm sorry from the bottom of my heart for any parents who have raised a girl to her time of day, and haven't taught her how to behave when she comes to church. Little girl, you have disgraced your parents as well as yourself. Behave better next time, won't you?—*But I don't mean her.*'

"Directing his finger to another aim, he said, 'That man sitting there, that looks as bright and pert as if he never was asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but that just as soon as the brother took his text, laid his head down on the back of the seat in front of him, went sound asleep, slept the whole time and snored; that

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in the text. "But, indeed," said he, "he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not,—indeed, I regret to say, I beg your pardon for uttering the terrible truth—but indeed he shall be sentenced to a place which here I dare not mention." Then rose Sammy Breeze. He began —"I shall take the same text to-night which you have just heard. Our young friend has been fery foine to-night; he has told you some very polite things. I am not fery foine, and I am not polite; but I will preach a little bit of Gospel to you, which is this—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*" He continued—"I do look round on this chapel;

man thinks I mean him. My friend, don't you know the church ain't the place to sleep? If you needed rest, why didn't you stay at home, take off your clothes, and go to bed? that's the place to sleep, not church. The next time you have a chance to hear a sermon, I advise you to keep awake.—*But I don't mean him.*' Thus did he proceed, pointing out every man, woman, and child, who had in the slightest deviated from a befitting line of conduct; characterizing the misdemeanor, and reading sharp lessons of rebuke.

"Judge White was all this time sitting at the end of the front seat, just under the speaker, enjoying the old gentleman's disquisition to the last degree; twisting his neck around to note if the audience relished the 'down-comings' as much as he did; rubbing his hands, smiling, chuckling inwardly. Between his teeth and cheek was a monstrous quid of tobacco, which, the better he was pleased, the more he chewed; the more he chewed, the more he spat, and behold, the floor bore witness to the results. At length, the old gentleman, straightening himself up to his full height, continued, with great gravity:

"'And now I reckon you want to know who I do mean. I mean that dirty, nasty filthy, tobacco-chewer, sitting on the end of that front seat'—his finger meanwhile, pointing true as the needle to the pole—'see what he has been about! Look at those puddles on the floor; a frog wouldn't get into them; think of the tails of the sisters' dresses being dragged through that muck.' The crest-fallen judge averred that he never chewed any more tobacco in church."

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and I do see people all fery learned and intellectual. You do read books, and you do study studies; and fery likely you do think that you can mend God's Book, and are fery sure you can mend me. You have great—what you call thoughts—and poetries. But I will tell you one little word, and you must not try to mend that—but if you do it will be all the same. It is this, look you—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.* And then I do look round your chapel, and I do see you are fine people, well-dressed people, well-to-do people. You are not only pious, but you have fery foine hymn-books and cushions, and some red curtains, for I do see you are fery rich, and you have got your monies, and are getting very proud. But I will tell you it does not matter at all, and I do not mind it at all—not one little bit—for I must tell you the truth, and the truth is—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*" "And now," continued the preacher, "you will say to me, 'What do you mean by talking to us in this way? who are you, Sir?' And now I will tell you I am Pilly Preeze. I have come from the mountains of Cardiganshire on my Master's business, and His message I must deliver. If you will never hear me again, I shall not matter much; but while you shall hear me, you shall hear me, and this is His word to me, and in me to you—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*" But the scene in the pulpit was a trifle to the scene in the vestry. There the deacons were in a state of great anger with the blunt teacher; and one, the relative—we believe the ancestor—of a well-known religious man in Bristol, exclaimed—"Mr. Breeze, you have strangely forgotten yourself to-night, Sir. We did not expect that you would have behaved in this way. We have always been very glad to see you in our pulpit; but your sermon to-night, Sir, has been most

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insolent, shameful." He wound up a pretty smart condemnation by saying—"In short I don't understand you." "Ho!. ho! What! you say you don't understand me. *Eh!* look you then, I will tell you I *do* understand you. Up in our mountains, we have one man there, we do call him *exciseman*. He comes along to our shops and stores, and says, 'What have you here? anything contraband here?' And if it is all right, the good man says, 'Step in, Mr. Exciseman; come in, look you.' He is all fair, and open, and above-board. But if he has anything secreted there, he draws back surprised, and he makes a fine face, and says, 'Sir, I don't understand you.' Now you do tell me you don't understand me; but I do understand you, gentlemen: I do, and I do fear you have something contraband here; and now I will say good night to you; but I must tell you one little word, that is—'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*"

Some sermons are much more coarse in seeming than in reality. We have lying before us now on the table the old sermon, well known and often quoted, *Beelzebub Driving and Drowning his Hogs*, by J. Burgess, with its queer divisions:

In these words, the devil verified three old English proverbs; which, as they contain the general drift of my text, shall also contain the substance of this ensuing discourse.

1. The devil will play at small game, rather than none at all.

"All the devils besought Him, saying, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them."

2. They run fast whom the devil drives.

"When the unclean spirits entered into the swine," 'tis said, "The whole herd ran violently."

And 3. The devil brings his hogs to a fine market.

"Behold the whole herd ran down a steep place into the sea, and were choked."

But in the sermon itself there is nothing characterized by

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especial bad taste, while we should suppose it would, to a plain people, not be delivered without useful hint and suggestion. There is much more real coarseness in the following quotation, given by Robinson from a Romanist sermon ;* but indeed our readers do not need to be informed that, for illustrations of "filthy talking,"—and "foolish talking and jesting, which is not convenient," they will find no sermons like some of the old Romanist sermons.

It is the exordium of a sermon which Father Selle, a French Dominican, had the courage to preach in Poland before his Excellency Cardinal de Janson, ambassador there:

"Gen. ix. 13. 'I do set my bow in the cloud.' It is not enough for the celestial rainbow to please the eye—it conveys the richest consolation into the heart; the Word of God having constituted it the happy presage of tranquillity and peace, 'I do set my bow in the cloud.'

"The 'bow,' enriched with clouds, becomes the crown of the world—the gracefulness of the air—the garland of the universe —the salubrity of heaven—the pomp of nature—the triumph of serenity—the ensign of love—the picture of clemency—the messenger of liberality—the mansion of amorous smiles—the rich stanza of pleasure—in fine, the trumpet of peace, for 'I do set my bow in the cloud.'

"It is a 'bow,' gentleman, with which, the roaring thunder being appeased, the heavenly Orpheus, in order insensibly to enchant the whole creation, already become immoveable by his divine harmony, plays upon the violin of this universe, which has as many strings as it has elements—for 'I do set my bow in the cloud.'

"Yes! it is a 'bow' in which we see Mars, the eternal god of war, who was just now ready to overwhelm the world with tempest, metamorphosed into a god of love. Yes! it is a 'bow' all gilded with golden rays—a silver dew—a theatre of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, to increase the riches of this poor beggarly world. 'But you perceive, gentlemen, I am speaking of that celestial star, that bow in the cloud, Mary Magdalen!'"

* Robinson. *Claude*, Vol. p. 237.

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"Bravo! Mary Magdalen is like a rainbow, and a rainbow is like a fiddle-stick!"

The Church of England, also, must bear her share of this burden of coarse comparison and allusion. Here is a citation from a sermon by Edward Willans, vicar of Hoxne, Suffolk:

He that hath no charity in his cribbage must needs be bilkt at his last account, for all that faith, which he turneth up in his profession. Let us prog less for gifts, and pray more for grace. The fairest way into the city of the text, is through the suburbs of the verse before it. It is a bargain of God's own making, to honor them that honor him. As soon as we are loosed from our mother's womb, we are all bound towards the womb of our great-grandmother, the earth. The most emphatical words in the text (Matt. xiii. 45, 46) are borrowed either from that richer way of merchandizing by wholesale, or from that poorer way of peddling by retail. All usury cannot draw all the guts and garbage of the earth into one man's coffers; no, nor so much as the white and yellow entrails of the Indian earth.

Robinson says:

Some comparisons are odious. The filthiest sermon that ever I read was preached by the glorious author of "Icon Basilike," Dr. Gauden, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, in St. Paul's, 1659. The text is Jer. viii. 11, "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly." The Doctor says, "The prophet's bowels were pained by that coarctation, which fear makes upon the lactes and smaller bowels near the heart." There is hardly a species of hospital nastiness which is not introduced here. "The text has six parts: a patient, the sick Church of England; HER hurt; her present healing; the cheat of it; those magniloquent mountebanks, fanaticks; and, lastly, the true way of healing by that catholicon Episcopacy." .....Ah, Doctor!.....The Doctor's patient is "his daughter, his sister, his mother, a forsaken virgin, a rich married wife, and a poor desolate widow." This good lady has got "flesh-wounds, ulcers, gangrenes, pustules, angry biles, running issues, and fis-

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tulas; she is plethorick and consumptive, her spirits are flat, and her head is cracked; she has got the itch and the scratch, and her inward wounds are bleeding;" and in this miserable plight "sons of Belial commit a horrible rape upon her." Presently they bring "salves, elixirs, and diurnal doses, and sing lullaby." At last comes Dr. Gauden, and applies "lenitives, unguents, and poultices; he purges humors, removes proud flesh, probes and cleanses festered places; cures pantings and fainting fits; and all the other fetidity which that unmannerly medicaster, the devil, had caused by his infernal eructations."....All this—and ten times worse—at St. Paul's Cathedral, before the Lord Mayor and all the city magistrates, the several livery companies, the Lord General Monk, the clergy, gentry, ladies, and populace, by their "humble servant in Christ, John Gauden, D.D.," afterwards the Right Rev. Father in God, John, Lord Bishop of Exeter.

In reviewing the history of pulpit eloquence, we are often reminded of the old fable of the cuckoo and the nightingale. Both contended who should sing the sweetest: and the ass, because of his long ears, was made the judge. The nightingale sung first, the cuckoo next. The ass's determination was that truly the nightingale sang pretty well; but that for a good, sweet, plain, taking song, and a fine, clear note, the cuckoo sang far better. Well, we too have our own regards for the cuckoo, but we must remind that bird that, in fact, it is not a nightingale. We see some dispositions now-a-days to elevate the cuckoo to an unseemly dignity. But coarseness is, indeed, neither cuckoo or nightingale. Yet in many ages of the Church has not this been the most pleasant and engrafted word? There is an order of preaching and of prayer which shakes hands and says "Hail, fellow, well met" to blasphemy. An old volume before us—"Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed"*—abounds

*It may most truly be said of this selection, An enemy hath done this; but they enter into the history of the pulpit, and are not altogether unfair illustrations of its character in the times to which

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in illustrations of this shocking mood of mind. We select a few illustrations, far from the worst:

One John Simple, a very zealous preacher among them, used to personate and act sermons in the old monkish style. At a certain time he preached upon that debate, Whether a man be justified by faith or by works, and acted it after this manner: "Sirs, this is a very great debate; but who is that looking in at the door, with his red cap? Follow your look, Sir; it is very ill-manners to be looking in: But what's your name? Robert Bellarmine. Bellarmine, saith he, whether is a man justified by faith or by works? He is justified by works. Stand thou there, man. But what is he, that honest-like man standing in the floor with a long beard, and Geneva cowl [*hood*]? A very honest-like man! draw near; what's your name, Sir? My name is John Calvin. Calvin, honest Calvin, whether is a man justified by faith or by works? He is justified by faith. Very well, John, thy leg to my leg, and we shall hough [*trip*] down Bellarmine even now."

Another time, preaching on the day of judgment, he told them, "Sirs, This will be a terrible day; we'll all be there, and in the throng I, John Simple, will be, and all of you will stand at my back. Christ will look to me, and he will say, Who is that standing there? I'll say again, Yea, even as ye ken'd not [*knew not*] Lord. He'll say, I know thou's honest, John Simple; draw near John; now John, what good service have you done to me on earth? I have brought hither a company of blue bonnets for you, Lord. Blue bonnets, John! What is become of the

they refer. We have in our possession a curious collection of tracts to the same purpose, exhibiting the defects of several sides and parties—such as *Pulpit Sayings; or the Characters of the Pulpit-Papist, examined in answer to the Apology for the Pulpits.* Sold at the Printing House on the Ditch Side, Blackfriars, 1688. *A Century of Eminent Presbyterian Preachers.* By a Lover of Episcopacy, 1723. *An Apology for the Pulpits; being an Answer to the Book intituled Good Advice to the Pulpits,* 1638. *Seventeen Arguments Proving the Unlawfulness, Sinfulness, and Danger of suffering Private Persons to take upon them Public Preaching,* 1651. *The Preacher; a Poem,* 1700. &c., &c.

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brave hats, the silks, and the sattins, John? I'll tell, I know not, Lord, they went a gait [*a road*] of their own. Well, honest John, thou and thy blue bonnets are welcome to me; come to my right hand, and let the devil take the hats, the silks, and the sattins."

Mr. Simple (whom I named before) told, "That Sampson was the greatest fool that ever was born; for he reveal'd his secrets to a daft hussy [*foolish wench*]. Sampson! you may well call him fool Thomson; for all the John Thomson's men [*hen-peckt men*] that ever was, he was the foolest."

I have a sermon of theirs, written from the preacher's mouth by one of their own zealots, whereof this is one passage: "Jacob began to wrestle with God, an able hand, forsooth! Ay, Sirs, but he had a good second, that was Faith: Faith and God gave two or three tousles together: at last God dings [*beats*] down faith on its bottom; Faith gets up to his heels, and says, Well, God, is this your promise to me? I trow, I have a ticket in my pocket here: Faith brings out the ticket, and stops it in God's hand, and said, Now, God! Is not this your own write? deny your own hand-write if you dare? Are these the promises you gave me? Look how you guide me when I come to you. God reads the ticket, and said, Well, well, Faith! I remember I gave you such a promise; good sooth Faith, if you had been another, thou should have got all the bones in thy skin broken."

Mr. John Welsh, a man of great esteem among their vulgar, once preaching on these words of Joshua, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," &c., had this preface:

"You think, Sirs, that I am come here to preach the old jog-trot, faith and repentance to you; not I, indeed; What think you then I am come to preach? I came to preach a broken covenant. Who brake it? even the devil's lairds, his bishops, and his curates; and the de'il, de'il, will get them all at last. I know some of you are come out of curiosity to hear what the Whigs will say. Who is a Whig, Sirs? One that will not swear, nor curse, nor ban; there is a Whig for you: But you are welcome, Sirs, that come out of curiosity; you may get good ere ye go back again. I'll give you an instance of it: There was Zaccheus, a man of low stature, that is, a little droichy

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[*dwarf*] body, and a publican, that is, he was one of the excisemen; he went out of curiosity to see Christ, and, because he was little, he went up a tree: do you think, Sirs, he went to harry a pyot's nest [*rifle a magpie's nest*]? No, he went to see Christ; Christ looks up, and says, Zaccheus, thou art always proving pratticks, thou'rt no bairn now; go home, go home, and make ready my dinner, I'll be with you this day at noon. After that, Sirs, this little Zaccheus began to say his prayers, evening and morning, as old honest Joshua did in my text: "As for me and my house," &c., as if he had said, Go you to the devil and you will, and I and my house will say our prayers, Sirs, as Zaccheus and the rest of the apostles did."

This state of things, I might hope, has, with us, long gone by, and yet we have here, circulating widely, the life of Peter Cartwright, a gentle-minded, lamb-like Christian, to whom it was about a matter of equal indifference whether he should fight or preach, and whose discourses, not unfrequently, had all the most offensive vulgarity of the quotations we have given above, although set to the tune of a widely different theology. Now, it is with us a pretty definite conviction, although we are aware how fearful the hazard is, that we may be contradicted, that Christianity does not smile upon and approve bullying and pugilism. Certainly, if circumstances arise to develop the spirit of the prize ring in the Christian preacher, this does not seem to be the thing to exalt to the ideal of Christian biography. The age of the early Christians was very favorable to the inculcation of these pugilistic lessons, but singular to say the New Testament contains none. He was a strange fellow, this Peter Cartwright—no doubt much about him that was manly, and noble, and truthful; but the young men who read it to their great edification, may remember that, even admitting some virtue in the book, it belongs to an order of society we hope entirely unlike ours; a society of rowdies and fillibusters, of scoundrels and slave-holders.

Well, we do not desire to see this spirit return into the

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midst of our pulpit life. We have passed through the midst of it. And perhaps the coarse and vulgar pugilist, Peter Cartwright, was inherently a finer character than the scholarly SOUTH. Meanness is never so detestable as when it condescends to besmirch itself with grossness. What could be expected from a man who could say, "*gratitude among friends is like credit among tradesmen, it keeps business up*, and maintains the correspondence; and, we pay not so much out of a principle that we ought to discharge our debts, as to secure ourselves a place to be trusted another time?" A nice clean sentiment for a Christian teacher! But it takes away all surprise at the following passage, from a sermon preached before the King, of virtuous memory.

"Who that looked upon Agathocles first handling the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition, he should have come to be King of Sicily?

"Who that had seen Massaniello, a poor fisherman with his red cap and his angle, would have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples?

"And who that beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the Parliament house with a threadbare torn cloak, greasy hat (perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne?" At which the king fell into a fit of laughter; and turning to the Lord Rochester said, "Ods fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop, therefore put me in mind of him at the next death."

It is impossible to read South with pleasure: in the most unlikely places the abusive spirit of the foul-mouthed old renegade, for he had been of the Puritan party, and wrote a Latin ode of fulsome adulation of Cromwell, offends

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any reader who regards decency and decorum of language. We feel that he who could write this had attained to no knowledge of the text and purity of the Christian life. To this he also owes much of his popularity; yet his style is certainly robust and masculine, but it is heavy, the sentences are long, and sometimes drag wearily. It is strange to say it reads like a very honest style: there are no glowing words, no fancies, there is nothing imaginative or ideal. He never rises beyond common sense. He is impatient of all those topics which belong either to the symbolism of the Church or to the spiritual aspects of its faith, and his wit is not profuse, and when it comes, it is either in low vulgar coarseness, or it is merely a remark with some point in its analogy. When those who are not acquainted with his writings read of the wit of South, they must not expect the affluence and redundancy of Swift, or the smartness of Sidney Smith; and some acquaintance with his works will reduce his proportions to those of a by no means extraordinary writer, as he was in no sense an admirable man. His excellency is to be traced to the fact that he stated, with great clearness and precision, truths quite level to the ordinary mind. His cube was a very contracted one, and he had neither the intelligence nor genius nor taste to look beyond, or to attempt to gauge wide relations; this is evident in his sermon on *Contingencies*, which at once illustrates his shallowness in philosophy and abusiveness in spirit. Perhaps his supposed wit and real coarseness have obscured his more solid excellences, for they are to be traced; but among those who have sinned by the introduction of drollery into the pulpit I know of none so disgusting as he. He had not the shelter of a harassed and persecuted party, nor the motives of an impulsive nature. He was simply a spiteful, malevolent time-server; there was nothing kind or genial in the humor of the man, and his satire was only able to take aim at Puritanism or at

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piety. There are fine passages in South. "A blind man sitting in the chimney corner is pardonable enough, but sitting at the helm he is intolerable." "Solomon built his temple with the tallest cedars; and surely when God refused the defective and the maimed for sacrifice, we cannot think he requires them for the priesthood." When we find him discoursing to us as follows we listen impressed and thoughtful.

Every judgment of God has a force more or less destructive, according to the quality and reception of the thing that it falls upon. If it seizes the body, which is but of a mortal and frail make, and so, as it were, crumbles away under the pressure, why then the judgment itself expires through the failure of a sufficient subject or recipient, and ceases to be predatory, as having nothing to prey upon. But that which comes out of its Creator's hands immaterial and immortal, endures and continues under the heaviest stroke of his wrath; and so is able to keep pace with the infliction (as I may so express it) both by the largeness of its perception and the measure of its duration. He who has a soul to suffer in, has something by which God may take full hold of him, and upon which he may exert his anger to the utmost. Whereas, if he levels the blow at that which is weak and mortal, the very weakness of the thing stricken at will elude the violence of the stroke; as when a sharp, corroding rheum falls upon the lungs, that part being but of a spongy nature, and of no hard substance, little or no pain is caused by the distillation; but the same falling upon a nerve fastened to the jaw, or to a joint, (the consistency and firmness of which shall give force to the impression,) it presently causes the quickest pain and anguish, and becomes intolerable. A cannon bullet will do terrible execution upon a castle-wall or a rampart, but none at all upon a wool-pack.

But he will not allow us to enjoy in quiet long. Even his most spiritual passages prove themselves to be the offspring of an unreal mind, as when he closes his exposition

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of David's desire for the tabernacle with his customary insolence.

What says David, Psalm lxxvii. 13, "Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary." It is no doubt, but that holy person continued a strict and most pious communion with God, during his wanderings upon the mountains and in the wilderness; but still he found in himself, that he had not those kindly, warm meltings upon his heart, those raptures, and ravishing transports of affection, that he used to have in the fixed and solemn place of God's worship. See the two first verses of the lxiii. Psalm, entitled, "A psalm of David, when he was in the wilderness of Judah," how emphatically and divinely does every word proclaim the truth that I have been speaking of! "O God," says he, "thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary." Much different was his wish from that of our nonconforming zealots now-a-days, which expresses itself in another kind of dialect; as "When shall I enjoy God as I used to do at a conventicle?" "When shall I meet with those blessed breathings, those heavenly hummings and hawings, that I used to hear at a private meeting, and at the end of a table?"

We can neither love nor respect South. "God will not accept their barn-worship, nor their hogsty worship;" all Puritans are "sly, sanctified cheats; they are all a company of cobblers, tailors, draymen, drunkards, whoremongers, and broken tradesmen; though since, I confess, dignified with the title of the sober part of the nation." The audience no doubt laughed at all this rubbish, but it does not seem to me to be either elegant or witty; some things are more disgusting still, as when the execution of the King is compared to the execution of Christ, which it transcended in iniquity, since the murder of Christ was but His murder, but the execution of the King was the crucifixion of

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Christianity itself. I push away the great droll and wit of the pulpit of the Restoration, and do not care to make his further acquaintance.

The greatest of all the wits and satirists of the pulpit we have known was the great Spanish orator, ANTONY of Vieyra; Spanish wit and humor, that wit and satire of the keen Damascus blade; the wit of Quevedo or of Cervantes shone from him in a sustained and instructive manner, unlike any other great pulpit master we can mention, and he dealt with the sins and vices of his age, in an age of especial vice, with searching and scathing severity. There is nothing of the coarse buffoon, or the low droll in any of these sermons, take for instance, the celebrated

SERMON TO THE FISHES.

What! and are we to preach to-day to the fishes? No audience can be worse. At least fishes have two good qualities as hearers —they can hear, and they cannot speak. One thing only might discourage the preacher—that fishes are a kind of race who cannot be converted. But this circumstance is here so very ordinary, that from custom one feels it no longer. For this cause, I shall not speak to-day of heaven or of hell; and thus this sermon will be less gloomy than mine are usually considered, from putting men continually in remembrance of these two ends.

* * * * *

To begin, then, with your praises, fishes and brethren. I might very well tell you that, of all living and sensitive creatures, you were the first which God created. He made you before the fowls of the air; He made you before the beasts of the earth; He made you before man himself. God gave to man the monarchy and dominion over all the animals of the three elements, and in the charter in which He honored him with these powers, fishes are the first named. "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle." Among all animals, fishes are the most numerous and the largest. . . . For this reason, Moses, the chronicler of the creation,

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while he does not mention the name of other animals, names a fish only. "God created great whales." And the three musicians of the furnace of Babylon, brought forward in their song the name of the same fish, with especial honor, "O ye whales . . bless ye the Lord." These and other praises, then, and other excellences of your creation and greatness, I might well, O fishes, set before you; but such a matter is only fit for an audience of men who permit themselves to be carried away by these vanities, and is, also, only suited to those places where adulation is allowed, and not in the pulpit.

. . . Great praise do ye merit, O fishes, for the respect and devotion which ye have had to the preacher of the Word of God; and so much the more, because ye did not exhibit it once only. Jonah went as a preacher of the same God, and was on board a ship when that great tempest arose. How did men then treat him, and how did fishes treat him? Men cast him into the sea, to be eaten by fishes; and the fish which followed him carried him to the shores of Nineveh, that he might there preach, and save those men. Is it possible that fishes should assist in the salvation of men, and that men should cast into the sea the ministers of salvation? Behold, fishes—and avoid vain-glory—how much better are ye than men. . .

. . . Aristotle, speaking of fishes, says, that they alone, among all animals, can neither be tamed nor domesticated. . . . There they live, in their seas and rivers; there they die in their fountains; there they hide themselves in their grottoes: and none among them is so large as to trust man, or so small as not to avoid him. Authors usually condemn this characteristic of fishes, and attribute it to their little docility, or exceeding brutishness; but I am of a very different opinion. I do not condemn—on the contrary, I very much praise—this their retirement; and it seems to me that if it were not natural to them, it would be a proof of their prudence. Fishes, by how much the further from men, by so much the better. Hate conversation and familiarity with them. God preserve you from it! If the beasts of the earth and the birds of the air choose to be man's familiars, let them do it and welcome: it is at their own expense. Let the nightingale sing to man: but it must be in her cage. Let the

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parrot talk to him: but it must be with her chain. Let the hawk go to the chase with him: but it must be in her jesses. Let the ape play the buffoon for him: but it must be with his ring. Let the dog content himself with gnawing his bone: but he must be dragged where he likes not, by his collar. . . . .

In the time of Noah happened that flood which covered and drowned the world; and of all animals, which fared the best? Of lions, only two escaped—a lion and a lioness; and so of other beasts. Of eagles, two only escaped, the male and the female; and so of other birds. And of the fishes? All escaped; nay, and not only all escaped, but were much more at liberty than before: because the land and the sea were then all sea. If, then, in that universal chastisement all the beasts of the earth and all the birds died, why did not the fishes also die? St. Ambrose says, because the other animals, as more domestic, and more nearly allied, had greater communication with men; the fishes lived at a distance, and retired from them. . . . See, fishes, of how great benefit it is to live at a distance from men. A great philosopher, being asked which was the best country in the world, replied, "That which has the largest portion of desert: because it has men at the greatest distance." If St. Antony preached this, also, to you, and if this was one of the benefits for which he exhorted you to give thanks to God, he might well have asserted with respect to himself, that, the more he sought God, the more he fled from man. . . .

But before you depart, as you have heard your praises, hear also that which I have to blame. It will serve to make you ashamed, though you have not the power of amendment. The first thing which does not edify me in you, fishes, is, that you eat one another. A great scandal in itself, but the circumstances make it worse. You not only eat one another, but the great eat the little. If the contrary were the case, the evil would be less. If the little ate the great, one would suffice for many; but as the great eat the little, a hundred—nay, and a thousand—do not suffice for one. . . . St. Augustine, who preached to men, in order to set forth the atrocity of this scandal, pointed it out to them in fishes; and I, who preach to the fishes, in order to show how abominable is the custom, wish that you should look at men.

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Look, fishes, from the sea to the land. No, no, it is not that way that I mean. Are you turning your eyes to the forests and to the interior? Here, here! it is to the city you must look. Do you think it is only the Tarpongas that eat each other? The shambles here are much larger; white men eat each other far more. . . . .

Is any one of them dead? See how they all fall upon the miserable man, to tear him in pieces and to eat him. His heirs devour him; his legatees devour him; his executors devour him; his creditors devour him; the commissioners of orphans, of the dead, and of the absent devour him; the physician who helped to kill him devours him; his wife herself devours him, when she gives him for a shroud the oldest sheet in the house; he is devoured by the grave-digger; by the bell-ringer; by those that sing as they carry him to the grave: in fine, the poor dead man is not yet swallowed up by the earth, but he is already swallowed up by its inhabitants. * * *

With the flying-fish, I must also have a word: and my complaint is not a trifling one. Tell me—did not God make you fish? and why, then, do you set up to become birds? God made the sea for you, and the air for them. Content yourselves with the sea, and with swimming, and do not attempt to fly. . . You seek to be better than other fishes; and for this reason you are worse off than any. Other fishes of the deep are taken with the hook, or the net; you are taken without hook or net, by your own presumption, and your own caprice. The ship pursues its course; the mariners are sleeping; and the flying-fish touches the sail, or the rigging, and falls on to the deck. Other fishes are killed by hunger, or deceived by the bait; the flying-fish is killed by the vain desire of flying, and his bait is the wind. How much better it were to dive beneath the keel, and to live, than to fly above the yards, and to die! It is a great proof of ambition that, the sea being so immense, the whole ocean does not suffice to so small a fish, but he must needs desire a larger element. But see, fishes, the chastisement of ambition. The flying-fish was made by God a fish; he desired to be a bird: and God permits he should have the perils of a fish, and besides that, those of a bird. . . .

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From this example, fishes, keep, all of you, this truth in mind. He that desires more than befits him, loses that which he desires, and that which he has. He that can swim, and desires to fly, the time will come when he shall neither fly nor swim. . . .

With this last remark I bid you farewell, or allow you to bid me farewell, my fishes. And that in departing, you may receive some consolation from this sermon (for I know not when you will hear another), I wish to remove from you a very ancient grievance under which you have lain from the time that the book of Leviticus was published. In the Ecclesiastical law, GOD chose certain animals which should be sacrificed to Him; but they were all, either beasts of the earth or birds—fishes being totally excluded from these sacrifices. Who doubts that this universal exclusion would be the cause of great disquietude and sorrow to all the inhabitants of so noble an element which affords the matter for the first Sacrament? The principal motive for the exclusion of fishes, was this: Other animals can go alive to the sacrifice, but fishes, not so; and GOD desires not that any dead thing should be offered to Him, or should approach His Altar. This point would be very important and necessary to men, if I were preaching to them. O, how many souls approach to that Altar in a state of death, because they approach, and are without a fear of approaching, in mortal sin. Fishes, give great thanks to GOD, that he has delivered you from this peril; far better is it not to approach to the sacrifice, than to approach to it in a state of death. . . .

O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord. Praise GOD, O fishes, both small and great; separate yourselves in two choirs and praise Him with one accord. Praise GOD, because He has created you in such numbers; because He has distinguished you in so many species: because He has invested you with such variety and beauty: because He has furnished you with all the instruments necessary to life; because He has given you an element so large and so pure; praise GOD, Who coming into this world, lived amongst you, and called to Him those who lived with you and of you; praise GOD Who sustains you, praise GOD Who preserves you, praise

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God Who multiplies you; praise God finally, by serving and sustaining man, which is the end to which He created you; and as at the beginning He gave you His blessing, so may He bestow it on you now. Amen. As you are not capable of grace nor of glory, so your sermon neither ends with grace nor with glory.

If Antony of Vieyra was the greatest satirist, Abraham Sancta Clara was the greatest droll; yet he was descended from noble ancestors, near the City of Moskirch in Suabia. He belonged to the order of Barefooted Augustine Monks; his fame was made as the preacher to the Convent of Dachall, in Bavaria. In 1669, he became Imperial court preacher to Leopold I., and filled that office for twenty years; he died in 1709. He was, although the preacher to the Court, an orator of the people, his humor was of the very broadest character; he has been called "a clerical zany," yet he is also said to have had a genuine enthusiasm for virtue and religion, he had "a complete mastery of languages, a great "affluence of imagery, a brilliant wit, an animated delivery, and excoriating satire." He seems to have been a good and useful man, and yet who can commend such a deliverance as the following?

THE PRODIGAL SON.

Of what country the prodigal son was, is not precisely known; but I believe he was an Irishman. What his name was, is not generally understood; but I believe it was *Malefacius.* From what place he took his title (seeing he was a nobleman), has not yet been discovered; but I believe it was *Maidsberg* or *Womenham.* What was the device in his coat of arms, no one has described; but I believe it was a sow's stomach in a field *verd.*

This chap travelled with well-larded purse through various countries and provinces, and returned no better but rather worse. So it often happens still, that many a noble youth has his travels changed to travails. Not seldom also, he goes forth a good German and returns a bad *Herman.* What honor or

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credit is it to the noble river Danube that it travels through different lands, through Suabia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and at last unites with a sow. The pious Jacob saw, in his journey, a ladder to heaven; but alas! many of our Quality find, in their journeys, a ladder into hell. If, nowadays, a man travel not, he is called a Jack-in-the-corner and one who has set up his rest behind the stove. But tell me, dear half-Germans! (for whole Germans ye have long ceased to me) Is it not true? Ye send your sons out that they may learn strange vices at great cost in stranger-lands, when, with far less expense, they might be acquiring virtues at home. They return with no more point to to them than they went out, except that they bring home some new fashion of *point*-lace. They return no more gallant, unless it be that gallant comes from the French *galant*. They return more splendidly clad, but good habits were better than to be finely habited. New-fashioned hats, new-fashioned periwigs, new-fashioned collars, new-fashioned coats, new-fashioned breeches, new-fashioned hose, new-fashioned shoes, new-fashioned ribbons, new-fashioned buttons, — also new-fashioned consciences creep into our beloved Germany through your travels. Your fool's frocks change too with every moon; and soon the tailors will have to establish a university and take Doctor's degrees, and afterwards bear the title of Right-reverend Doctors of fashion.

If I had all the new fashions of coats for four and twenty years, I would almost make a curtain before the sun with them, so that men should go about with lanterns in the day-time. At least, I would undertake to hide all Turkey with them, so that the Constantinopolitans should think their Mahomed was playing blind-the-cat with them. An old witch, at the request of king Saul, called the prophet Samuel from the dead, that he might know the result of his arms. It will soon come to pass, that people will want to call from the dead the identical tailor and master who made the beautiful Esther's garment, when she was so well-pleasing in the eyes of Ahasuerus. * * *

* * * So the prodigal son learned but little good in foreign lands. His doing was wooing; his thinking was drinking; his Latin was *Proficiat*, his Italian, *Brindisi*, his Bohemian, *Sas-*

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dravi, his German *Gesegnets Gott.* In one word, he was a goodly fellow always mellow, a vagrant, a *bacchant*, an *amant*, a *turbant*, a *distillant*, &c. Now he had wasted his substance in foreign provinces and torn his conscience to tatters as well as his clothes. He might, with truth, have said to his father what the brothers of Joseph said, without truth, to Jacob when they showed him the bloody coat, "*fera pessima*," &c., "an evil beast hath devoured him." An evil beast devoured the prodigal son; an evil beast, the golden eagle, an evil beast, the golden griffin, an evil beast, the golden buck, an evil beast, the golden bear. These tavern-beasts reduced the youngster to that condition that his breeches were as transparent as a fisherman's net, his stomach shrunk together like an empty bladder, and the mirror of his misery was to be seen on the sleeve of his dirty doublet, &c. And now when the scamp had got sick of the swine-diet, more wholesome thoughts came into his mind and he would go straight home to his old father and seek a favorable hearing at his feet; in which he succeeded according to his wish. And his own father fell quite lovingly on the neck of the bad *vocativo*, for which a rope would have been fitter. Yea, he was introduced with special joy and jubilee into the paternal dwelling, sudden preparations were made for a feast, kitchen and cellar were put in requisition, and the best and fattest calf must be killed in a hurry and cooked and roasted. Away with the rags and tatters! and hurrah! for the velvet coat and the prinked up hat and a gold ring! Bring on your fiddlers! *allegro!*

Some preachers have had apparently an irresistible faculty for drollery. The other day I went over to Everton to look at the grave of JOHN BERRIDGE, one of these men upon whose lips, perhaps, it became as really sacred a thing—if the expression be permitted—as on those of any man gifted with such a dangerous faculty. He wrote his own epitaph, and here it is itself as plainly as any word he ever wrote, revealing what manner of man the quaint, but really earnest old vicar of Everton was :—

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Here lie
The earthly remains of
JOHN BERRIDGE,
Late Vicar of Everton,
And an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ,
Who loved his Master and His work,
And after running on his errands many years,
Was called up to wait on Him above.
READER,
Art thou born again?
No salvation without New-Birth!
I was born in Sin, February, 1716.
Remained ignorant of my fallen state till 1730.
Lived proudly on Faith and Works for salvation till 1754.
Admitted to Everton Vicarage, 1755,
Fled to Jesus alone for Refuge, 1756.
Fell asleep in Christ, January 22nd, 1793.

But the words of honest John Berridge, if they were droll, were seasoned with the salt of good conversation, which has often been wanting to the words of those who have indulged themselves as he did; thus he describes the doctrine of the contingency to the promise of the grace of eternal life under the image of

SERGEANT IF.

The doctrine of perseverance affords a stable prop to upright minds, yet lends no wanton cloak to corrupt hearts. It brings a cordial to revive the faint, and keeps a guard to check the froward. The guard attending on this doctrine is Sergeant If; low in stature, but lofty in significance; a very valiant guard, though a monosyllable. Kind notice has been taken of the Sergeant by Jesus Christ and his apostles; and much respect is due unto him from all the Lord's recruiting officers, and every soldier in His army.

Pray listen to the Sergeant's speech: "IF ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."—John viii. 31. "IF ye do these things, ye shall never fall."—2 Peter i. 10. "IF what ye have heard shall abide in you, ye shall continue in the Son and

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in the Father."—1 John ii. 24. "We are made partakers of Christ, IF we hold fast unto the end."—Heb. iii. 14. "Whoso looketh and continueth (that is, IF he that looketh does continue) in the perfect law of liberty, that man shall be blessed in his deed."—James i. 25.

Yet take notice, Sir, that Sergeant IF is not of Jewish, but of Christian parentage; not sprung from Levi, though a son of Abraham; no sentinel of Moses, but a watchman for the camp of Jesus.

But drollery in the pulpit! Artemus Ward in the pulpit! surely there is something shocking and repulsive in the idea. Surely it is not so that we can conceive the Master of preachers ever preaching. Surely not so did the apostles preach. Not so ever could they preach who lived on the confines of eternity, and there should the preacher ever find the home of his thought and his heart; to permit the undisciplined fancy to mount a grotesque idea, and set forth prancing and curveting, almost the astonishment and laughter of an audience, whose lowest nature will no doubt be tickled while the highest intentions of the pulpit are thus entirely kept out of sight. Surely if the preacher who goes into the pulpit to say fine things, commits a great sin, not less does he sin who turns the pulpit into a booth, on whose boards he gives forth his queer, extravagant and droll things, for drollery is satire on the lips of the clown; it is truth degraded to the party colors of the harlequin, or the buskin of the fool, grinning to make the multitude grin; yet nature will come on the lips of men who love to be at the mercy of their own fancies. This also must be said in defence of some of these children of humor, whose lives were nevertheless holy and sanctified, that the droll things abide in the memory of the audience, when the serious things, and even the intentions and lessons of the droll things themselves are forgotten and pass away. Such a preacher was JACOB KRUBER of America; he seemed to riot

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in the pulpit, and become intoxicated upon the *schnapps* of his own free humor: perhaps he was the Rowland Hill of his country and his denomination. When in Huntingdon, U. S., the Universalists, who had become a large body there beneath the teaching and leadership of a person named Crow—and who were influenced by the flattering doctrine, that men and women dying unconverted in this world, would be converted in the next—came with their preacher in thronging multitudes to hear and to mock him. After a strong assault upon the doctrine itself, he exclaimed, "Now any man who could conceive such a thing must be born in a crow's nest, and he must have been brought up in a crow's nest, as he never could get up any higher. He must have been fed on dry bones, without any meat on them or marrow in them. Lord, stir up this crow's nest! Lord! the crow is a very ugly bird; it is all black—make it white. It has a very harsh croaking noise—Lord, put a new song in its mouth, even praise to our God. Lord, give it wings, that it may fly away to the third heavens and be converted;" and we read that such poor drollery shot poor Crow. Kruber, like most of these droll men, had as much horror of anything graceful in a sermon as he had of anything attractive and beautiful in a dress, and he took real pleasure in trying how rough and uncouth he could be in his expressions in the pulpit. The Latter day Saints told him their meat was too strong for him; he said, "Yes, it is very strong! it is tainted; go and bury it, that it may not poison any person." Then he suggested a change of two words in the designation of their sect, instead of "day," say "night;" and instead of "saints," say "owls." Cautioning against the reliance on conversion, however clear and satisfactory — instead of aiming at daily growth in grace, he exclaimed, "some people believe if you are once converted, you are just as safe as if already in heaven—and the door shut, and *the key lost*." Perhaps few of our

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readers have ever seen, and will have no objection to read his satire upon fashionable preachers, and their modes of meeting and helping in cases of conversion.

He chose for his subject the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Ananias, who resided at Damascus, was made to represent the velvet-lipped modern preacher. He thus introduced the subject: "A great many years ago a bold blasphemer was smitten by conviction when he was on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians. He was taken to Damascus in great distress. Ananias, after hearing of the concern of mind under which Saul was laboring, started out to find him. It seems that he was stopping at the house of a gentleman by the name of Judas, not Judas Iscariot, for that person had been dead several years. The residence of this gentleman was in the street which was called Strait. I suppose it was the main street or Broadway of the city, and hence it was not difficult to find. Arriving at the mansion he rang the bell, and soon a servant made her appearance. He addressed her thus: "Is the gentleman of the house, Mr. Judas, within?" "Yes, sir," responded the servant, "he is at home." Taking out a glazed, gilt-edged card, on which was printed, Rev. Mr. Ananias, he handed it to the servant and said: "Take this card to him quickly." Taking a seat, with his hat, cane, and gloves in his left hand, his right being engaged in arranging his classical curls, so as to present as much of an intellectual air as possible, he awaited an answer. Presently Mr. Judas makes his appearance, whereupon Mr. Ananias, rises, and making a graceful bow, says: "Have I the honor to address Mr. Judas, the gentleman of the house?" "That is my name, sir; please be seated." "I have called, Mr. Judas, to inquire if a gentleman by the name of Mr. Saul, a legate of the high priest at Jerusalem, is a guest at your house." "Yes, sir; Mr. Saul is in his chamber, in very great distress and trouble of mind. He was brought here yesterday, having fallen from his horse a few miles from the city on the Jerusalem road. "Oh! I am very sorry to hear of so painful an accident. I hope he is not dangerously wounded." "No, sir, I think not, though the fall has affected his sight very much, and he complains considerably and prays a good deal." "Well, I am very sorry; but that is not

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very strange, as I believe he belongs to that sect of Jews called Pharisees, who make much of praying. How long since he received this fall, Mr. Judas? About three days since, and all the time he has not taken any refreshment or rest." "Indeed! you don't say so! he must be seriously hurt. May I be permitted to see Mr. Saul? "I will ascertain his pleasure, Mr. Ananias, and let you know if you can have an interview." After being gone a short time Mr. Judas return, and says: "Mr. Saul will be much pleased to see you." When he is ushered into his presence Saul is reclining on his couch in a room partially darkened. Approaching him, Ananias says: "How do you do, Mr. Saul? I understood you had done our city the honor of a visit. Hope you had a pleasant journey. How did you leave all the friends at Jerusalem? How did you leave the high priest? We have very fine weather, Mr. Saul. I thought I would call and pay my respects to you, as I was very anxious to have some conversation with you on theological subjects. I am extremely sorry to hear of the accident that happened to you in visiting our city, and hope you will soon recover from your indisposition."

No man sinned more in this way than the celebrated Rowland Hill. He also was a droll in the pulpit. We have heard him indulging in excursions, in his extreme old age, which we suppose would scarcely be tolerated now; and many of the anecdotes recorded of him are alike intolerable to good sense, good taste, and Christian feeling. Rambling and digressive, he seemed to be at the mercy of his humor, and to follow it whithersoever it led him. Speaking to students of Dr. Bogue's academy, he said:

The Gospel is an excellent milch-cow, which always gives plenty of milk and of the best quality. I never write my sermons. I always trust to the Gospel. I first pull at justification, then give a plug at adoption, and afterwards a bit at santification, and so on, till I have in one way or other filled my pail with Gospel milk; and if you will only do the same, young men, depend upon it you will make far better ministers than you will ever do by writing your sermons and preaching from memory.

Again, on another occasion, he said:

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The mere professor reminds me of a sow that I saw two hours ago luxuriating in her stye when almost over head and ears in the mire. Now, suppose any of you were to take Bess (the sow) and wash her, and suppose after having dressed her in a silk gown, and put a smart cap upon her head, you were to take her into any of your parlors, and were to set her down to tea in company, she might look very demure for a time, and might not give even a single grunt; but you would observe that she occasionally gave a sly look towards the door, which showed that she felt herself in an uncomfortable position, and the moment she perceived that the door was open she would give another proof of the fact by running out of the room as fast as she could. Follow the sow, with her silk gown and her fancy cap, and in a few seconds you will find that she has returned to her stye and is again wallowing in the mire. Just so it is with the unrenewed man: sin is his element; and though he may be induced from a variety of motives to put on at times a show of religion, you will easily perceive that he feels himself to be under unpleasant restraints, and that he will return to his sins whenever an opportunity of doing so, unknown to his acquaintances, presents itself to him.

But this is not the whole of Rowland Hill; his beauty and true excellence are forgotten, and only the frequent coarsenesses are now remembered, although Robert Hall, we understand, hyperbolically said of him, "No man has ever drawn, since the days of our Saviour, such sublime images from nature; here Mr. Hill excels every other man." He had a rapid succession of many-colored and many-shaped ideas, and of their singularity even Mr. Edwin Sydney gives many illustrations. This was remarkable in his collection sermons. "There is," he exclaimed once, "a perpetual frost in the pockets of some wealthy people; as soon as they put their hands into them, they are frozen and unable to draw out their purses. Had I my way, I would hang all misers, but the reverse of the common mode; I would hang them up by the heels, that their money might run out of

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their pockets, and make a famous scramble for you to pick up and put in the plate." On a wet day, when a number of persons took shelter in his chapel during a heavy shower, while he was in the pulpit, he said, "Many people are greatly blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella." When he was told he did not preach to the elect—upon an early opportunity, in the pulpit, he said, "I don't know them, or I would preach to them. Have the goodness to mark them with a bit of chalk, and then I'll talk to them." "I don't like those mighty fine preachers," he said, "who so beautifully round off all their sentences that they are sure to roll off the sinner's conscience." "Never mind breaking grammar," he said to his excellent co-pastor, Theophilus Jones, "if the Lord enables you to break the poor sinner's heart." A strange illustration he gave when he introduced his sermon on the text, "We are not ignorant of his devices:"

Many years since I met a drove of pigs in one of the streets of a large town, and to my surprise they were not driven, but quietly followed their leader. This singular fact excited my curiosity; and I pursued the swine, until they all quietly entered the butchery: I then asked the man how he succeeded in getting the poor stupid, stubborn pigs so willingly to follow him, when he told me the secret: He had a basket of beans under his arm; and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so secured his object. Ah! my dear hearers, the devil has got his basket of beans, and he knows how to suit his temptations to every sinner. He drops them by the way,—the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his own will; and if the grace of God prevent not, he will get him at last into his butchery, and there he will keep him for ever. Oh, it is because "we are not ignorant of his devices," that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them.

The illustration is not very elegant, but it would tell on

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many rude natures; it was Scriptural—it was human, and true.

"God," says an old Scotch divine, quoted by William Jay, had but one only begotten son, and he made a preacher of Him;" the truth of which remark may perhaps be allowed to atone for its homeliness. The preacher who constantly remembers this will perhaps be saved from these really sinful escapades and follies of speech, which call to mind the remark that there is a great difference between what St. Paul calls "the foolishness of preaching" and foolish preaching.

Dean Ramsay tells a story of some old Scottish lady who, while mourning over the moral state of one of her relatives, exclaimed, "Our John swears awfu'; and we try to correct him; but," she added, in a candid and apologetic tone, "nae doubt it is a great set-aff to conversation." It seems to be so even with pulpit drollery and humor. It is very much condemned, but no doubt it is a great set-off to the pulpit. It has been said,* "In every denomination there will occasionally spring up a 'Tom Bradbury,' preaching with eccentricity enough, and drollery enough to afflict the Church and to amuse the world. Billy Dawson was one of this stamp." The writer can know neither the one preacher nor the other to whom he refers. I glanced, as I read this, to the eleven volumes of the Sermons of Bradbury; The Great Mystery of Godliness, and the Christus in Cœlo, and felt that some wonderful injustice had been done to his memory; his wit and humor were like the wit and humor of South, but seem to have been more rich and genial; they were not consecrated to flatter a corrupt court and triumphant cause, and did not at all mar the ample knowl-

* "Punch in the Pulpit; or, the Danger of Novelties and other Improprieties in Religion, and especially of Jocularity in the House of God." By Philip Cater, Author of "The Great Fiction of the Times." Printed for the Author.

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edge, and sound and lofty views of evangelical truth and copious acquaintance with Scripture by which he delighted his hearers: even his celebrated sermon, "The Ass and the Serpent," contains little that the fastidious of our day could condemn. He hated the Stuarts, and in his sermons he maintained at once with indignation and humor, the right of a people to resist tyrants.

But "Tom Bradbury" has some sins to answer for; even if he deserves to live in the honor and esteem of men to whom civil and religious liberty are blessings. Queen Anne was wont to call him "bold Bradbury." Few persons, it is said, had a greater share in promoting the succession of the house of Hanover. It is also said, that upon Queen Anne's death, he preached from the text, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter:" it was he who was wont to express his dislike of Dr. Watts' psalms by saying "Let us have none of Dr. Watts' *whims*." In fact, he was the South of the Nonconformists, but he had incomparably more decency than that disagreeable time-server.

William Dawson may, perhaps, seem to be nearer to the above author's idea of Punch in the pulpit, yet he was a master there, and only disgraceful ignorance can so insult his memory. He seldom indulged in drollery for its own sake; he had immense power over vast audiences. We have many powerful preachers living now, but in the power of self-abandonment we have no speaker like Dawson. He spoke to the people in parables; he sometimes spoke in very bold, to our thought, even in coarse imagery and language; but the world needs preachers such as he was. And the writer I have quoted finds Punch in the pulpit during the singing of many hymns. Those exquisitely beautiful hymns, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed," and that most tender one, "The waves of trouble, how they rise," awaken only his disgust. This is called "queer

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hymnology." We live indeed in hypercritical times, when such sweet and sacred notes of the Church can be profaned by such a vulgar designation.

There is no doubt plenty of cause for a smart satire upon many of the ways and words of the men of the pulpit. It is a difficult thing to determine—nothing can determine but the cultivated and sanctified sense of the preacher—the extent to which humor may be permitted in the pulpit. Some will protest against its use altogether, but the boughs of the old elmtree which once shed its autumn leaves in St. Paul's Churchyard, and which has not been long removed, while preserving to the eye of memory the cross over which it waved, where stood the pulpit, once the most celebrated in all England—the Pulpit of St. Paul's Cross—defends the use of it. Of what that pulpit was we have no resemblance now; for, indeed, times have altered, and the pulpit work is different; that pulpit was *The Times* newspaper of its day; it was far more, it was the platform—it was the book—the focal lens—the ventilator of public opinion; and not only true things, but humorous things, did that useful sounding-board echo over the multitudes. There Colet, the learned Dean—there Hooker—there the grave and dignified Ridley; and there, too, was the most popular preacher of them all—the anecdotal, the witty, the fable-loving and humorous Latimer. If we did not regret that there is found so little freedom in the pulpit, we should rejoice that with the multitudes of preachers there is so little infringement of the bounds of good taste. At the same time it is to be remembered that there is a pedantic Punch in the pulpit, as well as a frolicsome one, and it is difficult to say which of the two is the more irreverent. Fine sermons, learned sermons, metaphysical sermons, are shocking things. A very old writer has said:

> Some take a text sublime and fraught with sense,
> But quickly fall into impertinence.

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On trifles eloquent with great delight
They flourish out on some strange mystic rite;
But to subdue the passions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties they neglect.
Most preachers err, except the wiser few,
Thinking established doctrines, therefore, true.
Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
Amuse the world with airy, idle dreams.
Thus too much faith or too presuming wit
Are rocks where bigots or freethinkers split.
'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
To make us feel it *you* must feel it too,
Show yourself warm, and that will warmth impart
To every hearer's sympathising heart.

The style of some preachers is quite as ludicrous as that ridiculed by Pluché in his *History of the Heavens*:—

A carpenter who understood his trade, and was in tolerable circumstances, had given his son a good education, that is, had made him pass through a course of liberal studies and philosophy. We know no other method. The father dying just as the son had gone through his public disputations, and leaving some undertakings unfinished, the young man took a liking to work, and followed his father's profession. But he bethought himself of recalling his art to certain principles, and subjecting it to a methodical order. He treated the whole in his head as he had seen his masters treat the art of reasoning. At length he got together a number of journeymen of the trade, and promised to lead them by a new way to the quintessence of carpentry.

Our new doctor, after a long preamble on mechanicks, which he promised to treat on by genus and species, came to the first question, and very seriously examined whether there was a principle of force in man. He long discussed the reasons *pro* and *con*, and at last enabled his disciples, knowingly, and without any apprehension of mistake, to affirm that man was capable of a certain degree of strength, and able to communicate motion, for instance, to an axe, or to a stone, if not too great. He was

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contented with this modest assertion, being persuaded, that, with this small strength multiplied, he might, towards the end of his treatise, come to transporting the largest pieces of rough marble, and to heaving of mountains. He next proceeded to examine the place where this force resided; and after many disputations on the brains, the glandula pinealis, the spirits, and the muscles, he, out of economy, and for brevity's sake, determined, that the arm was the chief agent, and the instrument of human strength.

In a third paragraph (for you would have wondered how well he divided and put his matter in order) the strength residing in the arm gave him occasion to examine all the constituent pieces of the arm, and to make an exact anatomy of it. He made long dissertations on the nerves, muscles, fibres, and descended to the minutest filaments. He multiplied the lengths of the muscles by their breadths, and the product of these by the sum of the fibres. From one calculation to another he came to determine the strength of each degree of tension, and, by means of these determinations, made himself able to fix the strength of percussion. Thus he weighed a cuff, and joining the strength of the fist to the sum of the blow of a hammer, he showed you the exact weight with which this percussion was in equal proportion. Finally, to sum up his matters, and for the conveniency of the young carpenters, he reduced this whole into algebraic expressions.

The author's conclusion on the whole work is, "that not only in point of religion, but also in natural philosophy, we ought to be contented with the certainty of experience, and the simplicity of Revelation." *

In thoughtlessness, in sheer vacant thoughtlessness, some of the effects, equal to the most ridiculous drollery, have their origin; like the escapade of speech heard from the lips of a very holy minister by a friend of our own, in describing the happiness of the heavenly state:—"Oh, my friends, there Satan shall harass you no longer; there the enemy of souls can distress you no more, for there you

* Pluché, *Hist. of the Heavens*, vol. ii. b. 4.

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shall be like Him—there you shall see him as He is." It is to be hoped all his auditors were sufficiently at home in Scripture, to understand the extraordinary juxtaposition of ideas.*

But I do not know that any of these strange developments disgust more, than what results in tame feebleness from the absence of earnestness. We have the "laced coat of mere orthodox twaddle," we have men who stand like cast-iron pumps, and exercise their preaching as a kind of parish-pump faculty; we have somnolence sleeping itself to death; and we have the platitudes uttered, when men having no voice in their own conscience, fail of course to reach the consciences of others.

* One Saturday afternoon Robert Robinson received a visit from the Rev. Clement Carnifex, who, at that time, lived at "Enon, near to Salim, because there was much water there." The following dialogue between these two men will afford a still more striking illustration of these impertinent allusions to the devil:—

Clement Carnifex.—"I am come from a great distance to hear you preach to-morrow."

Robert Robinson.—"Then, brother, you shall preach for me."

C. C.—"O no, no; I cannot preach in Mr. Robinson's pulpit."

R. R.—"Why not; my pulpit is a wooden one; is not yours?"

C. C.—"Yes, sir; but I cannot preach to Mr. Robinson's people."

R. R.—"Why not? my people are like other people—some good, some bad—are not yours?"

C. C.—"Yes, sir."

R. R.—"Well, then, I daresay the sermons last Sunday at home would be very suitable. What were they?"

C. C.—"Why, in the morning I preached from Esther vii. 9—'Hang him thereon.'"

R. R.—"Very well, brother. You had a good opportunity of showing that the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Did you take it up in that light, brother?"

C. C.—"No, sir; I considered Haman as the devil, who is always endeavoring to injure the Lord's people, and would be glad to destroy them."

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You have heard many sermons preached upon the publican and pharisee; but did you ever hear that preached in St. Giles-in-the-Fields. "It was sad," said the able and eloquent preacher, "that any of our fellow creatures should so fall, as to stand in need of such a degrading confession as the publican's; but he besought his hearers to be upon their guard, lest by drawing too favorably a contrast between such outcasts and themselves, they incurred the censure pronounced on that otherwise most amiable character, the pharisee." And James Haldane mentions, in one of his missionary tours in Scotland, that he heard a minister solemnly warn his people, and he was a minister of the Scotch Establishment, against putting any trust,

R. R.—"Very good, brother; nothing can be more suitable. Here is old Nanny, the pew-opener at our place; she can never get to meeting in time, for she says that the devil always finds her something or other to do. Then there is old Farmer Jones, who lives about three miles off. He says that before he has got half way to meeting, the devil tells him that somebody is breaking into his barns, and he is obliged to return. Now, brother, if you could prove that you have hanged the devil, nothing in the world would be more suitable. That will do for the morning. Now, what is the afternoon subject, brother?"

C. C.—"Why, sir, in the afternoon I preached from 2 Kings xviii. 36—'Answer him not.'"

R. R.—"Very well, brother. You have an opportunity of showing not only that the king's business requires haste, but that it is sometimes good policy not to reveal the secrets of State affairs. Did you handle it that way, brother?"

C. C.—"No, sir. I endeavored to show that the devil would be always harassing and distressing the dear people of God; but the best way was to pay no regard to his temptation. 'Answer him not a word.'"

R. R.—"Ha! ha! brother; that will never do. Now, in the morning, you see, according to your sermon, you hanged the devil; that was very fortunate; but in the afternoon you brought him to life again. At any rate it must be wrong for these two subjects to follow each other.

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while they continued sinners, in the blood of Christ. "Repent," said he, "become righteous, atone for your sins by probity, and virtue, and then if you please, you may look to that blood, but not before." Widely different all this to the "warning every man, and teaching every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

We need not read the celebrated "Sermons to Asses."* We need not go to hear the Friar Gerund.† We need not listen to the preacher who took for his text "O," and said a thousand fine things; or that learned and judiciously educated monk, who, preaching upon the servant of the High Priest warming himself, began, "My brethren, see how the evangelist relates, not merely as an historian would—'he warmed himself,' but as a philosopher—'because he was cold.'" The speech outruns the ideas of some preachers, as in the instance cited by the Wyckhamist of a missionary—describing the horrors of the Caffre war, and its desolating effect on his own estate, wishing to wind up with a good sonorous cadence, who ended thus, in words which certainly were remarkable as the experience of a living man, "And when I got home to my house I found my children fatherless and my wife a widow." We need not go for the purpose of marking the humors of the pulpit to that repertory, above all other *répertoires* of pulpit anecdote, Robert Robinson's edition of "Claude," unless to note how admirable are his remarks upon vulgarity in the pulpit; and they afford a reason for many of Robinson's own frequent lapses in that way.

Nothing is more necessary than self-denial. Beside all that

* "Sermons to Asses, to Doctors of Divinity, to Lords Spiritual, and to Ministers of State." By the Rev. James Murray, 1819.

† "The History of the Famous Preacher, Friar Gerund de Campanzas, otherwise Gerund Zotes." Translated from the Spanish. In 2 vols., 1772.

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self-denial, which belongs to ministers in common with their fellow-Christians, there are exercises of it peculiar to divines, and essential to the discharge of the pastoral office. Visiting and conversing with the poor, and allowing them to come for spiritual advice, are articles of this kind. Can it be imagined, that a man of learning is gratified by illiterate conversation? That a polite, well-bred man relishes the vulgar, awkward rudeness of clowns? That men, who know the worth of time, and who love study as they love life, can be pleased with interruption and nonsense, and long-winded tales of complaint, which begin, perhaps, in an ale-house fray, and end in a case of conscience? Can they, whose company is courted by accomplished men, who would pour into their bosoms of wise and pious conversation good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over—can these, I ask, of choice spend half a day in searching for one grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff? Yet he who cannot submit to these things, however qualified for a nobleman's domestic chaplain, or for a dignitary in a rich church, can never make the less splendid but more useful minister of a parish, or pastor of a flock. A poet may give himself airs, toss his haughty head, take snuff, and chant—*Odi profanum Vulgus;* but the minister of the meek and merciful Jesus must not do so. He must try to take the *ton* of his poor people, if he would do them real spiritual good. It will be his glory sometimes to be rude in speech, to conceal his abilities, to adapt himself to their weaknesses, to prefer Bunyan before Beza, Dodd's sayings and Wright's poems before the casuistry of Hoadley, and the poetry of Milton or Young.

Thus, also, some preachers are fond of discoursing on the Book of Leviticus, a book needing a very fine spiritual hand and insight, and capable of yielding glorious teaching; yet the effect is usually bad because there is no eye for the Divine meaning. Thus a young clergyman hearing a minister preaching on the types, and expounding Leviticus iii. 3—"And he shall offer the fat that covereth the inwards, and all the fat that is upon the inwards, and the two kidneys, and the fat that is on them, which is by the

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flanks, and the caul above the liver, with the kidneys, it he shall take away"—it is said, turned sick at the suggestive pictures. It is a singular chapter in the history of the human mind, the irreverence of reverent men. The shelves of our own library give to us John Stoughton's (not our excellent friend of Kensington, but the old 1640-man) "Baruch's Sore Gently Opened, and the Salve Skilfully Applied." We have the "Church's Bowel Complaint," "The Snuffers of Divine Love." Then are there not the "Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion," "A Pack of Cards to Win Christ," &c., &c.? Looking back upon these things, we almost feel that our age has advanced in reverence as well as in culture.

Yet we wish we had more freedom in the pulpit. There would be more useful results if ministers felt more and spoke more openly and heartily; if every man had more his own style. If, in fact, the pulpit could be *less* than it is, it would be *more* than it is; it over-rides far too intolerantly other ministerial duties. We ourselves speak much of it, and yet we long to hear less of it. And then it will do its work better, when its words shall be a flow of kindly, friendly, solemn, cheerful, thoughtful talk: a conversation with people, rather than the sweep of a stately flight above them, talking *to* them—which is in sympathy—rather than talking *at* them. Certainly, in the work of the pulpit, the true preacher makes his own work, and uses, by an instinct deeper than his own knowledge, the kind of method most suited to his nature. Toplady says, "the painter chooses the materials on which he paints—on wood, on glass, on metals, on ivory, on canvas. Some natural endowments are not high, there the painting is on wood; others on marble—quick sensibility and poignant feeling; some on glass, very beautiful, but especially dangerous, since by the first stone of penetration they are fractured and broken, and fall from their first love. The earliest an-

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cients painted only in water, like hypocrites; but God paints in oil, accompanying Himself the word by unction and by power."

And when attempts are made either to sneer down the pulpit or to hold it up to ridicule, the response ought to be—that it is really by far the most important means for the education of thought and emotion in the hands of men. It cannot be cared for too much, or guarded too sedulously. It needs indeed to be taken away from the tongue of bigotry and formalism—it needs to be made less a mere amusement and luxury—more of tenderness, experience, teaching—more of humanity in it; and then it will be hailed as one of the most delightful means of cheering the toil of the working-man with the love of Jesus, the story of the Cross, and the good news from the far country, inwrought with lessons and pictures of life, homely, powerful, and practical, becoming at once light to the eye and a power to the conscience.

Southey entertains us with a story of a certain Quaker who took a manuscript to Franklin to print and publish. Franklin looked over it, and said to the author that it was somewhat deficient in arrangement. "It's no matter," said the author, "print any part thou pleasest first." I almost fear lest I should seem, by the fragmentary words of this lecture, to lay myself open to a similar laugh. The fault is, perhaps, that all persons live too exclusively on the life of the book or of the speaker. The man who lives on the orator alone may have his mental and moral life destroyed by a plethora or spasm, if I may not rather call it a spontaneous combustion. The man, on the contrary, who lives the life of the mere bookman may die of indigestion. There is a danger of being mere bookmen, or else mere hangers-on at public meetings and frothy lecturings. We educate our thoughts by the book, we enlarge our information by the book, we extend the territory of our imagina-

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tion by the book; but we educate our affections by speech, we intensify our impulses by speech, we acquire the grace of manner and the felicity of diction by speech, not merely by speaking, but by hearing. The book is for the head; from the book we must expect to obtain ideas; from the book we must gain mental forms; the book will surround the spirit with all those graceful fictions, those ineffable charms of proverb and parable, which give to the soul the evergreen and the flower, as well as the hardy fruit. Speech will give fire to us, it will give light to us, such light as shines through a vault when the heavens are alive with flame. The bookman becomes a mere cold critic, watchful for the slips of speech; the mere speaker or auditor becomes careless, save of all that ministers to stirring sensation—by drollery or humor, rhetoric or fancy—he is careless how it comes.

But we must kindle the torch if we intend to track our way through the "palpable obscure." At present our faith is not great, as a whole, either in the book or in speech. And our age is too critical. In these times we seem to have the obstinacy of the dogmatist without his weapon of certainty. That our nature may be perfected, we must permit the river of speech to flow through the ear into the soul as well as the river of thought to flow through the eye into the soul. By our homage to each we shall find our nature built up and sustained.

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VIII.

The Use and Abuse of Imagination and Illustration.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, the most fertile master of varied illustration in our modern pulpit, has a fine passage in one of his sermons, setting forth the extent to which this wonderful provision is made for us and spread out for us in the Bible, spreading out everywhere into types of nature:

What if every part of your house should begin to repeat the truths which have been committed to its symbolism? The lowest stone would say, in silence of night, "Other foundations can no man lay." The corner-stone would catch the word, "Christ is the corner-stone." The door would add, "I am the door." The taper burning by your bedside would steam up a moment to tell you, "Christ is the light of the world." If you gaze upon your children, they reflect, from their sweetly-sleeping faces the words of Christ, "Except ye becometh like little children." If, waking, you look towards your parents' couch, from that sacred place God calls Himself your father and mother; and disturbed by the crying of your children who are affrighted in a dream, you rise to soothe them, and hear God saying, "So will I wipe away all tears from your eyes in Heaven." Returning to your bed, you look from the window, every star hails you,

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but chiefest, "The bright and morning star." By-and-by, flaming from the east, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling and calls you forth to the cares of the day, and then you remember that God is the sun, and that heaven is bright with His presence. Drawn by hunger, you approach the table: the loaf whispers as you break it, "Broken for you," and the wheat of the loaf sings, "Bruised and ground for you." The water that quenches your thirst says, "I am the Water of Life." If you wash your hands, you can but remember the teachings of spiritual purity. If you wash your feet, that has been done sacredly by Christ as a memorial. The very roof of your dwelling has its utterance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall receive its top-stone.

Go forth to your labor and what thing can you see that has not its message? The ground is full of sympathy: the flowers have been printed with teaching. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are framing divine sentences; the birds tell of heaven with their love warblings in the green twilight; the sparrow is a preacher of truth; the hen clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and parcel of a revelation of God to man. The sheep that bleat from the pastures, the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plough, the sickle, the wain, the barn, the flail, the thrashing-floor; all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no visions themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope, and love; all the ministers of God. The whole earth doth praise Him, and show forth His glory.

Imagination lays hold upon the innermost truth, grasps it firmly, and holds it up embodied to the mind; it is thus that analogy becomes one of the most, if not the most essential and successful elucidator of divine truth; it does this sometimes by a close comparison of resemblance, and, sometimes, by what may be regarded as more than this, even an entering into the very innermost heart of the sub-

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ject, and extraction of the mystery of resemblance; hence, mystical views of divine truth have very often been very helpful; and, hence, even some pretty, and not unforced resemblance, has not been without its value as a taper, if not a torch. A beautiful little book, now almost forgotten, is *Barton's Analogy of Divine Wisdom, in the Material, Sensitive, Moral, Civil, and Spiritual System of Things* (1750.) It is not like Butler's work, a firmly-plaited argument; but the learning is very interesting and entertaining, and especially where he uses the difficulties of mathematics for the purpose of unfolding the difficulties of revelation. Many matters of science, also, are handled most interestingly. Certainly many readers, who find Butler difficult, will find Dr. Barton's work most illuminating and entertaining, This work of divine analogy is one of the most helpful torches of the Christian minister, and its literature is of rare and great interest. The fame of the work of Butler has too much put out of sight what has been done before; we have the *Divine Analogy* of Bishop Brown (1733), and the remarks upon the same subject in the *Minute Philosopher* of Bishop Berkeley. While Butler was maturing his own views, these works and others were emanating from the minds of authors, whose words and thoughts are still worthy of pondering, although the more famous work has so suggested, shall we say exhausted, the depths of the subject.

But does the well-known argument of Butler satisfy? James Martineau has, we know, ventured to express himself thus:

> You have led me in your quest after analogies through the great infirmary of God's creation, and so haunted am I by the sights and sounds of the lazar house, that scarce can I believe in anything but pestilence; so sick of soul have I become that the mountain breeze has lost its scent of health; and you say, it is all the same in the other world, and wherever the same rule ex-

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tends; then I know my fate, that in this world justice has no throne. And thus, my friends, it comes to pass, that these reasoners often gain indeed their victory; but it is known only to the Searcher of Hearts, whether it is a victory against natural religion or in favor of revealed. For this reason I consider the Analogy of Bishop Butler (one of the profoundest of thinkers, and on purely moral subjects, one of the justest too), as containing, with a design directly contrary, the most terrible persuasives to Atheism that have ever been produced. The essential error consists in selecting the difficulties, which are the rare exceptional phenomena of nature—as the basis of analogy and argument.

There is a remarkable conversation recorded by Wilberforce with William Pitt, in which Pitt declared to Wilberforce, "that Butler's work raised more doubts in his mind than it answered." And Sir James Macintosh is reported to have said of the Analogy, "This can only be an answer to Deists; Atheists might make use of his objections, and have done so." By another writer, Dr. Schedel, the argument of Butler has been characterized as "the analogy of uncertainty," and "the analogy of mystery." While Miss Hennell, a well-known extreme sceptical writer, has claimed the Analogy as an ally to scepticism. Yet this is not the impression Butler produced upon the sceptics of his own day. David Hume—the great king of sceptics of almost any age or nation, but especially of the later days, looked upon him with something of awe;—mentions how anxious he was to have the bishop's opinion upon some points in his treatise on *Human Nature*, before its publication, and says, in one of his letters, "I am at present cutting off its nobler parts—*i. e.*, endeavoring it shall give as little offence as possible, before which I could not pretend to put it into the Doctor's hands. This is a piece of cowardice for which I blame myself, though I believe none of my friends will blame me." Hume called on Butler, but did not see him; and some persons have speculated on what might have

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been, had Butler been within when Hume called—the sceptic might have been a believer. Miss Hennell has attempted to invalidate the argument of Butler also on personal grounds; but the character of Butler every way shines forth as the clearest; this profoundest of theologians was also the simplest of believers. The great sentiment of the Analogy seems to have been ever present with him, giving animation to all its thought. "He looked to Christ as a poor sinner," he said, "for salvation." And one of the most interesting anecdotes is of his walking in the garden with his chaplain, Dr. Foster, stopping short and turning round—a way he appears to have had—and with great earnestness saying, "I was thinking, Doctor, what an awful thing it is for a human being to stand before the great Moral Governor of the world, and to give an account of all his actions in this life."

We may well, however, as this is the state of the argument, desire to see the argument of analogy fairly expounded, and its extent and limitations defined; for there is a tendency to undue extension of analogy, as when Hegel affirms, "that as in the doctrine of the Trinity, the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, represent the infinite and the finite, and the union of the two, their identity first, then their distinction and their return to identity; so the doctrine of the Incarnation has a meaning no less philosophical," &c., &c., &c. We may well be jealous of any attempts to establish the doctrine of the Trinity upon a rational basis, chiefly by means of certain natural analogies supplied by the consciousness of the human mind; there are casuistical, jesuitical, and refining sceptics, as well as such among believers and theologists, and we believe it is from such hands, perhaps on both sides, the argument of analogy, and Butler's argument in particular, has suffered wrong; the application of the argument needs a broad and honest mind, a mind not so much allured by certain pretti-

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nesses and fanciful resemblances, as able to group and to grasp its comparisons, and to rise from them to independent judgment and generalisation. Thus it is that analogy has been, in so many and quite countless instances, the prompter and the guide of life; this is the translation of Butler's very modest and most pregnant starting-point in reasoning, this is his point of view, of the likelihood of the truth of the Christian system. He started from this singularly modest beginning—"It is not so clear that there is nothing in it." The character of modern infidelity has quite changed since Butler's day. His book was written in reply to the elegant Deism of his times. A course of nature was granted, an author of nature was admitted; the form of modern sophistry has changed, a course of nature is admitted but not an author. How is the modern dream of Pantheism to be broken? Will analogy serve for the waking? If we think, then, we should think in order; the greatest danger in modern thought is its inconsecutive, and scattered, and informative character; but, alas! that which is inconsecutive in thought is not therefore inconsequential.

Thus, analogy itself may be like any other law of thought, a dangerous guide; the use of analogy is not to be denied, it is invaluable—invaluable as speech, it is the inner speech of the soul, it is the power by which the soul realizes and expresses itself. All the discoveries in the world,—in mechanics, in science, seem to have been happy guesses, reasonings from analogy: Harvey, and the circulation of the blood; Columbus, and the discovery of America; Newton, and his system of the universe; Stephenson, and the principle of the locomotives. Biography is full of such instances. "It may be almost said, without qualification," says Archbishop Whately, "that wisdom consists in the ready and accurate perception of analogies;" and Archbishop Thomson says, "This power of divination, this sagacity which is

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the mother of all science, we may call anticipation. *The intellect, with a dog-like instinct, will not hunt until it has found the scent;* it must have some presage of the result before it will turn its energies to its attainment." Thus analogy is an instinct of thought; the poet and the metaphysician—Tennyson and Bishop Berkeley—meet together in their statement of this, when the one says:

> Thought leapt out to wed with thought,
> Ere thought leapt out to wed with speech;

and the other says, "An idea which, considered in itself, is particular, becomes general by being made to *represent* or stand for all other particular ideas of the same sort." This is, in fact, analogy and the statement of the law of analogy. Now, how is this power in man to be used by the religious teacher, man being unable to think or act intelligently without the use of analogy? Does it aid the entrance into, and the dealing with, the higher facts of the universe—the universe and its author; is it a light?—may it be made yet more a light for the exploring the kingdom of moral relations? It has been finely said by Robert Boyle, "that revelation may be to reason what the telescope is to the eye;" but the telescope needs fixing, needs some skill in using. God gives nothing—neither a hand, foot, nor spade—that does not need education for useful exercise. The very charm of analogy may lead to its being misused. Experience is a powerful teacher, because experience is only another name for induction or moral analogy; hence man should be taught to construct his moral science for himself upon the basis of Scripture and experience; and Dr. Buchanan well says, "One or two instances clearly discerned and intelligently applied, by the exercise of a man's own mind, will be of more practical avail than a hundred examples presented on paper, and read, but not followed up by reflection."

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It is very clear that Scripture, in the appeal it makes to the understanding of man, rests strongly on this instinct of analogy—"*the invisible* things of Him are clearly seen, even his eternal power and Godhead." Thus the sin of idolatry is condemned. Forasmuch then as "we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is *like* unto gold or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device." Dr. Whately has very directly traced our knowledge of the properties of man to our knowledge of the perfections of God—the showing that the proof of a being possessed of them is, in fact, the very same evidence on which we believe in the existence of one another. *How do we know that men exist*, that is, not beings having a certain visible bodily form, for that is not what we chiefly imply by the word man, but as rational agents such as we call men? Surely not by the immediate evidence of our senses, since mind is not an object of sight, but by observing the things performed—the manifest result of rational contrivance. If we land in a strange country doubting whether it be inhabited, as soon as we find, for instance, a boat or a house, we are as perfectly certain that a man has been there as if he appeared before our eyes. Now we are surrounded with similar proofs that there is a God. In the same manner of argument from analogy, I have recently read a paper by Professor Hitchcock, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, "On the Law of Nature's Constancy as Subordinate to the Higher Law of Change,"—truly a most pregnant subject of thought—for if natural changes are consistent with fixed laws, they are no less consistent with perturbations which seem to shock and threaten the stability of the whole system. From the time of Paley to this, frequent references have been made to the ceaseless disturbances upon the regularity and permanency of the celestial motions; but so far from disturbing, they secure the permanence perhaps of a whole Zodiac —the fallibility of a system secures eternal stability. What

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an endless lesson this reads us! The analogy of nature leads us through all her works to believe that the principle of change—which has been hitherto mightier than any other in the government and preservation of the universe, and in promoting its happiness—has its moral analogies, and that it may furnish some light as to the dealing of God, not only with the kingdoms of matter, but also with the kingdom of souls. It is the modern fashion to declare that this poor sort of argument is overlooked, that the apparent manifestation of design is no proof of "the manifold wisdom of God;" that living infinite Consciousness, which we call God, has been dethroned by the mighty modern thinkers.

> With deep intuition and mystic rite
> We worship the Absolute Infinite;
> The universe Ego, the Plenary void;
> The subject—object identified:
> The nothing something, the Being Thought,
> That mouldeth the mass of chaotic thought;
> Whose beginning unended and end unbegun
> Is the One that is All, and the All that is One.
> The great totality of everything
> That never is, but ever doth become.

Perhaps to attempt to shiver this Pantheistic gibberish by any serious appeal to argument would be vain work. Mr. Mansell, in his effort to do this, has been thought to be not a very serviceable ally to the cause of faith. Perhaps "the great power of God" will never nerve with supreme and almighty force the arm wielding the brightest sword from the armory of the human understanding; but if the constitution of nature is to be augured from as a *Divine intention*, as well as existence, it will be by illustrations from the wide field of analogy; indeed, this form of argument might, I believe, be most successfully and triumphantly applied to

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the utterly wild and most baseless "absolutisms" of Hegel and Compt; and it would be very interesting to ask those gentlemen who look shudderingly and disdainfully on the doctrine of analogy, what they think of the lawless departure from it,—that cheerless voyaging in the phantom ship of abstract timbers of the good ship *No Thing*, to the Continent of *No Where*.

No doubt, the nature within the man determines the character of his moral analogies, as it has been well said, "The wolf, when he was learning to read, could make nothing out of the letters but lamb, whatever other words they might form," and the clearest and purest light will burn but in certain atmospheres. The Scripture theory presumes an understanding purified and prepared for a clear, a holy, and correct judgment. The exercise of analogy is indeed to be prized as an inestimable weapon; it is valuable and available not only for the almost negative purposes I have indicated—important as these are—it is valuable in all the parts of the building of the Christian system and the Christian life. "Our Lord regarded all nature as a symbol, whose more literal meaning had a spiritual application. Hence, he spoke of knowledge, under the name of light; of spiritual renovation, as birth; of faith, as mental eyesight; the Spirit's agency, as similar to the influence of the unseen wind." Visions and symbols, types and parables, symbolical objects and symbolical actions abound in the Scriptures of Truth—a great scheme of representationalism opens to the eye. "These things were our examples." Hence, if Lord Bacon could say, "We must observe resemblances and analogies, they unite nature, and lay the foundation of the sciences," we may say, we must observe resemblances and analogies, they unite nature and Scripture, and lay the foundation, broad and immovable, of rational, and faithful religion; and, in a higher sense than that which Newton wrought, the physics of the earth become

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the means of exploring and understanding the mysteries of the heavens.

We should be glad therefore of any help towards trimming this lamp, and making more bright, and pure, and clear the teachings of analogy. It will do very much, and be very useful to enlighten intelligences, and to make more vivid the perceptions for the noting the system, natural and moral, beneath which we live; as also, we may naturally hope, the awakening minds to the study of the highest order of the Christian evidences, and the satisfactory persuasion of the human understanding, that there is not only no discrepancy, but wondrous harmony between the works and the Word of God.

Imagination is not always, however, so ambitious. A stroke of illustrative analogy sometimes answers the end of the speaker. When preaching from the words of our Lord, —"If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"—I found it impossible to forbear commencing by a reference to the great legal contest for the purpose of throwing out the Bill for the line of rail between Liverpool and Manchester. Chat Moss, over which it now passes, had been for ages a vast mysterious bog—men, travellers and soldiers had often been buried in its weltering slough. When George Stephenson's plan was proposed engineers showed that it would be impossible to start a train in a gale of wind, and then Mr. Alderson, afterwards Baron Alderson, summed up in a speech which extended over two days, he declared Mr. Stephenson's plan to be the most absurd scheme that ever entered into the head of man to conceive. Said he:

"My learned friends almost endeavored to stop my examination; they wished me to put in the plan, but I had rather have the exhibition of Mr. Stephenson in that box. I say he never

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had a plan. I believe he never had one. I do not believe he is capable of making one. His is a mind perpetually fluctuating between opposite difficulties; he neither knows whether he is to make bridges over roads or rivers, of one size or of another, or to make embankments, or cuttings, or inclined planes, or in what way the thing is to be carried into effect. Whenever a difficulty is pressed, as in the case of a tunnel, he gets out of it at one end, and when you try to catch him at that, he gets out at the other." Mr. Alderson proceeded to declaim against the gross ignorance of this so-called engineer, who proposed to make "impossible ditches by the side of an impossible railway" upon Chat Moss. "I care not," he said, "whether Mr. Giles is right or wrong in his estimate; for whether it be effected by means of piers raised up all the way for four miles through Chat Moss, whether they are to support it on beams of wood, or by erecting masonry, or whether Mr. Giles shall put a solid bank of earth through it, in all these schemes there is not one found like that of Mr. Stephenson's, namely, to cut impossible drains on the side of this road; and it is sufficient for me to suggest and to show that this scheme of Mr. Stephenson's is impossible or impracticable, and that no other scheme, if they proceed upon this line, can be suggested which will not produce enormous expense. I think that has been irrefragably made out. Every one knows Chat Moss, every one knows that the iron sinks immediately on its being put upon the surface. I have heard of culverts, which have been put upon the Moss, which, after having been surveyed the day before, have the next morning disappeared; and that a house (a poet's house, who may be supposed in the habit of building castles even in the air) story after story, as fast as one is added, the lower one sinks! There is nothing, it appears, except long sedgy grass, and a little soil to prevent its sinking into the shades of eternal night. I have now done, sir, with Chat Moss, and there I leave this railroad."

Remembering how often we have travelled over Chat Moss in the rushing train, whose rails were laid by the man so scoffed and scorned, what an illustration it gives of that mysterious truth and kingdom of which our Lord

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said, "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly?"

And surely I may remark here, that as an age and nation of shepherds derived its imagery from pastoral occupations; an age and nation of merchants, from commerce; the age of science should derive its images from the world of science, as in such an illustration from Dr. James Hamilton:

It is of vast moment to be "just right" when starting. At Preston, at Malines, at many such places, the lines go gently asunder; so fine is the angle that at first the paths are almost parallel, and it seems of small moment which you select. But a little further on one of them turns a corner, or dives into a tunnel, and now that the speed is full the angle opens up, and at the rate of a mile a minute the divided convoy flies asunder; one passenger is on the way to Italy, another to the swamps of Holland; one will step out in London, the other in the Irish Channel. It is not enough that you book for the better country; you must keep the way, and a small deviation may send you entirely wrong. A slight deflection from honesty, a slight divergence from perfect truthfulness, from perfect sobriety, may throw you on a wrong track altogether, and make a failure of that life which should have proved a comfort to your family, a credit to your country, a blessing to mankind. Beware of the bad habit, &c., &c.

It was a good saying of an ancient bishop, "Lord send me learning enough, that I may preach plain enough." It is indeed the end of every instruction the preacher can receive, and it has been often remarked that prophets and preachers in the Old Testament ever accommodated themselves to the capacities of those to whom they spoke. They talked of fishes to the Egyptians, and droves of cattle to the Arabians, and trade and traffic to the Syrians; and our Lord tells His fishermen they shall be fishers of men. Hence for this very reason not only the Evangelists, but

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the great preachers like AUGUSTINE and AMBROSE spoke vulgarly, they used a popular idiom and dialect in their determination to be understood; they stood not always upon pureness of style, being more solicitous about the matter than the words. Men and children use things in very different ways, a child uses money, but with different ideas to a man; and bees and butterflies extract different things from the same flowers. Thus, while some ministers only desire to tip their tongues or to store their heads, the true minister's idea is to save himself and those who hear him. He must therefore stoop to their apprehensions, condescend to their capacities, that he may save some, becoming all things to all men; Paul said he would even become "a fool for Christ's sake." There can be no doubt that for the purpose of teaching, one illustration is worth a thousand abstractions;* they are the windows of speech, through them truth shines, and ordinary minds fail to perceive truth clearly unless it is presented to them through their medium. One of the most loved methods of illustration ever has been the parable, but this is a high, rare, and very difficult power; children love tales, fairy tales, parables. The better sort of grown-up children, we fancy, like them too; for, indeed, they are constantly doing that for us, which we are all trying to do for ourselves, in one way or other, namely, to realize. This is the hidden charm of the story-teller; he gives a local habitation and a name to thoughts which wander through eternity; he brings the abstract and wandering spirit home; he imprisons the dainty Ariel. No man will be a favorite talker to children who does not speak in parables; and the teacher to the mighty multitudes will be efficient in the proportion to his power of wielding admirably the parable. But it requires some of the most varied powers of the human mind, and it is difficult to wield it

* How affluently this is illustrated in Spencer's *Καινα και παλαια* —Things New and Old, 1658, p. 281.

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well. Eloquence and rhetoric may furnish a "linked sweetness long drawn out;" but parable opens, unfolds, expounds, and illustrates. The greatest of all teachers adopted this expedient—"Without a parable spake He not unto them." It may be, and is, and has been much abused; but no power is so likely to awaken in an auditor the listening ear, and to furnish the understanding heart. This is that power which JOHN BUNYAN has glorified by his pen, and which made CHRISTMAS EVANS the most popular preacher of his country. GOETHE delighted to use it. In no other way can the subtleties and sophisms of the intellect be so completely elucidated. Thus the phantasmagoria of the mind are thrown upon the printer's sheet; thus is fulfilled the great injunction of the ancients, paint your ideas. Put them into such a shape that you can look at them, and permit others to look at them. The parable is to the abstractions of the mind what the diagram is to mathematical science, or natural philosophy, or the experiment to chemistry. Well-told parables are the diagrams of metaphysics and psychology; and, if the reader will, of theology too. If the only Master who could teach infinite truth did not disdain their use, why should his disciples? Well said LORD BACON, and Mrs. GATTY has done well in quoting the saying—"Parables are more ancient than arguments." And the author of the proverb, in many of his writings, shows his faith in, by his practice of, this ancient principle. JOHN WESLEY required of his young preachers that they study, among other books, Spenser's "Fairy Queen." It is well-known that JONATHAN EDWARDS became a better preacher after reading "Clarissa Harlowe;" and, certainly, we believe that a course of judicious fiction would be as beneficial in training for a teacher as a course of mental or moral science.

This we believe to be the law of the parable; thought is unhappy until it finds a body for itself; it wearies of

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wandering to and fro among words which, at the best, can only convey half a meaning; it tires of a vain flitting through the chambers of ghosts and disembodied thought, forms which, if they are really there, and perceived, are only like phantoms dancing on the wall. Hence, the parabolic form of thought is not peculiar to any people; all nations have their legends, and, perhaps, the unity of the popular legend is one of the most interesting illustrations of the unity of the race. Legends are not so much derived from each other, they are rather the spontaneous language of the wondering and the realizing soul of man. This is a topic that merits much more than a passing remark; but it is beyond the range of these lectures. Meanwhile, it is not to be supposed that the imagery and parabolic power of the mind is confined to the Eastern and Scriptural illustrations. Iceland has its Edda and the Sagas of Snorro Sturleston.

There is a singular disposition of the mind to regard all things as human, and even inanimate things as really alive. From before the days even of Æsop until now, beasts and birds, and creeping things, have been made to speak, not only as in the possession of consciousness, but of reason and sensibility. Imagination plays with these things and creatures; and the happy power of the good-humored caricaturist, who would cure the vices or foibles of mankind without the severity of the satirist, is never more admirably displayed than when indulging these innocent licenses of fancy and speech. It is most quaint and ludicrous to notice what human likenesses and resemblances peep out from the meanest things. The echo of a human heart seems to sound from all things above man, and every little creature, and every thing man has made, from beneath him, seems to look up and to claim a relationship. Thus, in a little illustration of Anderson's way of using things:—

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There was once a Darning-needle so fine that she fancied herself a Sewing-needle.

"Now, take care, and hold me fast!" said the Darning-needle to the Fingers that took her up. "Don't lose me, pray! If I were to fall down on the floor, you would never be able to find me again, I am so fine!"

"That's more than you can tell!" said the Fingers, as they took hold of her.

"See, I come with a train!" said the Darning-needle, drawing a long thread, without a single knot in it, after her.

The Fingers guided the Needle to the cook-maid's slippers; the upper leather was torn, and had to be sewn together.

"This is vulgar work!" said the Darning-needle; "I shall never get through; I break, I am breaking!" And break she did. "Did I not say so? continued she; "I am too fine!"

"Now she is good for nothing," thought the Fingers; however, they must still keep their hold; the cook-maid dropped sealing-wax upon the Darning-needle and then stuck her into her neckerchief.

"See, now I am a Breast-pin!" said the Darning-needle; "I knew well that I should come to honor; when one is something, one always becomes something." And at this she laughed, only inwardly, of course, for nobody has ever seen or heard a Darning-needle laugh; there sat she now at her ease, as proud as if she were driving in her carriage, and looking about her on all sides.

A parable is a spoken picture,—an expression of spiritual truth through the medium of natural circumstance; while fable assigns moral qualities to unreasoning, and even to inanimate things; and the savage who called the chip of wood a talking chip, when the missionary wrote in pencil upon it, and sent by it a messenger to his wife, and obtained back the tool he needed, only illustrates that wide personification so natural to simple minds, and of which poets and teachers have always been ready to avail themselves. "My dear boy," says Douglas Jerrold, in *Punch's Letters to his Son*, "be a bright poker;" it is at

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once a very short proverb, and a very expressive parable. By the fire place there are two pokers, one black, bent; the other effulgent, speckless steel,—one for use, the other for ornament. The poor little black poker cracked the coals, and cleared the lower bar, and stirred and levelled the fire, and accommodated the tea-kettle to the coals: and, in fact, did all the poking and raking, and burning, and banging, and all the sweating work. The bright poker was a kind of consecrated thing; and when the owner of the house went out, it was even sometimes removed from the grate, and swathed in flannel, oiled, and left to repose in luxurious idleness, while its poor little friend was worked to the stump, and then flung aside for vile, old iron. The bright poker lasted out a dozen, doing nothing, lustrous and inactive. And the image may remind my hearers how this extraordinary power of the fancy invests dead, and almost worthless things, with even spiritual properties, setting them all a talking, and giving them from out of ourselves functions so far beyond themselves, and making them to be embodied teachers and representations of truths. Thus that wise man, Mr. Caxton, teaches how good wishes do not mend bad actions; but how good actions mend bad actions. And again, when his little son came into the room, glowing and panting, health on his cheek—vigor in his limbs—all childhood at his heart.

"Oh, mamma, I have got up the kite—so high!—come and see. Do come, papa."

"Certainly," said my father; "only don't cry so loud—kites make no noise in rising; yet, you see how they soar above the world. Come, Kate. Where is my hat? Ah—thank you, my boy."

"Kitty," said my father, looking at the kite, which, attached by its string to the peg I had stuck into the ground, rested calmly in the sky, "never fear but what *our* kite shall fly as high; only, the human soul has stronger instincts to mount up-

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ward than a few sheets of paper on a framework of lath. But, observe, that to prevent its being lost in the freedom of space, we must attach it lightly to earth; and, observe again, my dear, that the higher it soars, the more string we must give it."

Has the pulpit any connection or interest with this kind of teaching? I should think so, especially if it is ever to condescend to teach, or speak to the multitudes of children in Sabbath schools;—of course, to be effective, or even tolerable, it needs especially the touch and glow of genius; and the sermons of Christmas Evans assure us that it may be useful and admirable.

It was somewhat in this manner Latimer was in the habit of speaking, as when he says:—

We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strict life, insomuch as none at that time did the like, to whom came a voice saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time." Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender; I am but a poor cobbler; in the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbors and poor friends as I have; after, I set me at my labor, where I spend the whole day in getting my living; and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make any man a promise I keep it and perform it truly; and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life." *

* *Sermons*, vol. ii. p. 737. Ed. 1758.

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And Jeremy Taylor's well-known appropriation of a Jewish legend:—

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years old. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst not thou endure him one night?

One of the sweetest little fancies I know in this way is in John Pulsford's most beautiful and helpful "Quiet Hours," a work which will outlive, on the waves of time, many a more ambitious looking vessel.

A LITTLE BIRD'S SERMON TO A SERMON-MAKER.

I was in the act of kneeling down before the Lord, my God, when a little bird, in the lightest, freest humour, came and perched near my window, and thus preached to me, all the while hopping about from spray to spray. "O thou grave man look on me and learn something, if not the deepest lesson, then a true one. Thy God made me; and, if thou canst conceive it, loves me and cares for me. *Thou* studiest Him in great problems, which oppress and confound thee; thou losest sight of one half of His ways. Learn to see thy God not in great mysteries only, but in me also. His burden on me is light, His yoke on me is easy; but thou makest burdens and yokes for thyself which are very grievous to be borne. I advise thee not

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only to see God in little things; but to see little, cheerful, sportive things *in God*, as well as great, solemn, awful things. Things deep as hell and high as heaven thou considerest over much; but thou dost not 'consider the lilies' sufficiently. Every priest should put by his awful robes, &c., &c., sometimes, and go free. If *thou* couldst be as a lily before God, for at least one hour in the twenty-four, it would do thee good; I mean if thou couldst cease to will and to think, and *be* only. Consider, the lily is as really from God as thou art, and is a figure of something *in Him*, the like of which should also be *in thee*.

"Thou longest to grow, but the lily grows without longing; yes, without either thinking or willing, *grows*, and *is* beautiful both to God and man. Think of that.

"In conclusion I remind thee, that 'God has many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification.' But I perceive that thine ear is open only to voices of one kind. Thy danger is, under the conceit of being the more godly, of becoming monstrous, and not quite Godlike. Excuse a little bird. I am but one of the 'many kinds of voices' which God has 'in the world.'"

But there is a kind of illustration which is no illustration; fancy and imagination run wild; all separated alike from good sense and good taste, which are indeed the same. Sometimes things have been said merely to produce effect; sometimes from the mere ignorance or execrable taste in the speaker, and this may be without the preacher being so bad as he who likened "the angel, having the everlasting Gospel to preach, to an angel running on a rainbow with a basket of stars in each hand;" or that American divine who, describing the flight from time to eternity, said, "It would be as if astride a flash of lightning—putting spurs into it to dash off to glory." Worse, if possible, than this it is, when words are used only because fine and flourishing, while serving no purpose in the work of the exposition.

In a review of the vocation of the preacher, I have been

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impressed by the idea formed of it by the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew. The evidence is contained in his sermons. I have one on Paul preaching at Athens; the course of description is, indeed, not new; I remember to have met with other preachers who have indulged in a similar vein of fancy. A wise preacher will turn to admirable account his wanderings through apostolic scenes, but Mr. Bellew shows us how *not* to use such travels; page on page is occupied by needless and impertinent description. As in the following, which may surely be called for a sermon a ridiculous description of—

PAUL PREACHING AT ATHENS.

From the port of the Piræus, at the distance of five miles, the Acropolis of Athens, crowned with its ruins, rises. It is visible to the traveller above the surrounding plain. When St. Paul reached the port, on his voyage from Thessalonica to Berœa, that rock would meet his eye, crowded with chaste and noble edifices which the hands of Pericles and others left as the choicest gems of architectural taste to the world. Towering above them all the Apostle would first behold an evidence of Greek idolatry, in the gigantic figure of Minerva (cast out of the brazen trophies of war taken at Marathon), which, grasping its shield and spear, overlooked the city beneath, as the angel with outstretched wings at present overlooks Rome from the castle of St. Angelo. From the spot where the Apostle landed, up to the city, there had formerly been one continuous street, defended by the so-called "Long Walls," which memorable fortifications united Athens with its port of the Piræus. These had been destroyed. Crossing the plain amidst their ruins the Apostle would enter the city where the evidences of idolatry, and yet of the taste and splendor of the Athenians, lay scattered thickly around him.

He would at once be surrounded by altars, and temples, and statues dedicated to Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury, and others, skirting on every side the edges of the street which led directly from the Piræan gateway to the foot of the Acropolis. Approaching

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this termination. on his left rose the hill called the Pnyx, where the Athenians held their political meetings. Beyond it again stood the hill of the Areopagus, crowned with the temple of Mars. To that hill we must presently proceed. Before him, an immense quadrangular building intercepted his approach to the Acropolis. This was the Agora, or market-place of Athens, and it was entered on every side by porticoes, surmounted by statues, on one of which as Paul passed along he may have looked upon the "God of Day." We read (ver. 17) that Paul was daily "in the market with them that met with him." This Agora or market-place was the spot where (ver. 21) the Athenians and strangers spent their time in nothing else "but either to tell or to hear some new thing." It was in reality a beautiful square, whose centre was planted with trees, interspersed with statues. It was surrounded by cloisters, probably resembling the Campo Santo at Pisa, and its walls and roofs were covered with paintings representing the most memorable incidents in Athenian history. There the Grecian artist had depicted the glorious achievement at Marathon. This colonnade received the name of the Stoa Pœcile, or Painted Cloister, and it became the favourite resort of Zeno and his disciples; whereby they received the name of Stoics, or the philosophers who frequented the painted Stoa. In the gardens within the court were the statues of the great men of Greece, Demosthenes, Solon, and others. Here, again, the evidences of idolatry met the Apostle's view! Mercury, and Hercules, and Apollo received the popular reverence in the midst of this market-place. The spirit of Paul was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry (v. 16). The porticoes of the Agora within which he stood were surmounted with idols. Statues of gods were erected in every direction within its cloisters—even in a favored retreat both of poets and philosophers; of which Dr. Doddridge has well remarked, "The prevalence of such a variety of senseless superstitions in this most learned and polite city, which all its neighbours beheld with so much veneration, gives a lively and affecting idea of the 'need we have in the most improved state of human reason, of being taught by a Divine revelation.'"

As Paul looked beyond, where the rock of the Acropolis rose

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above the city, he would behold it crowded with the temples and idols of a corrupt religion. When the Apostle "saw the city," as he passed along, he would no doubt ascend the Acropolis by its sole entrance, the Propylæa, erected by Pericles. There would stand the temple of Victory, and within, or about its vestibule, the figures of Mercury, Minerva, and Venus: there he would see the statues of Pericles, and also of the Roman Agrippa and Augustus. Upon the levelled platform of the Acropolis he would behold everywhere the most choice specimens of Grecian statuary, commemorating the mythological histories of the gods. But superior to all, he would stand beneath that colossal figure of Minerva holding her brazen shield above the head of Athens; and he would look on that superb triumph of art, that epic of poetry done in stone, the temple of Minerva, the Parthenon!—the glorious effort of the proudest days of Athens; and even to this hour in its ruins, the lasting monument which tells the grandeur of that Greece which is no more!

A witty writer, upon all this, has conceived one preaching in Westminster in some coming ages, beginning his sermon with a brief account of the Reform Club, then quitting that building, the Duke of York's Column and Waterloo Place claim a moment's notice. Proceeding along Pall Mall, the eye rests upon the equestrian statue of George III. The University Club suggests a digression to the Isis and the Cam. Presently, on the left the Royal Academy rises above Trafalgar Square, and the pictures which are now exhibiting there will claim a hasty criticism. The statue of Lord Nelson, at Charing Cross, is to an Englishman what the brazen Pallas of the Acropolis was to an Athenian, and therefore it must not be forgotten; that statue looks down upon the speaker. Nor must it be forgotten that Sir Charles Napier stood erect and stiff, and Dr. Jenner reclined meditatively, and the fountains played feebly, and the little boys vigorously, in the square. The hoary piles and the ancient memories of the Abbey and the Hall will next demand attention, and so on; but what a re-

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markable thing if the preacher should imagine that he is piercing the conscience or preaching the Gospel all this time! Most of Mr. Bellew's sermons display this mere artistic faculty, this gathering and disposing of mental stuff and wares which have been in some sense apprehended by the intellect, but which have never approached, and still less been absorbed into, the consciousness of spiritual truths and things.

I think the question in every instance should be,—Does it help? Does that mode of putting it help? Would it help me? and a canon of our speech for all times should be the canon of the old poet—not too much of anything; to over color is to destroy all effect; not too much detail—to know when to stop; not too many words—to overlay the ornament is to destroy all the beauty, the harmony, the impressiveness, by destroying proportion. Perhaps in the preacher's order of teaching, we must often use more than strict good taste does allow, because we have to stimulate spiritual and even intellectual appetites; the severe style tells on educated and refined minds in a state of preparation; but just as pictures are for children, so also pictorial words and emotions which embody and even startle, must be used in dealing with the multitudes. Still the mind, as it prepares itself, should come back to the question, Will that help? Is that too much? This will compel the speaker to feel his own images—his own language; that which is real to him will usually be felt to be real to the audience he addresses; not in mere copiousness, but in selectness is power; not in the crowd of illustrations, but in the distinctness of one is power. Even as we are lost in a gallery of paintings, until we take refuge in one, and permit it to exercise its impression.

But you have to manage your text by illustration, and on this I must dwell a little longer. You need good skill here: good taste is only the unison of sound knowledge

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and correct feeling; but you will greatly need good taste here, as a rule. If an illustration adds at all to the light in your own mind, it will probably add to the light upon the text in the minds of your audience; and first, let me caution you against the improper use of allegory. Do you ever feel any tendencies to the use of it? It needs superlative genius to be tolerable—a bold, strong, Bunyan-like, Christmas Evans-like mind, may recite an allegory like some lofty poem; but be you very cautious how you yield to the seduction.

Nay, I must say, be cautious, not only how you invent the allegory for the pulpit yourselves, but how you allegorize Divine Truth. No doubt we do find many instances of such a use in Scripture, but when Origen spiritualizes the account of Abraham's denying his wife, polygamy, the patriarchy, and Noah's drunkenness, we must feel how dangerous is the whole ground, and especially as many minds will not fail to make this their very method of interpretation. When men use the language of the Bible as the mere instrument of a cultivated fancy, to make their style attractive or impressive, it is needless to say they are guilty of a great irreverence toward its Divine Author; but there is a danger, lest we also err in making the story the vehicle for one's fancy. How eminently this was the case with the Church of Alexandria.* Some writers, whom we greatly respect, have made sad nonsense, even of some portions of the Book of God. Let us remember, that while we must not shut our eyes to the indirect and instructive applications of which a text is capable, we must never so reason as to forget that there is a sense peculiarly its own; it is this meaning which we are especially to unfold. What do you think of this method of handling a text?—I am sorry to say I extract it from the sermon of a French refugee,

* See Dr. J. H. Newman's *History of Arians*, &c. Chap. i. p. 7.

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Father Gousset, from Proverbs xxx. 18, 19.—"There are three things which are too wonderful for me; yea, four, which I know not: the way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid." Gousset says, "The way of an eagle in the air is the way of Jesus Christ ascending to heaven. The way of a serpent upon a rock is the way of Jesus Christ in that rock in a cavern of which he was buried; there remain no scent by which the place of his sepulture could be known. The way of a ship in the sea denotes the way of Jesus Christ among his countrymen in the course of his ministry, which left no more traces among them than a ship leaves in the ocean. The way of a man with a maid signifies the miraculous birth of Christ of a virgin." And the reason assigned for this exposition is, "That the wise man speaks of wonderful things; now, there is nothing wonderful in these things taken literally, but taken allegorically, they are wonderful events indeed!" This is extorting a sense by bombarding a text. The good man also must have had a vast conception of his own knowledge not to have perceived that the wise man did in the text really express some of the greatest mysteries of things,—in the motion of birds the sleep of reptiles, the marvels of navigation, and the ways of human hearts.

All this is nonsense, but, on the contrary, it is impossible to read the Scriptures much, and to meditate upon their histories, without frequently feeling a class of emotions which should naturally lead you to carry them into the pulpit, and usually such meditations, when they come to a thoughtful, and prayerful, and pious mind, will supply material very fitting for discourse. I consider there is a law of Scripture—symbolism. There is a great prejudice, I believe, in what is called the educated ministry, against the method of taking as a text some Scriptural illustration, and

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tracing it through a series of analogies and resemblances. Surely this is not the only method in the pulpit; but just as surely it is a method—a method, not necessarily out of keeping with good taste; a method admirably calculated for discursive instruction, level to the majority of hearers. If it was not beneath the dignity of the mind of the Spirit to suggest to the holy men of God, moved by the Holy Ghost, such an image, surely it is not beneath the dignity of the modern ministry to seek out such unstrained modern significations as may tend to edification. May I, without apparent conceit, introduce two sketches of my own, as illustrations of this dealing with sacred images. The first from the text referred to:

I.—THE WAY OF AN EAGLE IN THE AIR.—PROV. XXX. 18, 19.

The works of creation are, when they are considered, ways to the Creator. Wherever the soul turns itself, it finds God in the very same objects through which it forsook Him." Thus, in all ages, if the things and objects of nature have been mysterious, the mind, fruitful in contemplation, has turned those objects into reflections of Divine wisdom; and in the Book of God we find them turned into the deepest and highest wisdom. Thus, in these words of Agur, many things became to him the inlets of wise reflection, especially he said, "I see four wonderful things: 1. An eagle in the air; that sublime thing, overcoming, walking on the wings of the wind, sailing through the thunder-storm. How wonderful! living where lightnings play, able to gaze at the sun; this, he said, is wonderful,—"the way of an eagle in the air." 2. A serpent, that long, cruel creature, its coils, its rapid spring, its strange interlocking of rings, its marvellous vertebræ, this is wonderful—"the way of a serpent upon a rock." 3. Man imitating nature—"the way of a ship in the sea"—that dead yet living bird of art and science; and still, after all these years have passed, art has nothing more graceful, more amazingly buoyant and natural, than "the way of a ship in the sea." 4. And, more wonderful than all, the relations of hearts. How two people, who never saw each other, meet, and

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how a life-long relationship rises, so that if one heart is torn from the other the survivor pines and almost dies.—"The way of a man with a maid."

I touch one of these wonders—"the way of an eagle in the air." And yet we say the eagle is one of the highest and most famous images of the Book of God. When Ezekiel beheld his first great vision, he saw God's government carried on by four agencies, of which "the fourth had the face of an eagle" (Ezek. x. 14), and like this was the vision of John in Revelation iv. 7—"the fourth creature was like a flying eagle." Not very difficult is the interpretation here; so God carries on His government; there is that in its mode of procedure which answers to such a sublime analogy. The eagle is evidently the figure for diviner things; and through all the Fathers, and in most ages; while Matthew has been the Gospel to which has been assigned the lion—the Gospel of the tribe of Judah, the Gospel of the Kingdom of God; and to Mark, the man—the more human aspects; and to the more sacrificial Gospel of St. Luke; to St. John has been assigned the eagle. It is the Gospel of the heights of divine contemplation and divine love. He sets forth our Lord's Godhead in the higher sense. Everything earthly with him only introduces things heavenly; the divine attributes break always through the veil of words. As St. Augustine says, "How sublime ought those things to be of which he treats who is compared to the eagle." Thus the very ways of God himself, in His government and administration, are as "the way of an eagle in the air." But I purpose, this morning, to look for hints of the divine life in man from following the way of the eagle in the air, and I shall enlarge a little on four remarks:

I. It is heavy, and yet it flies.

II. The air resists its flight, and yet it flies.

III. The resistance helps it, and therefore it flies.

IV. There are extraordinary and Divine contrivances to aid it, and therefore it flies.

I. It is heavy, and yet it flies.—It weighs ten, fourteen, I believe, twenty pounds. How remarkable that it should overcome its gravitation, that its weight should even be a momentum to it; not like a balloon, a part of the air, as it were, carried to and

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fro of the air, borne hither and thither, but always a weight, yet ever able to fly; is not this wonderful? This is the way of the eagle in the air. This also should be the way of the human soul; the soul has its gravitation to overcome—is there not a weight? What is the first thing in the Christian course? Is it not the "laying aside of every weight?" Does not every one feel this? To be a man, to be a woman, is to have the weight that fastens to the earth, and would keep us here for ever; it is in matter, which hangs upon us heavy, like lead; it is in the blood, it is in the passions, it forms temperament. Christian! you must fly. The flesh is weak in that it is heavy. Can weighty things ascend? think of the way of the eagle in the air, and overcome. Then make the sublime description in Job of Elihu yours (Job xxxix. 27–29), "Mount up and make thy nest on high, dwell and abide on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place."

II. Remark, of the way of the eagle in the air, the air resists it, and yet it flies. The air which around you prevents, by its weight, your falling, resists the eagle also in advancing. It is gross and heavy in itself, and there is a pressure upon it from without, yet wonderful is the way of the eagle in the air. So you must fly, and let me say, that one thing by which we know we fly is resistance; a feather does not fly, a balloon does not fly, a kite does not fly,—these float, there is no resistance. There is resistance in ourselves; at first we do not desire to rise, we find the earth tempting and pleasant to our selfishness, and, as Charles Wesley says:

Angels your march oppose
  Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn eternal foes,
  Countless, invisible.

With rage that never ends,
  Their hellish arts they try;
Legions of dire malicious fiends,
  And spirits enthroned on high.

Thus it is a wrestling; "the prince of power in the air works

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in the children of disobedience." Thus we have "spiritual wickedness in high places." Yet you must make your way like that of the eagle in the air. And how hard—who overcomes? how hardly shall they, for whom the world has done its best, "mount up with wings" their way as that of an eagle in the air?

III. This is a negative side; there is a positive—the way of the eagle in the air—it is when the resistance helps it, and therefore it flies. There is vital force within, and not only so, the air is elastic. As it flies it beats on the wing, but, as it beats, by its own hard blows on the air, every blow lifts the wing up again, and there is a wonderful arrangement in those wings to air; and so the air gives way, and the triumphant bird passes through. This is the action of a wing, one hundred and fifty strokes in a minute, I understand. So swift, so rapid; slow, and yet so swift. Hence the Apostle's jubilant shout, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed, cast down, not destroyed." So we are helped, "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." "Because thou hast been my help, etc." God knows this. Do you remember an admirable paper by the Country Parson, on "Men who have Carried Weight in Life"? Some men's progress seems so small compared with others'—slow, ah, but although to you, they seem to make no progress, to angels, they do. Theirs is the way of the eagle in the air.

IV. There are extraordinary and divine contrivances to help, and therefore it flies. It is a wonderful picture of the universality of the arrangement,—the divine pliability and adjustment of the laws of nature; that upper convex surface of the wing; that lower concavity of each wing, a kind of umbrella, turned inside out, to catch the wind, and so becomes a valve, so that the force may be gained below, and be harmless and helpful above; every feather is a valve. This is the way of the eagle in the air. And now, can it be thought that God has designed such wonderful contrivances for a poor bird's wing, and none for souls? nay, what contrivances and helps has God given; they are in our spirits themselves, in their mould and make. There is concealed strength in souls for dark hours; powers abortive and unknown, waiting to be employed; these faculties were not

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made for night and for sin, they were for the soul. Thus come the special provisions of grace, grace is spiritual contrivance, and in every experience "He giveth more grace." And so the way of the eagle in the air.

What an eagle was Paul, who saw afar off, entered, and saw unspeakable things. Behold him there gazing on the sun from his rock,—"None of these things move me," "I am persuaded," etc. What an eagle was John, who saw a door opened in heaven, the Lord in the midst of the golden candlesticks, and left his testimony, "That which we have seen and heard, etc., declare we." What an eagle was Isaiah, the old man who said "They that wait on the Lord," etc.

Now apply. Are you conscious of the weight? Do you resist? Do you feel obstacles falling, giving way? Do you feel and find divine help? Have you glimpses? and do you find affections rising?

Hereafter, you shall have exceeding great and eternal weight of glory. Look on the low scenes of the earth, on the sun, moon, and battle-plains beneath, you shall enter into the secret place of the Most High, the chambers of everlasting rest.

My second illustration is:

II.—GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS. —Ps. xxx. 6.

Great mountains; few of us have seen them, but there are those who, having seen them, find their hearts almost aching to behold them again. How is it they are so awfully, yet so venerably and beautifully dear to us? They are only dead masses of unfeeling rock, yet they possess the power to awaken in us all feelings; they are always differing, and changing, and yet they are always the same; nights and storms roll down upon them, and clothe and conceal them; and then mornings come; and sunsets and sunrisings behold those mists wrought into rose-hues by rays that sleep there lovingly. They hold the thunders —often when it is clear below, storms seem to live and contend like spirits there, and long, low, protracted thunders mutter, as if spirits talked in their recesses, from peak to peak, from crag to crag. Snows and ice clothe their summits perpetually. The

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traveller, among their lower passes, hears the boom and toll, and says that is an avalanche falling. Out of their heart, as he passes along, the wanderer beholds the vast glacier—the stiffened ice torrents that "stopped amidst their maddest plunge;" ice falls now, that down enormous ravines sweep amain, but there they stand, pillars of creation, monumental piles of past existences, tombs of old creations, mausoleums, cenotaphs of ancient worlds, wonders and mysteries. All things are mysteries; but mountains—so human, yet so cold; so mighty and massive, and yet so silent and so unmoving—the heart must be cold indeed, that does not feel the power of the great mountains.

David looked up at them, and he said, They are like the rectitude—the holiness, the righteousness of God. He had not seen the greatest, Mont Blanc, the Himalayas, the Andes; but he saw Horeb, and Sinai, and Lebanon; and there is that, I suppose, about all these which make them seem more than they are. Even as the small hills of Cumberland and Scotland do for us almost as much as Switzerland, the Alps and Apennines. You and I also can step out this evening, and talk with God among the mountains. Let us talk of God—how high, how vast! That word God!—what mysteries does it hold—does it represent! "The thought," said Job, "of God was a terror to me, and by reason of his highness I could not endure." We saw how Job found all the suggestions of the great mountains bringing the mind to reflect upon the inscrutableness of God, but all *as* hints and suggestions. What a slight thing is man traversing the shoulder of some steep and awful mountain! What an insect! Yet *he lives* and *it* is dead and cold. To him it may, with its labyrinths of peaks, and passes, and glaciers, be called incomprehensible; its cold; its glaring heat; its regions, and platforms of storm; aspects which make it like an abstraction; again, which make it like some dread personification and embodiment of power. David looked at it, and thought: "Hoar and solemn peak, thou art like the righteousness of God, manifold in aspect, but always one, and in thyself always still."

I. I suppose, what David first meant to imply by this righteousness of God like the great mountains was,—that it was

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everywhere to be seen. A mountain is lofty, prominent, can be seen at a great distance—why the Himalayas can be seen nearly two hundred and fifty miles away. Grandly it rises out of the vale beneath, like a monarch over the scene. Scripture, you note—you ought to notice it—involves itself in the righteousness of God, not even His goodness so much as His righteousness, not His love so much as His holiness. I do not wonder at this, the most anxious question a man can put is this, "Will the judge of all the earth do right?" No question is so immense, so vital; that question settled *well*, all must *be* well. It therefore opens grand views of the righteousness of God, involves itself in this, stakes itself on this. This is what short-sighted and selfish man thinks he cannot always see. But mountains are distinctly seen, so the righteousness of God is distinctly seen. His rectitude, infinitely right; the Bible is the revelation of righteousness; and the long ages as they roll, to those able to read, tell the tale of righteousness. Read it in law, that groove and line of rail laid down by God; read it in nations, their rise, decline, and fall; read it in conscience, that pulse of a moral nature throbbing after right in man; immortal and immovable principles in nature, in the history of men, in the human soul. But what is it in God! What know we of righteousness? Oh, we must not look in ourselves to see it, we must look out and look up. It is there—vast, immutable, eternal, it is like the great mountains. Elevate the tone of your thought; do not indulge in the cynic's sneers, those "arrows which fly by day." Believe—and see it in God right, our sense of self belies us. Suppose we died now, and had no immortality, still could we not look up, with tearful eyes and bless Him for all, incomparably beyond ourselves and our desert. Where is this righteousness—where is it? All this agony, misery, ruin—well, it is working through all that. "I will," said David, "remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." I will remember His eternity, and my brief time.

II. But although so prominent, its foundations are out of sight.—"Who sunk thy sunless pillars deep in earth." The highest mountain's peak, it is said, is not more than five miles, the depth of the sea has been, I believe, ascertained to be

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eleven, and here are the roots, nay, rather the body, and the portions of the everlasting hills, like the great mountains. And all these weighed! "The mountains in scales, the hills in a balance!" Exact their proportion literally, to their dynamic intensity or force, regulated for many purposes. So live, yet out of sight. And yet how often the roots of God's righteousness though concealed, are revealed to great experiences, as when Jonah says in his grief, "he went down to the bottom of the the mountains;" or David sings that (2 Sam. xxii. 16) "the foundations of the world were discovered."

III. Like the great mountains the righteousness may be ascertained, although not comprehended.—Mountains the highest may be measured; men have measured mountains. Very wonderful are the achievements of trigonometry; and many have no hesitation in pronouncing all about God, His righteousness, and the Trinity, who would be quite at a loss here. You see the men with their posts, and chains, carefully taking the base line for their calculations, then they will reduce that base line by multiples and fractions, and then by their theodolites they will carry on the process of what they call *triangulation*, and so measure without foot, or rule, or step, heights of buildings, mountains, and distances of worlds. Now, God's righteousness is like the great mountains, God Himself gives to us a base of calculation, and it is "the righteousness of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" and then as the surveyor goes on from point to point, calculation to calculation, so "the righteousness of God is revealed," as Paul declares "from faith to faith." Christ make Himself finite that I may ascend to infinite conclusions, but there must be the base-line for commencement, then all follows. How wonderfully Paul went on from this. How divine and how sublime. "Oh the depths—oh the heights."

Hence, IV. Like the great mountains God's righteousness is rich and precious. Mountains are rich:—

1. *In minerals*, their caves, their recesses, gold, coal, silver; there the gem, the ruby lurks; there the opal, with its soft edges; there the basilisk glare of the emerald; the sheen of the ruby. What streams in God's righteousness, unknown, unseen,

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unresolved, infinite, plan, power—all righteous and infinite purpose and in promise.

2. *In pastures.*—Mountains furnish the way for the nations; there they spread along the hill sides. Nations have sought them. And nomadic and agricultural people have followed their chain along the hill side.

3. *In refreshments.*—Illustration—Rivers gushing from mountains, as in Plinlimmon.

4. *In fortifications.*—What, then, is His glorious position of whom it is said, "His foundation is in the holy mountains."

I spoke of the evil method of allegory, or the continued figure. I could give you many illustrations of this from the old writers; they are often like the old pageantry which met Elizabeth in her royal progress. They attempt to embody abstract qualities, and they often fail in their attempt. I remember one in which we are told how Truth lived in great honor; but through the envy of her enemies, she was disgraced, banished out of the city; sitting on a dunghill, sad and discontented, a chariot comes by attended with a great troop towards her. Soon Truth perceived who it was—her greatest enemy, the Lady Lie, clad in a changeable colored taffety, her coach covered with clouds of all the colors of the rainbow. Impudence and Hypocrisy, attending on one side, and Slander and Detraction on the other, and Perjury ushering along many more—more than a good many in the train.

When the Lady Lie came up to Truth, she commanded her to be carried captive for the greater triumph; at night she fared well, and would want for nothing; only when morning came the Lady Lie said she had to pay; and Truth had to pay for all, and the next night was like the last. But when the Lady Lie was brought before the judge, Impudence and Hypocrisy justified their lady. Perjury cleared her, and Slander and Detraction laid all the blame with Truth; she was called upon to plead, and when

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she could only say, "Not guilty," and was about to be condemned, Time, an eloquent, grave, experienced counsellor, stepped up, and begged to unravel the matter, lest the innocent should suffer for the guilty. Then Time began to dispel the clouds from the Lady Lie's chariot, unmasked her ugliness, and unveiled her followers, and Truth by Time was cleared and set at large.

And all this is to illustrate the Scripture doctrine of truth!

Another like allegory, often used in the pulpit, you will know; of the master of an orchard who committed it to the keeping of two servants, and went on his journey; but one was blind, and one was lame; the lame one saw the beauty of the fruit and told it to the blind fellow, and he said: "Had I the use of my limbs I would soon be master of those apples;" and the blind man said, "Had I but my eyes my will is good if the fruit is good," so they united their strength, and joined their forces together. The whole blind man took the well-sighted lame man, and so they reached their master's apples, and took them away. When, therefore, the master returned, they each framed his own excuse; the blind man said he could not so much as see the tree whereon they grew; and the lame man said he ought not to be suspected, for he had no limbs to climb. But the wise master perceived the ignoble craft of his two servants, he put them, as they were, the one upon the other's shoulders, and punished them both together. And all this is to show that sin is neither of the body nor the soul, but it is the common act of the body and of soul. They are Simeon and Levi, brothers and partners in mischief, and therefore God, in His just judgment, will punish both body and soul together, if not repaired and redeemed by Christ. And this allegory, first derived from the Rabbins, has been used through long generations of writers.*

* These, and many more such, will be found in Spencer's "Storehouse of Similes" (1658), already referred to. The last in Hyman

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Imagination, I have said, seizes the innermost. And this is the definition which has been given of it by Ruskin; because it does this, it realizes vividly, and hence, again, it represents distinctly. This is not the time or place to stay to analyze the faculty; but these are its functions and its manifestation. In its exercise, genius is in its highest fulness. It is the sum of all highest powers in man. It is in its highest exercise the focus and complement of all human power. "The men of imagination," said Napoleon, "rule the world." It is in highest men "the retina of the universe."* It is the power of heart and mind made intense by their marriage. It is the faculty of attention or intensity; it is not the less the faculty of strong affections. It may be possible to have the imagination of fire and the heart of ice, but not upon the objects interesting to it; towards these, it is at once affectionate as clear; truths, either of Scripture or of life, read without it are like truths read by the light of funeral torches; but, read by it, they are read by daylight and the sun. Thus, in descriptive preaching, while tame, feeble, and learned critical correctness paints with painful weariness—a something which is all prepared, as carefully as colors are ground down for the canvas, and foolishly imagines that color and form alone are necessary, imagination, with one or two crayon strokes, realizes the whole picture to the eye. Word-painting is often the subject of a sneer, yet it is the power of the poet, that truthful rendering of scenery and character, which, from Homer to Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare to Wordsworth or Tennyson, brings the object described vividly before the eye, and affects the sense vividly to realize. If this is the poet's purpose it is also

Hurwitz's charming and delightful book of "Hebrew Tales," an invaluable little compendium of the ancient and uninspired literature of the Hebrews, and also in Coleridge's "Friend."

* Richter. Titan.

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the preacher's. Descriptive sermons, indeed, seldom read well; audiences are usually coarse and sensational; the colors, therefore, are too often glaring and sensational, too. Most of this descriptive work is like the stained glass in cathedrals and churches, very rich and showy and perhaps glorious, but not perspicuous. Such sermons, like such windows, need the stately roof and embowering arch; they do not read well in the study or the household room. The prismatic splendors of the great Chalmers* or Henry Melville, will not bear the quiet of the student's lonely house. This order of imagination charms and delights, but it belongs especially to the speech of the pleasant concert-like sound; it flows over the soul a wilderness of delicious melody in which no idea is received, usually no permanent impression made.

The imagination lets in the light, it is a window through whose glasses the visions stream; sometimes, as little pictures, and how impressive they are! The essays of John Foster and Coleridge abound with them; as when the last speaks of terrible lessons of experience from history; truths learned too late as: "Alas! like lights in the stern of a vessel, they illumined only the path that had been

* Yet what an effect must Chalmers have produced by his preaching! What a description is that in "Horæ Subsecivæ," by John Brown, of the preaching on some simple village occasion, in a moorland district in Tweedale. "The Drover," a notorious and brutal character, who had sat down in the table seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. "We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker." "How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look, exhausted, but sweet and pure." "We went home quieter than when we came; we thought of other things,—that voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice."—*Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, pp. 90–93.

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passed over;" or when he speaks of neglected truths: "Truths, of all others the most awful and mysterious, and, at the same time, of universal interest, are considered so true as to lose all the power of truth, and lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors." An image is sometimes very illustrative. What is its use unless it illustrates? I remember to have heard the Bishop of Oxford thus illustrate the text—"How wilt thou manifest thyself to us and not unto the world. Jesus said, If a man love me he will keep my words, &c., and we will come to him and make our abode with him." "Just as a dark lantern is of no use to any but to him who carries it—dark everywhere, behind, and on either side—but held by its possessor, it casts before him a stream of informing light;" and upon another text the same preacher says, "Many characters seem to float before our eyes in Scripture as having been visited by convictions and opportunities of grace, but only like ships, which, when night is spread over the sea, emerge for a moment from the darkness, as they cross the pathway of the moonbeams, and then are lost again in utter gloom."

The writings of Dr. Guthrie are fertile as fields in these suggestive images—images which, on right lips, instantly flash out meanings. This is Dr. Guthrie's characteristic, as thus:

WHO HATH DELIVERED US FROM THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

Sailing once along a coast where a friend had suffered shipwreck, the scene which recalled his danger filled us with no fear. Because, while his ship on the night she ran ashore, was cutting her way through the densest fog, we were ploughing the waters of a silver sea, where noble headlands, and pillared cliffs, and scattered islands, and surf-beaten reefs, stood bathed in the brightest moonshine. There was no danger, just because there was no darkness. The thick and heavy haze is, of all hazards, that which the wary seaman holds in greatest dread.

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UPON HIS HEAD WERE MANY CROWNS.

Inside those iron gratings that protect the ancient regalia of our kingdom, vulgar curiosity sees nothing but a display of jewels. Its stupid eyes are dazzled by the gems that stud the crown and sceptre. The unreflecting multitude fix their thoughts and waste their admiration on these. They go away to talk of their beauty, perhaps to covet their possession; nor do they estimate the value of the crown, but by the price which its pearls, and rubies, and diamonds, might fetch in the market.

The eye of a patriot, gazing thoughtfully in on these relics of former days, is all but blind to what attracts the gaping group. The admiration is reserved for other and nobler objects. He looks with deep and meditative interest on that rim of gold, not for its intrinsic value, but because it once encircled the brow of Scotland's greatest king, the hero of her independence—Robert Bruce. Regarded in some such light, estimated by the sufferings endured for it, how great the value of that crown which Jesus wears! What a kingdom that which cost God His Son, and cost that Son his life!

But these things are not to be stuck into sermons meretriciously, like wax or paper flowers.*

"Give us lessons, not laces," says old Thomas Adams. "A garment," he continues, "to have here and there a fringe, or button, or jewel is comely; to be nothing but buttons is ridiculous. We will make three borders of gold with studs of silver. Divinity is that border of gold; human learning the studs of silver." Once again I say the question should be asked, whether fable, allegory, analogy or illustration is used, Does that help? The use of the

* There are indeed collections of them, such as Spencer's already referred to, and the similar bulky but less valuable predecessor. *A Treasury or Storehouse of Similes, both Pleasant, Delightful and Profitable for all Estates of Men in General. Newly Collected into Heads and Commonplaces.* By Robert Cawdray. Printed in Old Change, Sign of Eagle and Child, 1600.

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imagination in the speaker embodies; in the hearer it unbosoms; like Byron in the tempest on Lake Leman, who felt that the vehement energy of the storm translated and expounded to him his own nature, was the adequate—scarcely, but still representatively, adequate—illustration of the slumbering passions in his soul; so that, as he looked upon it, he was able to say, "*There, there*, it is—that is what I have known, what I have felt." As he says:

> Sky, mountain, river, winds like lightnings! Ye
> With night, and clouds, and thunders, *and a soul*
> To make these felt, and feeling well may be
> Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
> Of your departing voices is the knoll
> Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.

And again:

> Could I embody and embosom now
> That which is most within me, could I wreck
> My thoughts upon expressions, and thus throw
> Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
> All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
> Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe, into one word—
> And that one word were lightning, I would speak.
> But as it is I live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

So every noble image enables the hearer to exclaim, "There, there, it is; that is my embodied feeling, now I see it; now I understand it, as far as I can be made to understand; it is there, *that* expresses it." This is the real work of the imagination; hence it is such an art and such an influence and power. How sublime when this is brought to bear on the embodying the great truths—the noble characteristics of the Christian life; when meanings stand revealed by the mingled lights of divine teaching and human experience, in the elevated and thoughtful soul; floating feelings

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transformed into convictions, and definite and determinate perceptions, powers in the character and the life, as well as tremendous attestations of the speaker's genius. Many readers will think that Frederick Robinson did not express the whole truth of the Christian life and faith in the following passages; but in all his own subtlety of eloquence and insight, he expresses that faculty of the imagination to which I have alluded:

Or, again, we must all have felt, when certain effects in nature, combinations of form and color, have been presented to us, our own idea speaking in intelligent and yet celestial language; when, for instance, the long bars of purple, "edged with intolerable radiance," seemed to float in a sea of pale, pure green, when the whole sky seemed to reel with thunder, when the night-wind moaned. It is wonderful how the most commonplace men and women, beings who, as you would have thought, had no conception that rose beyond a commercial speculation, or a fashionable entertainment, are elevated by such scenes; how the slumbering grandeur of their nature wakes and acknowledges kindred with the sky and storm. "I cannot speak," they would say, "the feelings which are in me; I have had emotions, aspirations, thoughts; I cannot put them into words. Look there! listen now to the storm! That is what I meant, only I never could say it out till now." Thus do art and nature speak for us, and thus do we adopt them as our own. This is the way in which His righteousness becomes righteousness for us. This is the way in which the heart presents to God the sacrifice of Christ; gazing on that perfect Life we, as it were, say, "There, that is my religion—that is my righteousness—what I want to be, which I am not—that is my offering, my life as I would wish to give it, freely and not checked, entire and perfect." So the old prophets, their hearts big with unutterable thoughts, searched "what or what manner of time the spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ, and of the glory which should follow;" and so with us, until it passes into prayer; "My Saviour, fill up

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the blurred and blotted sketch which my clumsy hand has drawn of a divine life, with the fulness of thy perfect picture. I feel the beauty which I cannot realize:—robe me in thine unutterable purity:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

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Pulpit Monographs.

V.—Christmas Evans.

PEOPLE in England know little of Welsh preaching. Nor is it possible they should know much; and it is probable that in most of our congregations a larger acquaintance with it and the manner of it would not have the effect of making it more favorably regarded. Preaching is in Wales the great national characteristic—the Derby Day is not more truly a characteristic of England than the great gatherings and meetings of the Associations all grouped around some popular favorites. The dwellers among those mountains and upon those hill sides have no concerts, no theatres, no means of stimulating or satisfying their curiosity. For we, who care little for preaching, to whom the whole sermon system is perhaps becoming more tedious, we can form but little idea, and have but little sympathy with that form of religious society where the pulpit is the orchestra, and the stage, and the platform, and where the charms of music and painting and acting are all looked for and found in the preacher. We very likely should be disposed even to look with complacent pity upon such a state of society; it has not yet expired where the Bulwers, and Dickens, and Thack-

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erays, and Scotts are altogether unknown: there the peculiar forms of their genius—certainly without their peculiar education—display themselves in the pulpit. If you like to suppose, therefore, a large amount of ignorance, well, upon such a subject certainly it is possible to enter easily upon the illimitable, yet it is such an ignorance as that which developed itself in Job and in his companions and in his age—an ignorance like that which we may conceive in Æschylus. In fact, in Wales the gates of every man's being have been opened. It is possible to know much of the grammar, and the history, and the lexicography of things, and yet to be utterly ignorant, so utterly ignorant of things as never to have felt the sentiment of strangeness or of terror; and without having ever been informed about the names of things, it is possible to have been brought into the presence and the power of things themselves. Thus the ignorance of one man may be higher than the intelligence of another. There may be a large memory and a very narrow consciousness. On the contrary, there may be a large consciousness, while the forms it embraces may be uncertain and undefined in the misty twilight of the soul. This is much the state of many minds in Wales. It is the state of feeling and of poetry, of subtle questionings, and high religious musings and raptures. This state has been aided by the secludedness of the country, and the exclusiveness of the language, not less than by the rugged force and masculine majesty and strength of the language, a language full of angles and sharp goads, admirably fitted for the masters of assemblies, admirably fitted to move too, like a wind over the soul, rousing and soothing, stirring into storm and lulling into rest. Something in it makes an orator almost ludicrous when he attempts to convey himself in another language, but very powerful and impressive in that. It is a speaking and living language, a language without any shallows, a language which seems to compel the necessity of

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thought or feeling before using it. Our language is fast becoming serviceable for all that large part of the human family who speak without thinking. To this state the Welsh can never come. That unaccommodating tongue only moves with a soul behind it.

Christmas Evans was the child of very poor parents—Samuel and Joanna Evans. At the age of seventeen, Christmas could not read a word. He was born at Esgaiswen, in the parish of Llandysul, Cardiganshire, on Christmas-day, 1766, says his friend and biographer, Rhys Stephen—1776, says his later biographer, Mr. Cross. Probably Mr. Stephen is correct. His father was a shoemaker, but he died when the lad was only nine years of age, and his wife and children became even, in some measure, dependent on the parish for support. He was taken by an uncle, a Mr. James Lewis, to his farm, and for six years he was abandoned to utter neglect. His years were passed in complete poverty, in most servile employments; he had neither friend nor home. An imagination, however, so vivid and vigorous, must have frequently been awakened amidst the sublime scenery of the glorious hills and valleys by which he was surrounded. The influences which encompassed him were entirely depraving; yet, in his seventeenth year, he became the subject of deep religious impressions, although they were kindled in a church whose pastor was strongly influenced by Arian views, as were many ministers in Wales in that day—Mr. Daniel Davies. Mr. Stephen has, in a few lines, given a most lovable portrait of him.* He was the Patriarch and Pastor of Castell Hywel. He says:—

Mr. D. Davies was the very soul of kindness and fine feeling; and wherever you meet one of his old pupils, be he clergyman or dissenting minister, there is a kind and admiring word for the Patriarch of Castell Hywel. Nothing could be more unsophisticated than his mode of living amongst his native mountains;

* *Memoirs of Christmas Evans.* By David Rhys Stephen.

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and while, in mind, he lived with the old Greeks and the mighty Romans, revelling in the treasury of ancient lore, he ate, and drank, and lodged, as did the small farmer of his district. With few wants, and less discontent—teaching all that were sent to his school; paid most moderately, indeed, by the richest of his neighbours, not at all by the poorer among them; breaking in upon the "noiseless tenour of his way" only by the sermons on the Lord's-day, and occasionally at some house on week-day evening, when, especially if he referred to the Prodigal Son, which he was much addicted to, he would weep profusely, affected by his own teaching; at once the cause of his own felicity, and the source of whatever power he exerted upon others.

Mr. Davies, overtaken by a heavy shower, called at a farm-house, and begged a sheaf of straw, which, opening it in the middle, he put on his head as a temporary umbrella. A poor woman who met him on the road, said, "Mr. Davies, *bach?* you have very poor shelter." "Oh!" replied the good man, "a roof of straw well becomes a wall of clay."

There came a great awakening at Castell Hywel, a great desire for religious knowledge. In those days scarce one person in ten could read at all, even in the language of the country; so says Christmas Evans. "We"—that is the young converts—"bought Bibles and candles, and were accustomed to meet together in a barn in the evening, at Penypralltfaus, and thus in about a month I was able to read the Bible in my mother tongue. I was vastly delighted with so much learning. This, however, did not satisfy me, but I borrowed books and learnt a little English. Mr. Davies, my pastor, understood that I thirsted for knowledge, and took me to his school, where I stayed for six months. Here I went through the Latin grammar, but so low were my circumstances that I could stay there no longer." He soon became the subject of persecution among his companions, and it was about this time that he lost his eye. Six young men fell upon him unawares, and beat him very unmercifully; one of them, using a stick,

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struck him above the eye, which occasioned the loss of its sight. A very great mistake went abroad that Christmas Evans, before his conversion, was a great boxer. So far otherwise, he says he "never fought a battle in his life." The night after this sad disaster, he dreamt that the day of judgment was come. He says, "I saw Jesus in the clouds, and all the world on fire. I was in great fear, yet crying earnestly, and with some confidence, for His peace. He answered and said, 'Thou thoughtest to be a preacher, but but what wilt thou do now? The world is on fire and it is too late.' On this I awoke." This dream produced a deep impression on his mind: it recovered him, too, from some spiritual declension. He was called upon often to the exercises of prayer and exhortation, and he testifies that to this he felt "a strong inclination, though," he says, "I knew myself a mass of spiritual ignorance." His memory was very tenacious; he translated, among his first performances, a sermon of Bishop Beveridge, and preached it. He also committed to memory one of Mr. Rowland's sermons, and preached it in the very neighborhood of the church to which he belonged. A gentleman heard him, and naturally enough expressed amazement at such a sermon from an unlettered boy. The mystery was solved next day—he found the sermon in a book. "However," said he, "I have not done thinking there is something great in the son of Samuel, the shoemaker, for his prayer was as good as the sermon." His opinion of the young preacher would have suffered some farther abatement if he had known, what was the fact, that the prayer itself was memorized. This seems to have taken place before he lost his eye, before the dream; and for the youth, who could do such things, we are not surprised that there was a sad backsliding and repentance before the period of his real promise and usefulness. Yet we learn that his Christian experiences were of a painful nature. He who was wont, before the period of true relig-

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ious feeling and honest and individual application, to attempt to shine in the robes of the departed masters, now that he was thrown upon himself felt all the depression and debasement of a humble heart, and sometimes of a disappointed ministry. He was wont, when he preached, to enter the pulpit with dread; he conceived the very sight of him was enough to becloud the hearts of his hearers, and intercept the light of heaven in its efforts to shine upon their souls. He could not ascertain that he had been the means of salvation to a single hearer during five years of his ministry, and he kept the state of his soul in darkness and in reserve; he drank the wormwood of thought and of bitter feeling alone. We like to read these passages of soul history; to him they were dark moments, but the light came by-and-by, and we shall see that his wonderful power over other men was the result of his own deep and solemn acquaintance with the most painful and harrassing questions of the human heart. His faith was no "cunningly devised fable."

He married in 1790—the year in which he was ordained at Lleyn, in Caernarvonshire—Catharine Jones. She greatly aided him in his ministerial work, by her spirit and her character. She did not bring him property; but she brought what was of far more importance than property; she was a member of his church. She had a strong mind, and she had, it seems, great aptitude for theological studies. She must have been, when married, very young; for thirty-three years she walked with her husband a companion and helpmeet, and as a manager she seems to have been even a miracle of a woman. Her husband's income, for the greater part of their married life, never exceeded thirty pounds; yet she gave away food to poor children and needy folks, and procured and made garments for the poor members of the church, and money and bread for Irish laborers who passed her door on their way to and from the harvests.

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Her house was always open to itinerant ministers, and she readily administered to them with her own hands; and although her health was never robust she had so much courage that she was able to accompany her husband on five of his journeys through the greatest portion of Wales, sometimes in the depth of the winter, often through storms of rain, and snow, and hail, over dangerous ferries, and through wild and desolate places. She loved the Saviour, and she made all the interests of His Church hers. They travelled in true apostolic style. Thus we read, when Christmas Evans was forty-six years of age, he removed from Lleyn to the Isle of Anglesea. Lleyn had been his first church and charge, there he had been ordained, there he met and married his wife; now upon his birth-day (Christmas-day) they went out to their new country, almost, it might be said, not knowing whither they went. "It was," he says, "a rough day of frost and snow." Of this world's goods they had none. He commenced thus his journey on horseback, with his wife behind him, and arrived in the evening of the same day at Llangewin. Whatever was the motive for his departure, it was not money; his salary in Anglesea was only £17 pounds per annum, and for twenty years he asked no more. He who said to Abraham "Fear not: I am thy shield and exceeding great reward," called Christmas Evans forth; and the reason of the call was soon perceived in the large additions made to Abraham's seed, and the divine influence felt by innumerable souls. In all this his wife was no obstruction. If it be true that a man must ask his wife's leave to be rich, he must also ask her to permit him to be useful; she is the minister's minister, and his power is greatly owing to her. What can we, or men such as we are, know of such men, of their lives, or of their motives? We call them poor, we should look upon them almost with contempt; their world was different to ours, their life a hidden life. Had they not

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pleasures? Had not our preacher pleasures? The noise of the great world scarcely ever broke on his ear. Every way the furniture of life was simple; luxuries of the most frivolous description have become necessities to us; but as we read the life of this man and his companions in the ministry, all look very different. The things of eternity, and the solemn thoughts of time awakening to it, seem nearer to such men than to us. Mr. Stephen, in his Life, has given the passing sketch and memorial of several of these men, of whom our world indeed is not worthy.

> Their virtues walked their narrow round,
> Nor made a pause nor left a void;
> And sure the eternal Master found
> Their single talent well employed.

It was in the second year of his ministry at Lleyn that a change came over the ministry of the man. He was in feeble health, and he set off to South Wales to visit his friends. He was unable to procure a horse for the journey, and the small societies to which he preached were too poor to provide him one. So he set forth on foot, preaching in every town and village through which he passed. He gives the account of many battles in spirit among the mountains. He says, "The roads were lonely, and I was wholly alone. I suffered no interruptions in my wrestlings with God." He says this, indeed, of a later period of his spiritual difficulties, but he knew these moments constantly, and a change came over his ministrations. He says:

I now felt a power in the word, like a hammer breaking the rock, and not like a rush. I had a very powerful time at Kilvowyr, and also pleasant meetings in the neighborhood of Cardigan. The work of conversion was progressing so rapidly and with so much energy in those parts, that the ordinance of baptism was administered every month for a year or more, at Kilvowyr, Cardigan, Blaenywaun, Blaenffos and Ebenezer, to from

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ten to twenty persons each month. The chapels and adjoining burying-grounds were crowded with hearers of a week-day, even in the middle of harvest. I frequently preached in the open air in the evenings, and the rejoicing, singing, and praising would continue until broad light the next morning. The hearers appeared melted down in tenderness at the different meetings, so that they wept streams of tears, and cried out, in such a manner that one might suppose the whole congregation, male and female, was thoroughly dissolved by the Gospel. "The word of God" was now become as "a sharp two-edged sword, dividing asunder the joints and marrow," and revealing unto the people the secret corruptions of their hearts. Preaching was now unto me a pleasure, and the success of the ministry in all places was very great. The same people attended fifteen or twenty different meetings, many miles apart in the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, Caermarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth and Brecknock. This revival, especially in the vicinity of Cardigan, and in Pembrokeshire, subdued the whole country, and induced people everywhere to think well of religion. The same heavenly gale followed down to Fishguard, Llangloffan, Little New-Castle, and Rhydwylim, where Mr. Gabriel Rees was then a zealous and a powerful preacher. There was such a tender spirit resting on the hearers at this season, from Tabor to Middlemill, that one would imagine, by their weeping and trembling in their places of worship, and all this mingled with so much heavenly cheerfulness, that they would wish to abide for ever in this state of mind.

It is very interesting to notice how real and deep was the spiritual life of Christmas Evans. He says:

I was weary of a cold heart towards Christ, and His sacrifice, and the work of His Spirit—of a cold heart in the pulpit, in secret prayer, and in study. For fifteen years previously I had felt my heart burning within, as if going to Emmaus with Jesus. On a day ever to be remembered by me, as I was going from Dolgelly to Machynlleth, and climbing up towards Cadair Idris I considered it to be incumbent upon me to pray, however hard I felt my heart, and however worldly the frame of my spirit was.

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Having begun in the name of Jesus, I soon felt as it were the fetters loosening, and the old hardness of heart softening, and, as I thought, mountains of frost and snow dissolving and melting within me. This engendered confidence in my soul in the promise of the Holy Ghost. I felt my whole mind relieved from some great bondage: tears flowed copiously, and I was constrained to cry out for the gracious visits of God, by restoring to my soul the joy of His salvation; and that He would visit the churches in Anglesea that were under my care. I embraced in my supplications all the churches of the saints, and nearly all the ministers in the principality by their names. This struggle lasted for three hours: it rose again and again, like one wave after another, or a high flowing tide, driven by a strong wind, until my nature became faint by weeping and crying. Thus I resigned myself to Christ, body and soul, gifts and labors—all my life—every day and every hour that remained for me; and all my cares I committed to Christ. The road was mountainous and lonely, and I was wholly alone, and suffered no interruptions in my wrestlings with God.

From this time, I was made to expect the goodness of God to churches and to myself. Thus the Lord delivered me and the people of Anglesea from being carried away by the flood of Sandemanianism. In the first religious meeting after this I felt as if I had been removed from the cold and sterile regions of spiritual frost, into the verdant fields of the divine promises. The former strivings with God in prayer, and the longing anxiety for the conversion of sinners, which I had experienced at Lleyn, were now restored. I had a hold of the promises of God. The result was, when I returned home, the first thing that arrested my attention was, that the Spirit was working also in the brethren in Anglesea, inducing in them a spirit of prayer, especially in two of the deacons, who were particularly importunate that God would visit us in mercy, and render the Word of His grace effectual amongst us for the conversion of sinners.

Readers will be interested in reading the solemn covenants entered into with God from time to time. Our preacher represented a time and a state of things when

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such affairs of the heart took place. We will also beg them to notice those passages we have printed in italics, as showing the especial care and anxiety of his heart :

"I. I give my soul and body unto thee, Jesus, the true God, and everlasting life—deliver me from sin, and from eternal death, and bring me into life everlasting. Amen.—C. E.

"II. I call the day, the sun, the earth, the trees, the stones, the bed, the table, and the books, to witness that I come unto thee, Redeemer of sinners, that I may obtain rest for my soul from the thunders of guilt and the dread of eternity. Amen.—C. E.

"III. I do, through confidence in thy power, earnestly entreat thee to take the work into thine own hand, and give me a circumcised heart, that I may love thee, and create in me a right spirit, that I may seek thy glory. Grant me that principle which thou wilt own in the day of judgment, that I may not then assume palefacedness, and find myself a hypocrite. Grant me this, for the sake of thy most precious blood. Amen.—C. E.

"IV. I entreat thee, Jesus, the Son of God, in power, grant me, for the sake of thy agonizing death, a covenant interest in thy blood, which cleanseth; in thy righteousness, which justifieth; and in thy redemption, which delivereth. I entreat an interest in thy blood, for thy *blood's* sake, and a part in thee, for thy name's sake, which thou hast given among men. Amen.—C. E.

"V. O Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, take, for the sake of thy cruel death, my time, and strength, and the gifts and talents I possess; which, with a full purpose of heart, I consecrate to thy glory in the building up of thy Church in the world, for thou art worthy of the hearts and talents of all men. Amen.—C. E.

"VI. I desire thee, my great High Priest, to confirm, by thy power, from thy High Court, my *usefulness as a preacher, and my piety as a Christian, as two gardens nigh to each other;* that sin may not have place in my heart, to becloud my confidence in thy righteousness, and that I may not be left to any foolish act that may occasion my gifts to wither, and be rendered useless before my life ends. Keep thy gracious eye upon me, and watch over me, O my Lord and my God, for ever! Amen.—C. E.

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"VII. I give myself in a particular manner to thee, O Jesus Christ, the Saviour, to be preserved from the falls into which many stumble, that thy name (in thy cause) may not be blasphemed or wounded, that my peace may not be injured, that thy people may not be grieved, and that thine enemies may not be hardened. Amen.—C. E.

"VIII. I come unto thee, beseeching thee to be in covenant with me in my ministry. As thou didst prosper Bunyan, Vavasor Powell, Howell Harris, Rowlands, and Whitefield, O do thou prosper me. Whatsoever things are opposed to my prosperity, remove them out of the way. Work in me everything approved of God, for the attainment of this. Give me a heart "sick of love" to thyself, and to the souls of men. Grant that I may experience the power of thy Word before I deliver it, as Moses felt the power of his own rod, before he saw it on the land and waters of Egypt. Grant this, for the sake of thine infinitely precious blood, O Jesus, my hope, and my all in all! Amen.—C. E.

"IX. Search me now, and lead me in plain paths of judgment. Let me discover in this life what I am before thee, that I may not find myself of another character, when I am shown in the light of the immortal world, and open my eyes in all the brightness of eternity. Wash me in thy redeeming blood. Amen.—C. E.

"Grant me strength to depend upon thee for food and raiment, and to make known my requests. *O let thy care be over me as a covenant-privilege betwixt thee and myself, and not like a general care to feed the ravens that perish, and clothe the lily that is cast into the oven; but let thy care be over me as one of thy family, as one of thine unworthy brethren.* Amen.—C. E.

"XI. Grant, O Jesus! and take upon thyself the preparing of me for death, for thou art God; there is no need, but for thee to speak the word. If possible,—thy will be done,—leave me not long in affliction, ncr to die suddenly, without bidding adieu to my brethren, and let me die in their sight, after a short illness. Let all things be ordered against the day of removing from one world to another, that there be no confusion nor disorder, but a quiet discharge in peace. O grant me this, for the sake of thine agony in the garden! Amen.—C. E.

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"XII. Grant, O blessed Lord! that nothing may grow and be matured in me, to occasion thee to cast me off from the service of the sanctuary, like the sons of Eli; and for the sake of thine unbounded merit, let not my days be longer than my usefulness. O let me not be like lumber in a house in the end of my days,—in the way of others to work. Amen.—C. E.

"XIII. I beseech thee, O Redeemer! to present these my supplications before the Father: and oh! inscribe them in thy book with thine own immortal pen, while I am writing them with my mortal hand, in my book on earth. According to the depths of thy merit, thine undiminished grace, and thy compassion, and thy manner unto thy people, oh! attach thy name, in thine upper court, to these unworthy petitions; and set thine amen to them, as I do on my part of the covenant. Amen.—CHRISTMAS EVANS, Llangevni, Anglesea, April 10, 18—."

No wonder, after so solemn and affecting a transaction as this, Mr. Evans says, "I felt a sweet peace and tranquillity of soul." Nor do we wonder that beneath the power of such a life he increased churches by scores and members by many hundreds.

The sermons of Christmas Evans can only be known through the medium of translation. They perhaps do not suffer as most translations suffer; but the rendering in English is feeble in comparison with the nervous, bony, and muscular Welsh language. The sermons, however, clearly reveal the man; they reveal the fulness and strength of his mind; they abound in instructive thoughts; their building and structure is always good; and many of the passages, and even several of the sermons, might be taken as models for strong and effective pulpit oratory. Like all the preachers of his day, and order of mind and peculiarity of theological sentiment and training, his use of the imagery of Scripture was remarkably free; his use also of texts often was as significant and suggestive as it was certainly original. No doubt, for the appreciation of his purpose and his

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power in its larger degree, he needed an audience well acquainted with Scripture, and sympathetic in an eminent manner with the mind of the preacher. There seem to have been periods and moments when his mind soared aloft into some of the highest fields of truth and emotion. Yet his wing never seemed little or pretty in its flight. There was the firmness and strength of the beat of a noble eagle. Some eloquence sings, some sounds; in one we hear the voice of a bird hovering in the air, in the other we listen to the thunder of the plume; the eloquence of Christmas Evans was of the latter order.

But our preacher has often been called the Bunyan of Wales—the Bunyan of the pulpit. In some measure the epithet does designate him; he was a great master of parabolic similitude and comparison. This is a kind of preaching ever eminently popular with the multitude; it requires rather a redundancy of fancy than imagination—perhaps a mind considerably disciplined and educated would be unable to indulge in such exercises—a self-possession balanced by ignorance of many of the canons of taste, or utterly oblivious and careless of them; for this is a kind of teaching of which we hear very little. Now we have not one preacher in England who would perhaps dare to use or who could use well the parabolic style. This was the especial power of Christmas Evans. He excelled in personification; he would seem to have been frequently mastered by this faculty. The abstractions of thought, the disembodied phantoms of another world came clothed in form, and feature, and color,—at his bidding they came.

> Ghostly shapes
> Met him at noontide; Fear, and trembling Hope,
> Silence, and Foresight; Death the skeleton,
> And Time the shadow.

Thus he frequently astounded his congregations not merely

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by pouring round his subject the varied hues of light or space, but by giving to the eye defined shapes and realizations. We do not wonder to hear him say, "If I only entered the pulpit I felt raised as it were to Paradise—above my afflictions, until I forgot my adversity; yea, I felt my mountain strong. I said to a brother once, 'Brother, the doctrine, the confidence, and strength I feel will make persons dance with joy in some parts of Wales.' 'Yea, brother,' said he, with tears flowing down his eyes." He was visited by remarkable dreams. Once, previous to a time of great refreshing, he dreamt:

He thought he was in the church at Caerphilly, and found many harps hanging about the pulpit, wrapped in coverings of green. "Then," said he, "I will take down the harps of heaven in this place." In removing the covering, he found the ark of the covenant, inscribed with the name of Jehovah. Then he cried, "Brethren, the Lord has come to us, according to his promise, and in answer to our prayers." In that very place, he shortly afterward had the satisfaction of receiving one hundred and forty converts into the church, as the fruit of his ministry.

As we have said, nothing can well illustrate on paper the power of the orator's speech, but the following may serve as in some measure illustrating his method:—

THE GOSPEL MOULD.

I compare such preachers to a miner, who should go to the quarry where he raised the ore, and taking his sledge in his hand, should endeavor to form bars of iron of the ore in its rough state, without a furnace to melt it, or a rolling-mill to roll it out, or moulds to cast the metal, and conform the casts to their patterns. The gospel is like a form or mould, and sinners are to be melted, as it were, and cast into it. "But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you," or into which you were delivered, as is the marginal reading, so that your hearts ran into the mould. Evangelical preachers have, in the name of Christ, a mould or form to cast

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the minds of men into; as Solomon, the vessels of the temple. The Sadducees and Pharisees had their forms, and legal preachers have their forms; but evangelical preachers should bring with them the "form of sound words," so that, if the hearers believe, or are melted into it, Christ may be formed in their hearts,—then they will be as born of the truth, and the image of the truth will appear in their sentiments and experience, and in their conduct in the Church, in the family, and in the neighbourhood. Preachers without the mould, are all those who do not preach all the points of the Gospel of the grace of God.

THE MAN IN THE STEEL HOUSE.

A man in a trance saw himself locked up in a house of steel, through the walls of which, as through walls of glass, he could see his enemies assailing him with swords, spears, and bayonets; but his life was safe, for his fortress was locked within. So is the Christian secure amid the assaults of the world. His "life is hid with Christ in God."

The Psalmist prayed—"When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Imagine a man seated on a lofty rock in the midst of the sea, where he has everything necessary for his support, shelter, safety, and comfort. The billows heave and break beneath him, and the hungry monsters of the deep wait to devour him; but he is on high, above the rage of the former, and the reach of the latter. Such is the security of faith.

But why need I mention the rock and the steel house? for the peace that is in Christ is a tower ten thousand times stronger, and a refuge ten thousand times safer. Behold the disciples of Jesus exposed to famine, nakedness, peril, and sword—incarcerated in dungeons; thrown to wild beasts; consumed in the fire; sawn asunder; cruelly mocked and scourged; driven from friends and home, to wander among the mountains, and lodge in dens and caves of the earth; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; sorrowful, but always rejoicing; cast down, but not destroyed; an ocean of peace within, which swallows up all their sufferings.

"Neither death," with all its terrors; "nor life," with all its allurements; "nor things present," with all their pleasure;

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"nor things to come," with all their promise; "nor height" of prosperity; "nor depth" of adversity; "nor angels" of evil; "nor principalities" of darkness; "shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be moved, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea—though the waters thereof roar and be troubled—though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." This is the language of strong faith in the peace of Christ. How is it with you amid such turmoil and commotion? Is all peaceful within? Do you feel secure in the name of the Lord, as in a strong fortress—as in a city well supplied and defended?

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most high. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early." "Unto the upright, there ariseth light in the darkness." The bright and morning star, shining upon their pathway, cheers them in their journey home to their Father's house. And when they come to pass over Jordan, the Sun of Righteousness shall have risen upon them, with healing in his wings. Already they see the tops of the mountains of immortality, gilded with his beams, beyond the valley of the shadow of death. Behold, yonder, old Simeon hoisting his sails, and saying—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Such is the peace of Jesus, sealed to all them that believe, by the blood of His cross.

When we walk through the field of battle, slippery with blood, and strewn with the bodies of the slain—when we hear the shrieks and the groans of the wounded and the dying—when we see the country wasted, cities burned, houses pillaged, widows and orphans wailing in the track of the victorious army, we cannot help exclaiming—O, what a blessing is peace! When we are obliged to witness family turmoils and strifes—when we see parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, husbands and wives, contending with each other like tigers—we retire as from a smoky house, and exclaim as

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we go—O, what a blessing is peace! When duty calls us into that Church, where envy and malice prevail, and the spirit of harmony is supplanted by discord and contention—when we see brethren, who ought to be bound together in love, full of pride, hatred, confusion, and every evil work—we quit the unhallowed scene with painful feelings of repulsion, repeating the exclamation—O, what a blessing is peace!

But how much more precious in the case of the awakened sinner! See him standing, terror-stricken, before Mount Sinai. Thunders roll above him—lightnings flash around him—the earth trembles beneath him, as if ready to open her mouth and swallow him up. The sound of the trumpet rings through his soul—"Guilty! guilty! guilty!" Pale and trembling, he looks eagerly around him, and sees nothing but revelations of wrath. Overwhelmed with fear and dismay, he cries out—"O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me? What shall I do?" A voice reaches his ear—penetrates his heart—"Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" He turns his eye to Calvary. Wondrous vision! Emmanuel expiring upon the cross! the sinner's Substitute satisfying the demand of the law against the sinner! Now all his fears are hushed, and rivers of peace flow into his soul. This is the peace of Christ.

How precious is this peace, amid all the dark vicissitudes of life! How invaluable this jewel, through all the dangers of the wilderness! How cheering to know that Jesus, who hath loved us even unto death, is the pilot of our perilous voyage; that he rules the winds and the waves, and can hush them to silence at his will, and bring the frailest bark of faith to the desired haven! Trusting where he cannot trace his Master's footsteps, the disciple is joyful amid the darkest dispensations of Divine Providence; turning all his sorrows into songs, and all his tribulations into triumphs. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET.

In this world, every man receives according to his faith; in the world to come, every man shall receive according to his works. "Blessed are the dead who died in the Lord, for they

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rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Their works do not go before them to divide the river Jordan, and open the gates of heaven. This is done by their faith. But their works are left behind, as if done up in a packet, on this side of the river. John saw the great white throne descending for judgment, the Son of Man sitting thereon, and all nations gathered before him. He is dividing the righteous from the wicked, as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. The wicked are set on the left hand, and the awful sentence is pronounced—"Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" But the righteous are placed on the right-hand, to hear the joyful welcome—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!" The books are opened, and Mercy presents the packets that were left on the other side of Jordan. They are all opened, and the books are read wherein all their acts of benevolence and virtue are recorded. Justice examines the several packets, and answers—"All right. Here they are. Thus it is written—'I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; I was naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'" The righteous look upon each other with wonder, and answer—"Those packets must belong to others. We knew nothing of all that. We recollect the wormwood and the gall. We recollect the straight gate, the narrow way, and the slough of despond. We recollect the heavy burden that pressed so hard upon us, and how it fell from our shoulders at the sight of the cross. We recollect the time when the eyes of our minds were opened, to behold the evil of sin, the depravity of our hearts, and the excellency of our Redeemer. We recollect the time when our stubborn wills were subdued in the day of His power, so that we were enabled both to will and to do of His good pleasure. We recollect the time when we obtained hope in the merit of Christ, and felt the efficacy of his blood applied to our hearts by the Holy Spirit. And we shall never forget the time when we first experienced the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. O, how sweetly and powerfully it constrained us to love Him, His cause, and His ordinances! How

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we panted after communion and fellowship with Him, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks! All this, and a thousand other things, are as fresh in our memory as ever. But we recollect nothing of those bundles of good works. Where was it? Lord, when saw we thee hungry, and fed thee; or thirsty, and gave thee drink; or a stranger, and took thee in; or naked, and clothed thee? We have no more recollection than the dead, of ever having visited thee in prison, or ministered to thee in sickness. Surely, those bundles cannot belong to us." Mercy replies—"Yes, verily, they belong to you; for your names are upon them; and besides, they have not been out of my hands since you left them on the stormy banks of Jordan." And the King answers—"Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

If the righteous do not know their own good works, if they do not recognize in the sheaves which they reap at the resurrection, the seed which they have sown with tears on earth, they certainly cannot make these things the foundation of their hopes of heaven. Christ crucified is their sole dependence for acceptance with God, in time and in eternity. Christ crucified is the great object of their faith, and the centre of their affections; and while their love to him prompts them to live soberly, and righteously, and godly, in this present evil world, they cordially exclaim—"Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, O Lord, give glory!"

CHRIST THE CEDAR OF THE FOREST.

This cedar not only beautifies the forest, but also affords shade and shelter for the fowls of the air. We have the same idea in the parable of the mustard-seed:—"the birds of the air came and lodged in the branches thereof." This is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the Shiloh:—"to him shall the gathering of the people be." It is the drawing of sinners to Christ; and the union of believers with God.

"All fowl of every wing." Sinners of every age and every degree—sinners of all languages, colors and climes—sinners of all principles, customs, and habits—sinners whose crimes are of the blackest hue—sinners carrying about them the savor of the

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brimstone of hell—sinners deserving eternal damnation—sinners perishing for lack of knowledge—sinners pierced by the arrows of conviction—sinners ready to sink under the burdens of sin—sinners overwhelmed with terror and despair—are seen flying to Christ as a cloud, and as doves to their windows—moving to the ark of mercy before the door is shut—seeking rest in the shadow of this goodly cedar.

Mr. Evans was very fond of the use of the Old Testament Scriptures in their more spiritual relations. The following extract will not perhaps be acceptable to the tastes of all readers, but it is an illustration of Mr. Evans's very natural style:

THE HIND OF THE MORNING ON THE MOUNTAINS.

It is generally admitted that the twenty-second psalm has particular reference to Christ. This is evident from his own appropriation of the first verse upon the cross—"My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The title of the psalm is —*Aijeleth Shahar;* which signifies—A hart, or—the hind of the morning. The striking metaphors which it contains are descriptive of Messiah's peculiar sufferings. He is the hart or hind of the morning, hunted by the black prince with his hell-hounds —by Satan and all his allies. The "dogs," the "lions," the "unicorns," and the "strong bulls of Bashan," with their devouring teeth, and their terrible horns, pursued Him from Bethlehem to Calvary. They beset him in the manger, gnashed upon Him in the garden, and well-nigh tore Him to pieces upon the cross. And still they persecute Him in His cause and in the persons and interests of his people.

The faith of the church anticipated the coming of Christ, "like a roe or a young heart," with the dawn of the day promised in Eden; and we hear her exclaiming in the Canticles—"The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills!" She heard him announce His advent in the promise—"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God!" and with prophetic eye, saw him leaping from the mountains of eternity to the mountains of time, and skipping

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from hill to hill throughout the land of Palestine, going about doing good. In the various types and shadows of the law, she beheld Him "standing by the wall, looking forth at the windows, showing Himself through the lattice;" and then she sang—"Until the daybreak, and the shadows flee away, turn my beloved, and be thou like the roe or the young hart upon the mountains of Bether! Bloody sacrifices revealed Him to her view going down to the "vineyards of red wine;" whence she traced Him to the meadows of Gospel ordinances, where "he feedeth among the lilies"—to "the gardens of cucumbers," and "the beds of spices;" and then she sang to Him again—"Make haste"—or, flee away—"my beloved! be thou like the roe or the young hart upon the mountains of spices!"

Thus she longed to see Him, first "on the mountain of Bether," and then on the "mountain of spices." On both mountains she saw Him eighteen hundred years ago, and on both she may still trace the footsteps of His majesty and His mercy. The former He hath tracked with His own blood, and His path upon the latter is redolent of frankincense and myrrh.

Bether signifies division. This is the craggy mountain of calvary; whither the "Hind of the morning" fled followed by all the wild beasts of the forest, and the hunting-dogs of hell, summoned to the pursuit, and urged on by the prince of perdition; till the victim, in His agony, sweat great drops of blood—where He was terribly crushed between the cliffs, and dreadfully mangled by sharp and ragged rocks—where He was seized by Death, the great greyhound of the bottomless pit—whence He leaped the precipice without breaking a bone; and sank in the dead sea, sank to its utmost depth, and saw no corruption.

Behold the "Hind of the morning" on that dreadful mountain! It is the place of skulls, where death hold his carnival in companionship with worms, and hell laughs in the face of heaven. Dark storms are gathering there—convolving clouds, charged with no common wrath. Terrors set themselves in battle array before the Son of God; and tempests burst upon Him, which might sweep all mankind in a moment to eternal ruin. Hark! hear ye not the subterranean thunder? Feel ye not the

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tremour of the mountain? It is the shock of Satan's artillery, playing upon the Captain of our salvation. It is the explosion of the magazine of vengeance. Lo, the earth is quaking, the rocks are rending, the graves are opening, the dead are rising. and all nature stands aghast at the conflict of Divine mercy with the powers of darkness. One dread convulsion more, one cry of desperate agony, and Jesus dies—an arrow has entered into His heart. Now leap the lions, roaring upon their prey; and the bulls of Bashan are bellowing; and the dogs of perdition are barking; and the unicorns toss their horns on high; and the devil, dancing with exultant joy, clanks his iron chains, and thrusts up his fettered hands in defiance towards the face of Jehovah!

Go a little further upon the mountain, and you come to a new tomb hewn out of the rock." There lies a dead body. It is the body of Jesus. His disciples have laid it down in sorrow, and returned weeping to the city. Mary's heart is broken, Peter's zeal is quenched in tears, and John would fain lie down and die in his Master's grave. The sepulchre is closed up and sealed, and a Roman sentry placed at its entrance. On the morning of the third day, while it is yet dark, two or three women come to anoint the body. They are debating about the great stone at the mouth of the cave, "Who shall roll it away?" says one of them. "Pity we did not bring Peter or John with us." But arriving, they find the stone already rolled away, and one sitting upon it whose countenance is like lightning, and whose garments are white as the light. The steel-clad, iron-hearted soldiers lie around him like men slain in battle, having swooned in terror. He speaks:—"Why seek ye the living among the dead! He is not here; He is risen; He is gone forth from this cave victoriously."

It is even so! for there are the shroud, and the napkin, and the heavenly watchers; and when He awoke and cast off His grave-clothes, the earthquake was felt in the city and jarred the gates of hell. "The Hind of the morning" is up earlier than any of his pursuers, "leaping upon the mountains, and skipping upon the hills." He is seen first with Mary at the tomb; then with the disciples in Jerusalem; then with two of them on the

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way to Emmaus; then going before his brethren into Galilee; and finally leaping from the top of Olivet to the hills of Paradise; fleeing away to "the mountain of spices," where he shall never more be hunted by the black prince and his hounds.

Christ is perfect master of gravitation, and all the laws of nature are obedient to His will. Once He walked upon the water, as if it were marble beneath His feet; and now as He stands blessing His people, the glorious form so recently nailed to the cross, and still more recently cold in the grave, begins to ascend like "the living creature" in Ezekiel's vision, "lifted up from the earth," till nearly out of sight; when "the chariots of God, even thousands of angels," receive Him, and haste to the celestial city, waking the thrones of eternity with this jubilant chorus—"Lift up your heads, O, ye gates! and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors! and the King of Glory shall come in!"

One of the most effective of Mr. Evan's parables, even in spite of the anachronism at the close, for so it must be regarded was—

THE JOURNEY FOR THE YOUNG CHILD.

Herod said to the wise men, "Go and search diligently for the young child." The magi immediately commenced their inquiries, according to the instructions they received. I see them approaching some village, and when they come to the gate they inquire, "Do you know anything of the young child?" The gateman comes to the door; and, supposing them to have asked the amount of the toll, says, "O, three halfpence an ass is to pay." "We do not ask what is to pay," reply they, "but do you know anything of the young child?" "No; I know nothing in the world," answers he; "but there is a blacksmith's shop a little farther on; inquire there, and you will be very likely to obtain some intelligence concerning him."

The wise men proceed, and when they come to the blacksmith's shop, they ask, "Do you know anything of the young child?" A harsh voice answers, "There is no such thing possible for you, as having the asses shod now; you shall in two hours hence." "We do not ask you to shoe the asses," say they; "but inquire for the young child, if you know anything of

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him?" "Nothing in the world," says the blacksmith; "but inquire at the tavern that is on your road, and probably you may hear something of him there."

On they go, and stand opposite the door of the tavern, and cry, "Do you know anything of the young child?" The landlord, thinking they call for porter, bids the servant attend, saying, "Go, girl; go with a quart of porter to the strangers." "We do not ask for either porter or ale," say the wise men; "but something about the young child that is born." "I know nothing in the world of him," says the landlord; but turn to the shop on the left hand; the shopkeeper reads all the papers, and you will be likely to hear something respecting him there."

They proceed accordingly towards the shop, and repeat their inquiry, "Do you know anything of the young child, here?" The shopkeeper says to his apprentice, "Reach half a quarter of tobacco to the strangers." "We do not ask for tobacco," say the wise men; "but for some intelligence of the young child." "I do not know anything of him," replies the shopkeeper; "but there is an old Rabbi living in the upper end of the village; call on him, and very probably he will give you all the information you desire respecting the object of your search."

They immediately directed their course towards the house of the Rabbi; and having reached it, they knock at the door: and being admitted into his presence, they ask him if he knows anything of the young child. "Come in," says he; and when they have entered and are seated, the Rabbi refers to his books and chronicles, and says he to the wise men, "There is something wonderful about to take place; some remarkable person has been or is to be born; but the best thing is for you to go down yonder street: there is living there, by the river side, the son of an old priest; you will be sure to know all of him."

Having bid the old Rabbi a respectful farewell, on they go: and reaching the river side, they inquire of the bystanders for the son of the old priest. Immediately he is pointed out to them. There is a "raiment of camel's hair about him, and a leathern girdle about his loins." They ask him if he knows anything of the young child. "Yes," says he, "there he is: behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!

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There he is; he will bruise the dragon's head, and bring in everlasting righteousness to every one that believeth in his name."

He was wont thus to describe the—

FOUR VARIETIES OF PREACHING.

I perceive four strong men on their journey towards Lazarus's grave, for the purpose of raising him to life. One of them, who is eminent for his piety, says, "I will descend into the grave, and will take with me a bowl of the salt of duties, and will rub him well with the sponge of natural ability." He enters the grave, and commences his rubbing process. I watch his operations at a distance, and after a while inquire, "Well, are there any symptoms of life there? Does he arise, does he breathe, my brother?" "No such thing," replies he, "he is still quiet, and I cannot salt him to *will*—and besides this, his smell is rather heavy."

"Well," says the second, "come you out; I was afraid that your means would not answer the purpose; let me enter the grave." The second enters, carrying in his hand a whip of the scorpions of threatening; and, says he, "I will make him feel." He directs his scorpion and fiery ministry at the dead corpse; but in vain, and I hear him crying out, "All is unsuccessful; dead he is after all."

Says the third, "Make room for me to enter, and I will see if I cannot bring him to life." He enters the grave and takes with him a musical pipe; it is melodious as the song of love; but there is no dancing in the grave.

The fourth says, "Means of themselves can effect nothing, but I will go for Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life." Immediately he leaves to seek for Christ, and speedily returns, accompanied by the Saviour. And when the Lord came He stands in the door of the sepulchre, and cries out, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the dead body is instantaneously instinct with life.

Let our confidence be in the voice of the Son of God. And let us turn our faces towards the wind, and say, "O breath, come from the four winds, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

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And the following must have been effective :

ENTERING THE PORT.

"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." 2 Pet. i. 11. This language seems to be borrowed from the case of a ship bringing her passengers to port on a pleasant afternoon, her sails all white and whole, and her flags majestically waving in the breeze; while the relatives of those on board ascend the high places, to see their brothers and their sisters returning home in safety from the stormy main. How pleasant to a man who is about to emigrate to the new world, America, when he meets with some one that has been there, and who is well acquainted with the coast, knows the best landing-place, and will accompany him on his passage. "Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." He who passed through death himself, and is Lord of the sea, is our High-priest; and, with his priestly vestments on, he will stand in Jordan's current till the feeblest in all the tribes shall be safely landed on Canaan's shore. How delightful must be the feelings of the dying Christian, the testimony of whose conscience unites with the witness of the Spirit, to assure him that Jesus has paid his fare: and who knows he carries in his hand the white stone with the new name, to be exhibited on the pier-head, the other side, hard by his Father's house. This is an abundant entrance, on a fair day, over a fine sea, with a pleasant breeze swelling every sail. "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

O how different the entrance ministered to the careless professor—the fruitless and idle—who keeps his hand in his bosom, or leaning upon his implements! Though he may reach the shore with his life, it will be at midnight, surrounded by roaring tempests, full of bitter remembrances and most tormenting fears. Yet, with tattered sails and broken ropes, peradventure he may gain the port; "for the Lord is good, and His mercy endureth for ever." But who shall describe the condition of the ungodly, driven out to sea in all their wickedness; not even allowed a quarantine within sight of the heavenly Jerusalem, but obliged

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to drift about, dismantled and disabled, amid the darkness of eternal storms! Oh! to be forced from their moorings at midnight, when they cannot see a handbreath before them; the thunders rolling; the lightnings flashing; strange voices of wrath mingling with every blast; and the great bell of eternity tolling a funeral knell for the lost soul, through all its dismal, and solitary, and everlasting voyage! Let us flee for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us, which hope is as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, grasping the Rock of Ages within the vail!

THE BEAM.

Then I saw the beam of a great scale; one end descending to the abyss, borne down by the power of the atonement; the other ascending to the heaven of heavens, and lifting up the prisoners of the tomb. Wonderful scheme! Christ condemned for our justification; forsaken of His Father, that we might enjoy His fellowship; passing under the curse of the law, to bear it away from the believer for ever! This is the great scale of redemption. As one end of the beam falls under the load of our sins, which were laid on Christ; the other rises, bearing the basket of mercy, full of pardons, and blessings, and hopes. "He who knew no sin was made sin for us"—that is His end of the beam; "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him"—this is ours. "Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor"—there goes his end down; "that we, through his poverty, might be rich"—here comes ours up.

From these extracts it will be seen that Christmas Evans excelled in the use of parable in the pulpit. Sometimes he wrought this mine like a very Bunyan, and we believe no published accounts of these sermons in Welsh, and certainly none that we have found translated into English, give any idea of his power. With what amazing effect some of his sermons would tell on the vast audiences which in these days gather together in London, and in our great towns! This method of instruction is now usually regarded as in bad taste; it does not seem to be sanctioned by the great

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rules and masters of oratorical art. If a man could create a *Pilgrim's Progress* and recite it, it would be found to be a very doubtful article by the rhetorical sanhedrim. Yet our Lord used this very method, and without using some such method—anecdote or illustration—it is doubtful whether any strong hold can be had of the lower orders of mind. Our preacher entered into the spirit of Scripture parable and narrative. One of the most famous of his discourses is that on the Demoniac of Gadara; some of our readers will be shocked to know that in the course of some of his descriptions in it he convulsed his audience with laughter in the commencement. Well, he need not be imitated there; but he held it sufficiently subdued before the close, and an alternation of tears and raptures not only testified to his powers but to his skill in giving a reading of the narrative. For the purpose of producing effect,—and we mean by effect, visible results in crushed and humble hearts, and transformed lives,—it would be a curious thing to try in England the preaching of some of the great Welshman's sermons. What would be the effect upon any audience of that great picture of the Churchyard-World, and the mighty controvery between Justice and Mercy? Let it be admitted that there are some things in it, perhaps many, that it would not demand a severe taste to expel from the picture, but take it as the broad, bold painting of a man not highly educated,—indeed, highly educated men, as we have said, could not perform such things, a highly educated man could never have written the *Pilgrim's Progress*—let it be remembered that it was delivered to men, perhaps we should say rather educated than instructed; men illiterate in all things except the Bible. We ourselves have in some very large congregations tried the preaching of one of the most famous of Evan's sermons, "The Spirit walking in dry places, seeking rest and finding none"—we find it in Mr. Cross's volume; but our version of it was received from the lips of

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those who listened to it among the mountains of Wales. The version in the volume referred to seems to be but a poor caricature of the reality. Christmas Evan's preaching was by no means defective in the bone and muscle of thought and pulpit arrangement; but no doubt herein lay his great forte and power,—he could paint soul-subduing pictures. They were not pieces of mere word-painting, they were bathed in emotion, they were penetrated by deep knowledge of the human heart. He went into the pulpit mighty, from lonely wrestlings with God in mountain travellings; he went among his fellow men, his audiences, strong in his faith in the reality of those covenants with God, whose history and character we have already presented to our readers. There was much in his preaching of that order which is so mighty in speech, but which loses so much, or which seems to acquire such additional coarseness, when it is presented to the eye. Preachers now live too much in the presence of published sermons, to be in the highest degree effective. He who thinks of the printing press cannot abandon himself. He who uses his notes slavishly cannot abandon himself; and without abandonment, that is forgetfulness, what is oratory? what is action? what is passion? If we were asked what are the two greatest human aids to pulpit power, we should say Self-Possession and Self-Abandonment; and the two are perfectly compatible; and in the pulpit the one is never powerful without the other. Knowledge, Belief, Preparation, these give self-possession; and Earnestness and Unconsciousness, these give self-abandonment. The first without the last may make a preacher like a stony pillar, covered with runes and hieroglyphics; and the last without the first may make a mere fanatic, with a torrent of speech, plunged lawlessly and disgracefully abroad. The two in combination in a noble man and teacher become sublime. Perhaps they reached their highest realization among us in Robertson of Brighton.

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In another, and in a different department, not inferior order, of mind, they were nobly realized in the subject of this sketch.

It must have been, one thinks, a grand thing to have heard Christmas Evans; the extracts from his journal—the story they tell of his devout and rapt communions of soul with God among the mountains, the bare and solitary hills—reveal sufficiently how in himself the preacher was made. When he came into the pulpit his soul kindled and inflamed by the live coals from the altar. Some men of his own country imitated him, of course—imitations are always ludicrous, some of these were especially so. There was, says one of his biographers, the shrug, the shake of the head, the hurried undertoned exclamation "Bendigedig," etc. etc., always reminding us, by verifying it, of Dr. Parr's description of the imitators of Johnson, "They had the nodosities of the oak without its vigor, and the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration." It was not so with him, he had rare, highly spiritual, and gifted sympathies, but even in his very colloquies in the pulpit there was a wing and sweep of ample majesty. He preached often amidst scenes of wildness and beauty, in romantic dells, or on mountain sides and slopes amidst the summer hush of crags and brooks, all ministering, it may be thought, to the impression of the whole scene, or it was in rude and unadorned mountain chapels altogether alien from the æsthetics so charming to modern religious sensibilities, but he never lowered his tone, his language was always intelligible, but both it and the imagery he employed, even when some circumstances gave to it a homely light and play, always ascended; he knew the workings of the heart and knew how to lay his finger impressively upon all its movements, and every kind of sympathy attested his power. It is a great thing to bear men's spirits along through the sublime reaches and avenues of thought and emotion, and majesty

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and sublimity seem to have been the common moods of his mind; never was his speech or his pulpit like a Gilboa on which there was no dew. He gave it as his advice to a young preacher, "Never raise the voice while the heart is dry, let the heart and affections shout first, let it commence within." A man who could say "hundreds of prayers bubble from the fountain of my mind," what sort of preacher was he likely to make? he "mused and the fire burned," like the smith who blows upon the furnace until the iron is red hot, and then strikes on the anvil till the sparks fly all around him, so he preached. His words and thoughts became radiant with fire and metaphor, they flew forth rich, bright, glowing, like some rich metal in ethereal flame; as we have said, it was the nature and habit of his mind to embody and impersonate, attributes and qualities took the shape and form of persons, he seemed to enter mystic abodes and not to talk of things as a metaphysician or a theologian, but as a spectator or actor. The magnificencies of nature crowded round him, bowing in homage as he selected from them to adorn or illustrate his theme; all things beautiful and splendid, all things fresh and young, all things old and venerable; reading his discourses, for instance the *Hind of the Morning*, we are astounded at the prodigality and the unity of the imagination, the coherency with which the fancies range themselves as gems round some central truth, drinking and reflecting its coruscations. Astounded were the people who heard; it was minstrelsy even more than oratory, the truths were old and common, there was no fine discrimination, and subtle touch of expression, as in Williams, and there was no personal majesty and dignity or sonorous swell of the pomp of words, as in John Elias, but it was more, it was the wing of prophecy and poetry, it was the rapture of the seer or the bard, he called up image after image, grouped them, made them speak and testify; laden by grand and over-

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whelming feelings, he bore the people with him through the valley of the shadow of death, or across the delectable mountains; there is a spell in thought, there is a spell in felicitous language, but when to these are added the vision which calls up sleeping terror, the imagination which makes living nature yet more alive, and brings the solemn or the dreadful people of the Book of God, to our home and life of to-day, how terribly majestic the preacher becomes.

Late in life Mr. Evans found himself much troubled, and, in consequence of some affairs in connection with his chapel, even in danger of legal prosecution; but his case in this matter he very simply carried to the Lord in words of great simplicity and faith, which, however, we cannot quote. And he made another covenant with God in some other circumstances of sadness. On his return from the village of Tongwynlais, in the vale of the Taff, coming over the mountain late in the evening, he says:

"On the Caerphilly Mountain, the spirit of prayer fell upon me as it had once (when about to leave) in Anglesea. I wept and supplicated, and gave myself to Christ. I wept long, and besought Jesus Christ, and my heart poured forth the following requests before Him on the mountain. I had the experience of great nearness to Him, as though he had been by my side, and my mind was filled with great confidence that He heard me, for the sake of all the merits that are in His name."

This is the covenant on the Caerphilly Mountain; it was like Moriah to Abraham:

1. "Give me the favor of being led according to thy will, by the intimations of thy providence and word, and the inclination of my mind by the Spirit, for the sake of thine infinitely precious blood. Amen. C. E.

2. "Grant that, if I am to leave Caerphilly, the gale of religious revival vouchsafed to me there, may follow me to Cardiff, for thy great name's sake. Amen. C. E.

3. "Bless bitter things to brighten (burnish) me, and to re-

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vive me more and more; not to depress and deaden me. Amen. C. E.

4. "Permit me not to be trampled under foot by proud men, for thy goodness' sake. Amen. C. E.

5. "Grant unto me the incalculable favor of being, in thy hand, the means of calling sinners unto thee, and of edifying saints, whithersoever thou sendest me, for thy name's sake. Amen. C. E.

6. "If I am to stay at Caerphilly, give me a token as thou didst to Gideon of old, by removing the things that discourage me, and that hinder the continuance of prosperity there. Amen. C. E.

7. "May it please the Son of Glory and Head of the Church to preserve the ark of thy cause, which is thy own, in Anglesea and at Caerphilly, from falling into the hands of the Philistines; reject it not, but speedily deliver it, and cause thy face to shine upon it; and by thy Spirit, and word, and providence, bring about in those neighborhoods and churches, such changes in the officers (of the churches), and such measures as will go to remedy the sources of evil to the great cause which thou diedst to establish in our world; and by dispersing those who delight in war; and by closing the mouths of those that subvert. Amen. C. E.

8. "May it please thee to give me tokens of the way before I go to Liverpool, and thence to Anglesea, if it be thy will that I should go thither this year. Amen. C. E.

9. "Grant me protection under the shade of the fellow-feeling which thou dost cherish towards those that are tempted, and the boundless power thou possessest for that purpose. Amen. C. E.

10. "Accept my thanksgiving a hundred millions of times, for that thou hast not hitherto thrown me out of thy hand, as a dark star, or a vessel in which thou hadst no delight; and permit not my life to survive my usefulness. Amen. C. E.—I thank thee for not abandoning me as a prey to any foe. Blessed be thy name.

11. "For the sake of thine infinite merits, subject not thy servant under the tramplings of pride and injustice, riches, and

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(worldly) greatness; or the selfish oppression of any man; but conceal me in the secret place of thy countenance from the strife of tongues. Amen. C. E.

12. "Help me to wait patiently for the fulfilment of these things, that I may not lose self-possession, yield to anger, and speak unadvisedly with my lips, as Moses. Preserve my heart from sinking, that I may look for new strength from Zion. Amen. C. E.

13. "Assist me to look unto thee for the necessaries of life; let thy goodness and mercy follow me all the days of my life. And as it hath pleased thee to put great honor upon me, in the great success with which my ministry was blessed at Caerphilly, after the pelting of the storm upon me in Anglesea, grant that this honor may continue to follow me to the end of my days, even as thou didst to thy servant Job.

14. "Let this covenant continue as a covenant of salt, until I come unto thee to eternity. I beseech thy help to resign myself entirely unto thee and thy will. I beseech thee to take my heart, and write upon it a reverence to thee with thine own hand, whose inscription neither time nor eternity can obliterate. Oh, that the remainder of my sermons may be taken by thyself out of my lips! and those that I am engaged in writing (out), may they bring glory to thee, and not to me. To thee I dedicate them. If anything be to thy glory, and the service of thy kingdom, take charge of it and make it known to men, otherwise let it perish even as the "drop of a bucket" in the heat of Africa. O grant that a drop of that water, which thou alone canst impart, and "which springeth up into everlasting life," may run through all my sermons. In this my last covenant with thee upon earth, I put myself, my wife and the churches to which I have been administering. I commit all to the protection of thy grace.

15. "Let this covenant continue when I am ill, as well as when I am in health, and in all (possible) circumstances; for thou hast conquered the world; and fulfilled the law; hast brought in the justifying righteousness; hast swallowed up death in victory; and hast now in thy hands all authority in heaven and on the earth. For the sake of thy most precious blood, and perfect

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righteousness, register this covenant in the court of the remembrance of thy pardoning mercy; put to it thy name in which I believe, and I put my unworthy name to it to-day, with my mortal hand. Amen. CHRISTMAS EVANS."

"April, 1829.

We must draw our sketch to a close. Mr Evans almost died in the pulpit, coming down the pulpit stairs in Swansea, on Monday, July 14th, 1838; he said in English loud enough to be heard by some present, "*This is my last sermon*," and it was so. He died in the triumphant manner which some are so glad to regard as the highest evidence of the divine life in the soul. "Preach Christ to the people, brethren," he said to the ministers standing round his bed; "look at me in myself, I am nothing but ruin, but look at me in Christ, I am heaven and salvation." He added in a joyous strain four lines of a Welsh hymn, then waving his hand, he said in English, "Good-by, drive on!" Was it another instance of the labor of life pervading by its master-idea the hour of death? For upwards of twenty years the one-eyed man "of Anglesea" ("an eye, sir," said Robert Hall of that one eye, "that might light an army through a wilderness")—for upwards of twenty years, as he had gone to and fro, his friends had given him a gig that he might go at his ease in his own way, with a horse which became very old in his master's service called Jack. He knew from a distance the very tones of his voice; with him Christmas Evans in long solitary journeys held many a long conversation; the horse opened his ears the moment his master began to speak, made a kind of neighing reply; then the rider said, as he often did, "Jack *bach*, we have only to cross one low mountain again, and there will be capital oats, excellent water, and a warm stable." Thus, while he was dying, old mountain days came over his memory. "Good-bye," said he, "drive on!"—they were his last words, he sank into a calm sleep and woke no more.

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IX.

On the Formation of Style for Pulpit Composition.

I HAVE hitherto kept your attention with remarks upon the pulpit in general, and its various forms, with some illustrations of its power—all tending to show that the pulpit has been a force in most ages. I would now remark upon the style best adapted for usefulness in the pulpit. If it is a power; how shall we use the power?

And first, we must remember that the efficacy of all education and hint must depend on the man *within*.

I have already said something on words; no doubt a soul on fire is likely to command the words as most likely to be the fuel to its intensity. But, first of all, accustom your mind to the mental association of words most suited to express your meaning, furnish your memory with words — forcible words, sonorous words, and magnetic words—words which shall be a key to the mind and to the heart, to throw open the flood gates and let the tides roll in on the thought-gates, and to obtain entrance for ideas. Accustom yourselves to the study of words, take them to pieces and hold them up to the light. The preacher must do more than use words; as a painter he must do far more

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than paint. I have already said he deals with words; painting may be the language fitting to employ when we only seek to convey images—conceptions; but this would very feebly represent the work of the minister; it is to touch souls—it is to awaken souls, that they may be consoled, that they may be enlightened; and oratory is the power of words. If you believe in the power of words, "they are the great and wide sea in which are things innumerable, both small and great beasts, on which also go the ships"—great ideas, but especially grand emotions—which enter and bear their freightage into human souls. I have always believed in the might of words; by them, in all ages, God has effected His most wonderful things; through them prophets and apostles, through them poets and seers, have spoken, and through them God speaks now. They have wonderful power; through them the thunders of judgment have rolled; through them conviction has darted its lightnings; through them the genial rays of consolation have fallen. The minister is a man who holds up a form of sound words as a glass in which the multitude may see; who uses cunning, studied, and interpretating words that the people may feel. He holds and chains his passing emotions, and binds them in chains of speech to effect power over souls. For this I am a minister; for this you are to be ministers. We must have a sovereign belief in our work, and in the power of using words, so that they become realities. If it is not this, what is the ministry? "Of the man," says Dr. Guthrie, "who has adopted the Church as a profession, as other men adopt the law, the army, or the navy, and goes through the routine of its duties with the coldness of a mere official; filled by him, the pulpit seems filled with the ghastly form of a skeleton, that in its cold and bony fingers holds a burning lamp."

And here let me condemn a maxim which underlies the

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whole Pagan philosophy, ancient and modern—"*Nil admirari*"—"Admire nothing!" Here is the spirit of the sneerer, as Horace says again—"*Cum risu miror*"—"I never admire, but I sneer." Wonder at nothing! Never be excited to tones or thoughts of rapture, or of reverence; it is worthy of a Pagan that sentiment. He who never admires, can never adore. That expression is like that of a stern distracted worldling, to whom life and time brought no relief, and no rest. I should say exactly the reverse. I should say keep the pores of your spirit perpetually open to receive the health, the strength, and the excitement of all things; they are all shadows cast by invisible presences. Therefore, go forth; and as you receive and retain, rise rather to the divine heights of that amazement which compelled bards and philosophers to kindle with amazement, as they were able to say—"Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

First then, look above, have high models of mediocrity. "Neither men, nor gods, nor columns have allowed indifferent poets to exist." Surely, this must especially be said of the preacher. Is not this in the spirit of Him who cast himself into His work, exclaiming "One thing I do"? It is assuredly true that in the great divine work of preaching, not less than in any more human work, art must combine with nature. "It has been," says Horace, "a question whether the noble work was produced by nature, or by art." And he says, "I neither see what study without a rich natural voice, nor what an uncultivated genius can avail; so much does one thing require the aid of the other, and so mutually do they conspire together." You know when a brisk student said to Mr. Opie, the painter, "May I ask you what you mix your colors with?" "With brains, sir," was the gruff reply of the painter; and we are to expect that the soul, without enthusiasm, will, in the sacred walk of the ministry, as in all else, be but a sorry and a

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poor thing. I must not be indifferent. Here is the foundation of success—the spring and fount of all enthusiasm."

There was a character Horace ridiculed almost in the same sentence—in the well-known paragraph—"*Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere*"—"He knows nothing, and yet he dares to make verses." How much more may it excite one's contempt when he who knows nothing dares to preach. He who knows not the use of arms, does not enter the field. He who does not know chess never challenges the players; the unskilful does not offer himself for a combat or a game, lest he raise a laugh; yet many offer themselves to the pulpit who know nothing—ignorant of everything, they yet dare to preach. As the bishop, already quoted, said to the young ecclesiastic who sought ordination, "I do not forbid you to preach, but Nature does."

We will conceive the young man then settled.* Yes, he has now to begin to preach indeed; he has delivered the two or three successful discourses, and he looks with a somewhat awe-stricken eye at the diminishing number of notes of old discourses. He has to begin to preach in earnest; the pulse of excitement is subdued; his people are now preparing to listen more quietly, some critically, many hungrily, some requiring the strong hand that in ministering to thought shall brush away their doubts, and many yearning for the bread of life, longing for refreshment, and for food. It is a state demanding all our sympathy. How will our young friend fulfil their demands? Farmers will tell you there are three methods of sowing: there is the *drilling*, *dibbling*, and *broadcast*; so there are three kinds of preaching; there is drilling, that is the sure method, that is the finished, and even the ornate style,

* Not an uninstructive book for a young minister is the *Manse of Maskland*, it has received the warm commendation of Dr. Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's.

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which regulates the quantity of seed sown, and sows equally over the whole field; there is dibbling, in this you get very close to your soil, and if your soil is heavy, it is advisedly applied to their wants; but, then, there is the broadcast, it is quick, it is not so dependent on the weather, it does not want either a very pure or clear land.

Dr. Watts sketches the likeness of Tyro, who flourishes his introduction, after announcing his text, tells you how many senses the chief word in the text has, first among the Greek heathen writers, and then in the New Testament, citing chapters and texts exactly, and making you understand them all before he says a word about his own; he consults all the critics, and goes through grammatical exercises; he spends so much time in this exercise, that he has to finish his work, and to do nothing; like a general who draws his lines of circumvallation in such form, and so nicely, according to the rules of art, that the season was spent, and he is obliged to retire without any execution done on the town.*

Polyramus, is another kind of preacher, one of those who mince their subject too small; he is, no doubt, one of a race of men almost gone; their firstlies, and secondlies, and thirdlies, trod on one another's heels. Such sermons are like a hedge of thorns—all stick, no bud, no leaf, no foliage; you can scarcely call it a branching sermon, there is not vitality enough to branch. Divisions, by all means; it is almost a moral duty for a minister to have divisions, but divisions making the *order* of the subject in the preacher's mind, not exhibiting its dryness and its confusion.

There is another style into which many fall, which is

* See the admirable chapters on "Instruction by Preaching," in that forgotten and neglected but invaluable book, *The Improvement of the Mind.*

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even a very popular, and by many regarded as quite a desirable style. It is that of the *Harangue*—the long declamation. Fluvio was said, by Dr. Watts, to preach thus: His language flows smoothly in a long connection of periods, and glides over the ear like a rivulet of oil over polished marble, leaving no trace behind it. The hearer has a faint idea of the sweetness of what it has heard; but he has quite forgotten the sense. A gentle flowing stream of words will not call up souls from their dangerous and fatal lethargy, as if a purling stream could arouse a sleeping conscience.

These are considerations which will compel you to inquire what style should be adopted, to seize, to inform, and to impress the mind; the loose harangue must especially injure the pulpit. There is a method which carries darkness with it rather than light, which is more an opiate than food. It is well said that you must break the bread of life into pieces to feed children. Very wisely Dr. Watts says:—

Ask old Wheatfield the rich farmer, ask Plowdown your neighbour, or any of his family, who have sat all their lives under your ministry, what they know of the common truths of religion, or of the special articles of Christianity? Desire them to tell you what the Gospel is, or what is salvation; what are their duties towards God, or what they mean by religion; who is Jesus Christ, or what is the meaning of His atonement or redemption by His blood. Perhaps you will tell me yourself, that you have very seldom entertained them with these subjects. Well, inquire of them then, what is heaven; which is the way to obtain it; or what hope they have of dwelling there. Intreat them to tell you wherein they have profited as to holiness of heart and life, or fitness for death. They will soon make it appear, by their awkward answers, that they understood very little of all your fine discourses, and those of your predecessor; and have made but wretched improvement of forty years' attendance at church. They have now and then been pleased perhaps with

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the music of your voice, as with the sound of a sweet instrument, and they mistook that for devotion; but their heads are dark still, and their hearts earthly; they are mere heathens with a Christian name, and know little more of God than their yokes of oxen. In short, Polyramus's auditors have some confusion in their knowledge; but Fluvio's hearers have scarce any knowledge at all.

It is of this pompous verbosity that Archbishop Whately remarks of some whom he has known, and of whom he has heard it said they had a fine command of language, that "it might, with more correctness, be said, language had command of them, they only have the same command of language that a man has of a horse that runs away with him."

There is the oil-upon-marble style of preaching, and that which may be called the sling-and-the-stone style. Hence comes all the misplaced feeling often seen. "But what is he crying for?" asked an intelligent hearer, once, of one of these preachers. "And you'd cry, too, if you were up there before all those people and nothing to say." A fastidious precision often emasculates sentences the most vigorous and searching as they fall from the tongue. Dr. M'All frequently heard, and always delighted to hear, so we have been told, a well-known Primitive-Methodist preacher. The Primitive-Methodist, was to be sure, not only a mighty Boanerges, but one of the most accomplished masters of the English lan guage on its Saxon side. "Mr. ——," said the Doctor, in one of his frequent gracious fits of amiable and beautiful humility, "I wish I could preach like you, sir; but I can't; God does not honor my preaching; somehow, I preach, and preach, and the people admire, sir; they are all very good, and patient, and affected, and attentive; but I don't hear of souls saved; don't hear of souls converted, sir; it is hard, but God does not honor my ministry. Now you have your crowns of rejoicings everywhere. God honors you,

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sir, I wish I could preach like you." "I'll tell you what it is, Doctor," said the Primitive, "you see it is just like this, you and I are determined to hit somebody, so we must get our stones; you look about, and you find the most carefully-smoothed and most perfectly polished stone, even then, perhaps, not smooth enough, and, being a very considerable lapidary yourself, you polish it and polish it, and put a most exquisite and beautiful finish upon it; well, you see, when you throw your stone, at most, it will only hit one person, and the probability is, that it may fly off and hit nobody, from the very fineness of the polishing. Now I have no eye for that kind of thing, and I can do nothing of that sort; I can only go down to the seaside and catch up a good handful of stones, and throw them, with what force I can, right amongst the crowd, quite sure, that by God's help, every stone has its mark and hits somebody." The Primitive-Methodist very aptly discriminated two extreme styles of pulpit speech; but we should place many and valuable styles between the two. There is nothing rushing, reckless, or careless—nothing wild, impassioned or overflowing—on the contrary there is nothing of the force of the rapid rolling torrent of smooth and finished elegant eloquence. We have invented a term and spoken of it as the sling-and-stone-style: "Moreover, the preacher sought out acceptable words." The stone is selected, and carefully and thoughtfully fitted to the sling. "That stone," says the slinger, "is intended for that body," and the stone hits. The elder John Clayton used to say, illustrating the necessity of personal appeal to the conscience, "A letter put into the post office without a direction is sure to reach nobody."

The following, from Mr. Maclaren's sermons, are some of these sharper words and sentences—very admirable—but they are precious stones which might be still more sharply cut:

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THE MODERN PHARISEE.

There is no more contemptible and impotent thing on the face of the earth than morality divorced from love, and religious thoughts divorced from a heart full of the love of God. Quick corruption or long decay, and in either case death and putrefaction are the end of it! You and I need that lesson, my friends; it is of no use for us to condemn Pharisees that have been dead and in their graves for eighteen hundred years; the same thing besets us all; we all of us try to get away from the centre, and dwell contentedly on the surface. We are satisfied to take the flowers and stick them into our little gardens, without the roots to them; when of course they all die out!

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

Do not think that it cannot be genuine because it is changeful. There is a sun in the heavens, but there are heavenly lights too that wax and wane; they are lights, they are in the heavens, though they change. You have no reason, Christian man, to be discouraged, cast down, still less despondent, because you find that the witness of the Spirit changes and varies in your heart. Do not despond because it does. Watch it and guard it lest it do. Live in the contemplation of the Person and the fact that calls it forth, that it may not. You never will "brighten your evidences" by polishing at them. To polish the mirror ever so assiduously does not secure the image of the sun on its surface. The only way to do that is to carry the poor bit of glass out into the sunshine. It will shine then, never fear. It is weary work to labor at self-improvement with the hope of drawing from our own characters evidences that we are the sons of God. To have the heart filled with the light of Christ's love to us is the only way to have the whole being full of light.

And this may remind us that a distinction has been drawn between Diction and Style; diction respects the grammatical qualities of the discourse; style is the soul, that which marks and distinguishes the genius and the talent of the preacher; and here the first thing universally commended is clearness,

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perspicuity. Quintilian has said, "Care is to be taken, not that the hearer may understand it if he will, but that he must understand whether he will or no." "I had rather," says Dr. Edwards, "be fully understood by ten, than admired by ten thousand." Without a doubt, clearness and precision are not altogether an affair of grammar and diction, a clear mind will express itself clearly, the faith within, the wish without will shine through the words and make them a living spirit. I believe there is no other so sure a cause of a most dark diction, or a pointless, powerless style, as the having nothing to say upon a subject, and no subject to say anything upon; and yet being obliged to begin, and go on, and talk for an hour—hunting after a text; when found, seeing it, not bright and clear, but like the hull of a vessel faintly discerned through a fog. What can be expected from this, when a poor unfortunate minister can only say, "Oh me, oh me, what is it—where is it?" when he puffs and puffs, and tries, in his way, to inflate a text, and makes a figure of himself; all this, instead of the real feeling that the text has got him, and gives wings and respiration to him, and is really handling him in a very divine manner. In the first instance, you will have a graceless and misty fog-bank of a performance, and in the last the chain of the delectable mountains, sharp and clear against the morning light of the New Jerusalem—mother of us all.

It has also been truly remarked, that "Style may be too good as well as too bad, too refined and polished as well as too rough and homely," too Latinized, too Germanized, too highly elaborated; and that diction, it has been truly said, "Is the best when transparent as water or as glass." You do not think of the medium through which you perceive, but only of that which you perceive.

And therefore the masters of the laws of rhetoric have insisted on *pre*cision in style, as the grand element of transparency. And do you know what precision is? It is the

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power of the scissors, it is the art of cutting down and cutting round. I do not say *con*cision—that is, perhaps, the definition of the mere lawyer's style, the matter-of-fact tyle—but *pre*cision. Sometimes you can be *con*cise, you should always be *pre*cise; and this concerns not the barely making yourself understood, but the using of words, the best words—this will be felicity and strength. Make yourself respected, attended to. "True success," says M. Guizot, "is only gained by sympathy, or by its counterfeit."

But educate sympathy. You will have, some of you, opportunities of visiting the farm-house when the little one is dead; or when several little ones are ill, and is preparing to go to the Father's house; or the old woman in the lane, removed from the village street, whose children are in the village churchyard, whose husband has just gone there too, her only surviving son in Australia, &c., &c.; in short, anything that adds to the knowledge of life and of the homes of those whom the minister has to touch and lead along in the pathway of life must be good. In the life of Edward Irving there is to be found a well-known illustrative incident, which tends to show the value the poor set upon the man who has a knowledge of their homes and their ways:

A certain shoemaker, radical and infidel, was among the number of those under Irving's special care; a home workman of course, always present, silent, with his back turned upon the visitors, and refusing any communication except a sullen humph of implied criticism, while his trembling wife made her deprecating curtesy in the foreground. The way in which this intractable individual was finally won over is attributed, by some tellers of the story, to a sudden happy inspiration on Irving's part; but, by others, to plot and intention. Approaching the bench one day, the visitor took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and remarked upon it in somewhat skilled terms. The shoemaker went on with redoubled industry at his work, but at last, roused and exasperated by the speech and

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pretence of knowledge, demanded, in great contempt, but without raising his eyes, "What do ye ken about leather?" This was just the opportunity his assailant wanted; for Irving, though a minister and a scholar, was a tanner's son, and could discourse learnedly upon that material. Gradually interested and mollified, the cobbler slackened work, and listened while his visitor described some process of making shoes by machinery, which he had carefully got up for the purpose. At last, the shoemaker so far forgot his caution as to suspend his work altogether, and lift his eyes to the great figure stooping over his bench. The conversation went on with increased vigor after this, till finally the recusant threw down his arms: "Od, you're a decent kind o' fellow! do *you* preach?" said the vanquished, curious to know more of his victor. The advantage was discreetly, but not too hotly pursued; and on the following Sunday the rebel made a defiant, shy appearance at church. Next day Irving encountered him in the savory Gallowgate, and hailed him as a friend. Walking beside him in natural talk, the tall probationer laid his hand upon the shirt-sleeve of the shrunken sedentary workman, and marched by his side along the well-frequented street. By the time they had reached the end of their mutual way not a spark of resistance was left in the shoemaker. His children henceforward went to school; his deprecating wife went to the kirk in peace. He himself acquired that suit of Sunday "blacks" so dear to the heart of the poor Scotchman, and became a churchgoer and respectable member of society; while his acknowledgment of his conqueror was conveyed with characteristic reticence, and concealment of all deeper feeling, in the self-excusing pretence—"He's a sensible man, yon; he kens about leather!"

These remarks will then, perhaps, sufficiently declare my conviction that the most useful style for the pulpit—if there be any debate between the colloquial and the rhetorical—is the colloquial; not that I do not think even in this all the graces, and the forces, and the arts of rhetoric, may be employed; they assuredly may, but the colloquial style is suitable and more happy in its higher moods for the very large

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congregation, while it is eminently natural and suitable for the small congregation. In large assemblies, no doubt, it may be, and is, natural to pitch the voice high, and to give a loftier stretch to language and ideas; but even then, it seems to me, the colloquial is the natural style; and force perhaps, is really at home in either. Demosthenes is regarded as the greatest orator—he was a master of force; some have said, Give your days and nights to studying him. Well, remember what you are to expect; he was a highly accomplished Athenian blackguard, it is not to be wondered at that some have admired him so much; the admiration of Brougham for him has always been extreme. Or, suppose I were to say, Study Bolingbroke, study Chatham, would you not remind me that we have a spirit to cultivate as well as a style, and that the spirit will be the very essential part of the style? Study force, but always remember that you must not aim to talk like a Grecian, or like a lawyer, or even like a French preacher of the reign of Louis XIV. Genius is, indeed, the true divining rod, and it knows the depths of human souls. Sanctified genius will find the way.

In the contrasted value of styles, I am amazed that so calm and sound a judge as Henry Hallam should give the preference to Bossuet over Luther. Bossuet was false, artificial—the eagle of Meaux had the wing, and the cold crest, eye, and beak, and talon, of the eagle; his pulpit style is my abomination, as the man is. How different the warm, noble, rugged heart, and, I will say, the encompassing and majestic homeliness of Luther; there is not a passage like the following so noble and so sustaining in all the showy verbiage of Bossuet. You will remember the passage, although not from a sermon, it is Luther's style. Why, there is not such a glorious and glowing passage in all the pages of Bossuet:

I saw lately two miracles. First, as I looked out at the win-

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dow, I saw the stars in the heavens and the whole fair dome of God; yet did I see no pillars on which the Master had placed this dome. Nevertheless, the heavens fell not, and the dome stands yet fast. Now there are some that seek for such pillars. They would fain lay hold of and feel them. And because they cannot do this, they struggle and tremble as though the heaven must certainly fall, for no other reason than because they cannot seize or see the pillars. Could they but lay hold of these, the heavens would stand firm.

Next, I saw also great thick clouds hover over us with such weight that they might be likened to a great sea. Yet saw I no floor upon which they rested or found footing, nor any vessels in which they were contained. Still they fell not down upon us, but greeted us with a sour face and flew away. When they were gone, then shone forth both the floor and our roof which had held them,—the rainbow. That was a weak, thin, small floor and roof; and it vanished in the clouds; and, in appearance, was more like an image such as is seen through a painted glass, than a strong floor. So that one might despair on account of the floor as well as on account of the great weight of water. Nevertheless, it was found in truth, that this almighty image (such it seemed) bore the burden of the waters and protected us. Yet there be some who consider, regard and fear the water and the thickness of the clouds and the heavy burden of them, more than this thin, narrow, and light image. For they would fain feel the strength of the image, and because they cannot do this, they fear that the clouds will occasion an everlasting flood.

He often seems to have an offensive way of speech, a pugilistic attitude of expression, as when he says:

How many devils were there, thinkest thou, last year, at the Diet at Augsburg? Every bishop brought as many devils there as a dog hath fleas at St. John's time. But God sent thither also more numerous and more powerful angels, so that their evil purpose was defeated. And howbeit the devils stood in our way, and we were forced to separate ere peace were made, yet were our enemies unable to accomplish aught that they meditated and desired.

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Or, as when we find him saying:

We tell our Lord God plainly: If He will have His church, then He must look how to maintain and defend it; for we can neither uphold or protect, and well for us that it is so! For in case we could, or were able to defend it, we should be the proudest asses under heaven. Who is the church's protector, that hath promised to be with her to the end, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her? Kings, Diets, Parliament, Lawyers? Marry! no such cattle.

I often think that I should like to preach as Luther wrote to little Johnny Luther:

Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I see with pleasure that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do so, my son, and continue. When I come home I will bring thee a pretty fairing.

I know a pretty, merry garden wherein there are many children. They have little golden coats, and they gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears, cherries, plums and wheat-plums; they sing, and jump, and are merry. They have beautiful little horses, too, with gold bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man to whom the garden belongs, whose children they were? And he said, They are the children that love to pray, and to learn, and are good. Then I said, Dear man, I have a son too, his name is Johnny Luther. May he not also come into this garden and eat these beautiful apples and pears, and ride these fine horses? Then the man said, If he loves to pray, and to learn, and is good, he shall come into this garden, and Lippus and Jost too, and when they all come together they shall have fifes and trumpets, lutes, and all sorts of music, and they shall dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.

And he showed me a fine meadow there in the garden, made for dancing. There hung nothing but golden fifes, trumpets, and fine silver cross-bows. But it was early, and the children had not yet eaten; therefore I could not wait the dance, and I said to the man: Ah! dear sir! I will immediately go and write all this to my little son Johnny, and tell him to pray diligently, and to learn well, and to be good, so that he may also come to

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this garden. But he has an aunt Lehne, he must bring her with him. Then the man said, It shall be so; go and write him so.

Therefore, my dear little son Johnny, learn and pray away! and tell Lippus and Jost too, that they must learn and pray. And then you shall come to the garden together. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. And greet aunt Lehne, and give her a a kiss for my sake. Thy dear Father,

Anno, 1530. MARTINUS LUTHER.

So I would rather speak thus, than with the most sonorous dithyrambic swell, for we should desire a deep and tender, rather than a tempestous expression of feeling.

Discussions upon pulpit eloquence have recently been, we believe, more than ever numerous. This is, perhaps, no proof that our eloquence is either of a higher order than in other times, or that it really commands more attention. The facilities for publication of all kinds are greater, and the number of those who devote themselves to the tasks of the pulpit are constantly increasing. Of several works which have recently passed before our eyes, that of the Abbé Mullois is certainly one of the very best.* It says something for the Emperor Napoleon that his chaplain is a man of such fresh, large, and wide sympathies; it is the work of a Catholic, but ministers of any denomination will find little upon the score of faith to condemn, and much to suggest and instruct. If we took exception to it, it would be rather that it contains many features of what we understand by the French style—much that is sentimental and exaggerated; but it abounds in real practical wisdom, and

* 1. "The Clergy and the Pulpit in their Relations to the People." By M. L'Abbé Isidore Mullois, Chaplain to the Emperor Napoleon III., and Missionary Apostolic. Translated by George Percy Badger. Smith, Elder, and Co.

2. "Sacred Eloquence, or the Theory and Practice of Preaching." By the Rev. Thomas J. Potter, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in the Foreign Military College of All Hallows. James Duffy.

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that which represents a nationality can only be relatively a fault. The chapters of M. Mullois are brief, and in their very titles they have a pith and a meaning very likely to move a student of pulpit eloquence to hear or read what further the writer has to say, who has summed up his impressions in such a title. He discusses, in a very sympathetic manner, in a more lengthy chapter, the relation the people should bear to the pulpit of our age: it is a very difficult and vexed question. A very large number of people in our country seem pretty much determined that it is desirable the pulpit should come to an end. I have been interested, within these few weeks past, in some papers, in that most racy and admirably conducted of weekly newspapers, *The Spectator*, referring to church and chapel-going; one entitled, "Why I go to church," another, "Why I don't," &c., &c. One of these amiable writers, to quote some of his aphorisms, says, "I dislike good sermons just as much as bad." Concerning the preacher, he says, "I do not want his theology—in nine cases out of ten, I know three times, or thirty times as much theology as he does." Another writer says, "I admit for myself, that the one great take-off in going to church, is the sermon." He continues, "the parson so enrages my wife, that she says that she is always wrestling all sermon-time with a morbid desire to throw a prayer-book at his head."* Now these things and many others like them, said in such a paper as the *Spectator* and from many other similar homiletical chairs—*The Times, Daily Telegraph, Saturday Review, &c.*, show that the pulpit has really come to a very bad pass amongst us. We believe that while ministers of all denominations receive as large or larger an amount of really honest respect than

* This is pretty strong in the "*Cum risu miror*" vein, but Dean Alford speaks of "the pitiful 'Oh dear, dear,' kind of look of almost every congregation listening to an ordinary sermon in the Church of England."—*Contemporary Review.*

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they ever received, respect for the preacher—the mere man of the pulpit—was scarcely ever so low as in this day, with some notable and admirable exceptions, serving to show how the pulpit can maintain its mastery and power—when the right man is in it. It is astonishing to think of the unaccountable thousands of sermons preached every week to very little purpose, regarded merely as sermons. There is a sense of the value of divine service, and attendance upon it; but the part of the divine service, which I am afraid is often the most wearisome, is the sermon. I think this is easy to be accounted for. I have often expressed my sense of bitter amusement that in almost all our colleges, the preparation for the pulpit is overlooked. Young men go through their studies, and become fitted for classical tutors, schoolmasters, or professors, but not to deal with human hearts, or to attain ease, self-possession, and tact in the managing of audiences. Necessary, as it undoubtedly is, that the minister should be fully acquainted with theology, as a science, and able to deal with the texts by the lights of criticism and exegesis, this is not enough for the teacher who is to hold an influence over hundreds of minds at the same moment. It is astonishing what a number of well-furnished minds we are acquainted with, unable to turn their mental furniture to good account in public. I suppose that in this neglect all departments of the Church are equally blame-worthy, and, according to M. Mullois, although there are some recent instances to the contrary, especially in the order of the Jesuits, the Church of Rome is not much more exemplary in the training she furnishes for her preachers.

I have often been struck with the fact. I do not remember that in any system of pulpit rhetoric it has been distinctly noticed, that many of the maxims, they may be called proverbs, in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, would form a valuable code of laws for the pulpit on the secular side.

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Of course it is to be taken for granted that the divine side anticipates, precedes, and derives its power from altogether another source. I say a valuable code of laws might be constructed on the art of preaching. At present ministers seem to need lessons to save themselves from being despised. As we have intimated, it seems to be felt that the service of worship is desirable, and may be delightful. The work of the pulpit is, in most of the criticism which meets our eye, simply spoken of as despicable. And even a good man, whose life is most admirable and veritable, moves, in most instances, the lips of his audience to a curve of contempt when he assumes the office of the preacher. Few preachers are Bossuets; of course there perhaps would be more Bossuets were the number of preachers diminished; we have far too many, or, what amounts to the same thing, far too few of the right calibre. Churches and colleges are too reckless in showering young curates over the country. But the words of Lamartine, in part referring to him who has been called the "Eagle of Eloquence," may suggest some hints of that to which all preachers should desire to attain.

Of all the eminences which a mortal may reach on earth, the highest to a man of talent is incontestably the sacred pulpit. If this individual happens to be Bossuet; that is to say, if he unites in his person, conviction to inspire the commanding attitude, purity of life to enhance the power of truth, untiring zeal, an air of imposing authority, celebrity which commands respectful attention, episcopal rank which consecrates, age which gives holiness of appearance, genius which constitutes the divinity of speech, reflective power which marks the mastery of intelligence, sudden bursts of eloquence which carry the minds of listeners by assault, poetic imagery which adds lustre to truth,—a deep, sonorous voice, which reflects the tone of the thoughts,—silvery locks, the paleness of strong emotion, the penetrating glance and expressive mouth;—in a word, all the animated and

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well-varied gestures which indicate the emotions of the soul;—if such a man issues slowly from his self-concentrated reflection, as from some inward sanctuary; if he suffers himself to be raised gradually by excitement, like the eagle, the first heavy flapping of whose wings can scarcely produce air enough to carry him aloft; if he at length respires freely, and takes flight; if he no longer feels the pulpit beneath his feet; if he draws in a full breath of the Divine Spirit, and pours forth unceasingly from this lofty height, to his hearers, the inspiration which comes to them as the word of God,—this being is no longer individual man, he becomes an organ of the Divine will, a prophetic voice.

And what a voice! A voice which is never hoarse, broken, soured, irritated, or troubled by the worldly and passionate struggles of interest peculiar to the time; a voice which, like that of the thunder in the clouds, or the organ in the cathedral, has never been anything but the medium of power and divine persuasion to the soul; a voice which only speaks to kneeling auditors; a voice which is listened to in profound silence, to which none reply save by an inclination of the head or by falling tears—those mute applauses of the soul!—a voice which is never refuted or contradicted, even when it astonishes or wounds; a voice, in fine, which does not speak in the name of opinion, which is variable; nor in the name of philosophy, which is open to discussion; nor in the name of country, which is local; nor in the name of regal supremacy, which is temporal, nor in the name of the speaker himself, who is an agent transformed for the occasion; but which speaks in the name of God, an authority of language unequalled upon earth, and against which the lowest murmur is impious and the smallest opposition a blasphemy.

All this, it may be said, is genius; but it is art too—it is study—it is knowledge. Also, it may be said, that a Bossuet-like style of eloquence is not very desirable; but those principles, which in the age of efflorescence and foliage formed him, would, in our age, if studied and applied, form and fit the modern preacher to enter into and carry along with him the minds of his audiences. There is

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a great principle involved in the title of the first lecture of M. Mullois, "*That to address men well, they must be loved much.*" We believe there is no principle so certain; and the difficulty of its application is dreadfully, painfully obvious. That is what audiences want in the minister,—that, where it is a motive-power in speech, burns all before it, with its tenderness and strength; but what a thing this is to say! It underlies the theory of Theremin.* Theremin says, the "orator is an upright man who understands speaking; oratory is intellectual virtue." What he intended is, that the result of a conscious, enlightened will, is moral, is the great motive-power of man. An eloquent mind is a mind under motion; it is the secret of all influence. Where it is, it makes no mistakes, in accent, feature, or expression. As M. Mullois says: "We are always eloquent when we wish to save one whom we love. We are always listened to when we are loved."

This seems really to be the beginning of pulpit success and power. Where it really exists, disappointment and neglect will not daunt; it will lay its account for a large amount of misconception and self-sacrifice; it will know that the last thing man believes in anywhere is disinterestedness, and the last person whom he believes possible to be disinterested is a priest or preacher. The earnest and real minister going into the pulpit, and looking round upon a thousand or more of people, may say to himself, "Nearly all these are inveterate believers in my selfishness, and prejudiced against those truths and principles which I am to bear to them." That mistrust he must overcome. A preacher must, first of all, win the confidence of his hearers. No art can in the long run effect this, but an affectionate nature will also, at length,

* *Eloquence a Virtue: or, Outlines of a Systematic Rhetoric.* Translated from the German of Dr. Francis Theremin. By W. G. T. Shedd. Andover: W. F. Draper.

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conquer exactly in proportion to the deep goodness, the reality and unselfishness of those affections. Indeed, this principle seems most essentially to precede and underlie all mental preparation. Here a student might be met by the words of Horace, "*Non est satis poemata esse pulchra sunto dulcia et agunto animum auditoris.*"—"It is not enough that poems be beautiful, they must be affecting, and carry the soul of the hearer"—therefore, a speaker should not address himself to the intellect of his audience without a regard to the necessities of their moral nature. What is that moral nature? What does it demand? Then we recur to what I implied above. We cannot too often remember it; as Professor Shedd says, "Every hearer is by nature suspicious, especially when he perceives that the right to influence his nature is claimed." All the more necessity, therefore, why at all points the speaker should be thoroughly furnished and equipped, and, especially at rest in his own region of knowledge and affection; in which case the indifference, and even the very insolence of hearers—not an uncommon thing to see from the pulpit—will but increase the energy of the motive power within; the truth, but especially truth of the holiest and profoundest order, really and tenaciously held and felt, will almost invariably make a man eloquent. While, if a man be false in himself—I do not mean really immorally so—but if he be speaking, it may be against time, with no very clear perception of the matter in hand, especially with no profound convictions about the truth, and above all, with no strong controlling love, and direct interest in men, their interests, their souls, their affections; in this state of falseness, he will almost invariably become verbose, or, worse, over-ornamented—his words will have a steely glitter; he will refine and become critical, and degenerate into inflation and bombast. The reader or hearer may have seen among mountainous and Alpine heights those slight falls

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of water, not worthy the name of cataracts, which, having no body to reach the vales beneath, in their fall dissolve in spray, foam, and thin vapor,—very pretty as the rays of light tint them, but having no impetus nor power; and not spreading by the farms and homesteads—no fertilizing fruitfulness. There is a speech exactly of this order; it is the eloquence of prettiness. We have sometimes called it the eloquence of the finger-nails. Horace speaks of those who, in some great and ambitious monument in brass, express the nails, and imitate the soft hairs, while the principal of all, the figure itself, is unstudied, unsatisfactory, perhaps disgusting; there are those who are content to be artists in the small—in the little and insignificant; their great aim is to be neat, to carve giants' heads in cherry-stones. You wonder and admire, but are quite unedified. Such preachers peril all their usefulness in the production of "innocent little sermons;" utterly powerless for any moral effect. It is the movement of the soul which will enable a man to speak; as the poet has expressed it, giving verse to the image before our eyes in the above sentence:

With an eloquence, not like those rills from a height,
Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapor are o'er;
But a current that works out its way into light;
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Eloquence has been well defined as truth clearly perceived, deeply felt, and distinctly expressed. Then follows that state which D'Alembert defines as eloquence. "It is," says he, "the transfer of the orator's consciousness into the auditor's consciousness." In a word, Shedd says again, "Eloquence is a mind in motion."

There is another subject which has often, in connection with thoughts upon pulpit work, held our almost detached attention; it is on the *power and accent of conviction*. This grows, of course, out of the ardor of the feelings. This has

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been wondrously forgotten; the vulgar impression has been, that passion, or, more correctly, the rage and tempest of manner, are convincing and affecting; they may be, but not when they merely beat the air. Even in those cases, the accent does the real work, and the accent is the soul, and the conviction. Jonathan Edwards, as you well know, was short-sighted, and preached from notes often held close up to his face, and in the pulpit stood perfectly motionless and still. What then could have produced those wondrous ecstacies and terrors in his audience of which we read? It must have been the accent of conviction. Have we not known men, who, with a graceless manner, a voice of no melody, no glow or glory of speech, no vividness of conception, have yet first commanded our respect, then compelled our attention, then taken us captive? Here is hope for men not possessed of that variable gift called genius—surely every preacher might hope to attain to this. *Attain* to it? every man will have it, if he have it. What sort of a creature is the preacher without convictions? and if all convictions are sharp, clear—say incisive and tender—then they will give tone to his words. This is the art beyond the reach of art, though art may assuredly help it; rhetoricians and readers never attain to this as mere rhetoricians and readers; it is soul, feeling—that is, the accent of conviction, which moves, enlightens, and sways; it does so because it "believes, speaks, arrests, and alarms."

And this seems to give concisely the one idea of the Christian ministry—to prepare quiet resting-places for weary people. I shall not, I hope, be misunderstood, when I say that a very affectionate tongue may be moved by a very careful pulpit-artist: the discourses are labored and thought over with the same care a painter bestows on his composition, and his colors, his forms, and lights and shades. Dr. Raleigh is a master of that which preachers have so much neglected, but without which the sermon is

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usually nothing,—*accent;* for accent is the soul of eloquence, the soul of tenderness; emphasis is the art of affectionateness.* Dr. Raleigh shows himself to be one of the masters of pathos; this is a power very little exercised among us, and it cannot be cultivated unless there be the deep inner-spring of emotion. Readers will remember some words of St. Augustine, already quoted by us, in which he exalts so much the acclamation of tears as incomparably above the acclamation of applause, and counts persuasion and change of life as only likely to result from the starting of the tear.

Alexander Raleigh would furnish an admirable illustration to the remarks made by Lord Lytton, in *Caxtoniana*, on the power of shyness and nervousness as an element of the most successful oratory. No doubt, shyness—nervous susceptibility—is common enough, especially in young speakers; but that throbbing, thrilling nervousness of emotion united to perfect command over the subject, and interest in it, with personal self-possession, is, in the degree in which it rules in the mind of an orator, a sceptre of success and power. I quote these words:

> Now, I apprehend that the ideal excellence thus admirably described is always present to the contemplation of the highest order of genius, and tends to quicken and perpetuate the nervous susceptibility, which gives courage while it seems like fear.
>
> Nervousness, to give the susceptibility I speak of its familiar name, is perhaps the quality which great orators have the most in common. I doubt whether there has been any public speaker of the highest order of eloquence who has not felt an anxiety or apprehension, more or less actually painful, before rising to address an audience upon any very important subject on which he has meditated beforehand. This nervousness will, indeed, probably be proportioned to the amount of previous preparation, ever

* *Quiet Resting-Places, and other Sermons.* By Alexander Raleigh, Canonbury.

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though the necessities of reply or the changeful temperament which characterizes public assemblies may compel the orator to modify, alter, perhaps wholly reject, what, in previous preparation, he had designed to say. The fact of preparation itself had impressed him with the dignity of the subject—with the responsibilities that devolve on an advocate from whom much is expected, on whose individual utterance results affecting the interests of many may depend. His imagination had been roused and warmed, and there is no imagination where there is no sensibility. Thus the orator had mentally surveyed, as it were, at a distance, the loftiest height of his argument; and now, when he is about to ascend to it, the awe of the altitude is felt.

In speeches thoroughly impromptu, in which the mind of the speaker has not had leisure to brood over what he is called upon suddenly to say, the nervousness either does not exist or is much less painfully felt; because then the speaker has not set before his imagination some ideal perfection to which he desires to attain, and of which he fears to fall short. And this I take to be the main reason why speakers who so value themselves on readiness that they never revolve beforehand what they can glibly utter, do not rise above mediocrity. To no such speaker has posterity accorded the name of orator. The extempore speaker is not an orator, though the orator must of necessity be, whenever occasion calls for it, an extempore speaker. Extemporaneous speaking is, indeed, the groundwork of the orator's art; preparation is the last finish, and the most difficult of all his accomplishments. To learn by heart as a schoolboy, or to prepare as an orator, are two things not only essentially different but essentially antagonistic to each other; for the work most opposed to an effective oration is an elegant essay.*

Surprise has often been expressed that the timid, apparently shrinking, and nervous speaker, seems to be the very man who most subdues in the pulpit, where especially the emotions have to be aroused—he is the man who uses words as if brandishing a torch of flame; or rolls his words like retiring and scarcely audible thunders, but even there-

* *Caxtoniana.* By Lord Lytton.

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fore more impressive; and it is remarkable that the excitement seems to increase in proportion to the preparation bestowed. Many of the most eminent of modern preachers have met their audiences with most fear. A man may expound, or talk *untremulously*, with a certain felicity of words and thoughts, but inspiration gives palpitation and trepidation, and fear, and awe. Those who have heard the frequent half-broken hesitancy, which seems sometimes to fracture a sentence,—a sort of half-forgetfulness, or waiting lest the right word should slip away, (usually a specially happy and adjusting one,) will understand the relation of these remarks to the orator. It is often so with descriptive preachers; the mind of the preacher is waiting—he sees his picture; he is adding touch to touch; he is completing the picture. He is intense, and how many men have earnest natures who have not intense natures. The one says and does forcible things; the other says and does piercing, searching things; the first is most in the blood, the last is most in the conscience. This is the faculty of Peter, to whom it was given "to prick men to the heart," when he spoke.

"True success is only gained," we have heard Guizot say, "by sympathy, or by its counterfeit;" but by this the preacher rises to more than information, statement, or even persuasion. By the education of sympathy, or experience, the preacher learns the power of particular truths as adaptations to particular wants. This is what should be called practical preaching. A preacher may appeal in any measure to the judgment, the pure reason, the recognized principles of truth; men hear, but this does not affect; and the statement of a fact, unless it be made personally interesting, is not effective on the life. And then the imagination, but this also may be very cold; this charms, however, and interests, still not so large a class as the judgment, the reason; but if the preacher speaks by

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analogy he cannot speak too often, and analogy stands midway between the pure reason and imagination, and some, have thought it one with the argument. But the affections these are a fountain of more tender interest, and it may be thought there should be some appeal to the affections in every sermon, but far more sparingly than the appeal to the imagination; and the preacher who speaks to the affections should be himself affected. But that which is most sacred is the region of the moral affections—the conscience. Conscience, that is the skin of the whole man; this should be touched rarely—touched delicately, cunningly, yet firmly, unhesitatingly, and touched only with the fingers of the preacher's own conscience. The preacher must take care lest he harden conscience by touching it, and must take care lest he harden his own by touching it; it is a delicate thing, the preacher should reverence it, rouse it, leave it, then return to it again. This is effective preaching. For effective preaching, there are, no doubt, some great helps and aids, but there are some departments of power for which there is little help—only reflection, the knowledge of our own nature, the consciousness, nay the active consciousness which winds its way into the secret cell of our own being—this amplifies the preacher's power in dealing with others. For instance, every nature is accessible to remorse, and the preacher is to hold it as a canon, that every nature with which he comes in contact, needs the grace of repentance; but in most instance, this can only result from a very active state of keenly awakened and intense internal sorrow; in any audience there must be many in whom it is desirable to produce this emotion. Remorse is the trumpet calling to repentance. What a different affair this is to the mere preparation of sermons—a mere arrangement of divisions a mere utterance of statements—to be so benevolently moved by the Holy Spirit, that the preacher makes it a matter of profound and affectionate study, how to

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awaken, or how to be certain that in a great many of those so apparently still and calm, who occupy a relation to the universe apparently so peaceful, there is that which proclaims all not right within—the heart may be in uproar and anguish—the mind may be preying on itself. This is one of the businesses of the human soul in which the preacher has a very immediate and most intimate concern.

What is the true preacher? A sacred pathologist!—he lances the soul, "pricking the heart," he deals with the insanity and the lunacy and the disease of the soul. How the physician studies—how closely the surgeon attends to the duties of his profession! How he studies the *Materia Medica*, the Parmacopœia! How he practises the use of the knife, not the same medicine for every disease, not the same knife for every operation! May we not suspect that congregations and churches would be in a different state, had ministers as closely watched and studied the means of dealing with souls? I do not plead for the unhallowed lore of the confessional; but are souls therefore to be thrown from all but the most general statement, the mere textuary of truth? Why preach, if the Word is not to be medicated, appropriated and applied? If therefore remorse is awakened, it is that it may lead to repentance. These are the precursors of conversion; only it is also disastrous when the minister has, as is often the case, a number of cases on his hands he knows not what to do with. He has roused what he cannot quell; and then what can he do but hand again over to indifference or to despair those within whom he has stirred the slumbering conscience. It is quite possible, even from the pulpit, to startle devils which the preacher is quite incompetent to allay or to control. How often, amazed, the modern preacher exclaims, "Why could not we cast him out?"

These remarks suggest, at once, how the pulpit provides for the soul a quiet resting-place, and how it is that fre-

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quently the soul is disappointed of the rest it might expect to find there. And these remarks also grow out of the impression that the preacher seeks to bring a lenitive to the conscience. He searches it, but he soothes it. Dr. Raleigh well and most happily says :—"He knows how much there is in a sermon which cannot be published. If it is true it is a 'building of God' for the time not 'made with hands,' and neither hands nor pens can preserve it. 'The grace of the fashion of it perisheth,' or survives only in the memory and the life of the hearer. The elastic obedient words seem cool and hardened on the printed page." Sometimes the accent of the preacher is indeed very distinct. Take the following extract as an illustration :—

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE," ETC., ETC.

Let us make just one more application of this text, and see how the softening shadow of it will come over the soul that is in trouble.

But what picture shall we take from among the children and the scenes of sorrow? In a suffering world like this where the sufferers are so many and the sorrows are so various, it may seem almost a species of favoritism to select one, or even one of a class, for special human sympathy, or as the object of any peculiar grace of God.

Shall we take the man with the sunny face, the voluble tongue, the ready, helpful hand, who yet at times has a sorrow like death weighing on his heart? Or shall we take the physical sufferer, who in sheer pain, that has continued for long, and is not likely to depart until the spirit does, will have suffered a thousand deaths, as to pain, before death comes? I remember travelling once in a railway carriage opposite to a gentleman who, at the first glance, seemed well, but who, in a deeper view, showed suffering on every feature of his face; and sometimes as the carriage rounded the curves of the line and became unsteady, a low moan of anguish would escape involuntarily from his lips. Yet the man was going about his business. It is some

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years since I saw him, but he may be living and suffering still. If so, I hope he knows and draws from the grace of Christ, which is sufficient for him. Or shall we take the widow in her weeds of woe, with a heart in tears all day long, hardly ceasing from its grieving even in sleep? Or the children at their evening prayer, saddened and thrown into a child's perplexity, by the thought of two fathers in heaven? Or the widow who never wore the weeds of woe, but who has gone through the bitterness of death as the victim of an unfaithful love? Or the bankrupt who retains his integrity, but endures a thousand slights and disadvantages because he has lost his money and his place? Or shall we take any of those sensitive, shrinking souls, which seem to have been made for suffering—who, at any rate, have a special faculty of making or extracting it from the whole of this human life? Or shall we enter, with silent footsteps and hushed breath, one of those rooms (and there are a thousand such around us in this great city, which shows us nothing but its splendours, and lets us hear nothing but the roar of its life), where suffering is deepening and dropping into the arms of death?

We had better not select. Let every sufferer, whether by the body or by the mind, or by the circumstances, hear for himself, and gauge all his trouble while he hears; then let him apply the sure word of promise to its lengths and breadths, and depths and heights; then let him carry it home to the aged, the sick, the feeble, and to all whom it may concern, as the words of a God who cannot lie, as the assurance of a Saviour who cannot but pity and help, as a title to a legacy of which they are all made heirs if they will only claim and inherit, as a shelter for every path, an assuagement for every sorrow, a canopy for every sufferer's bed, a sweet soul secret for life and for death to every trusting soul however troubled—"My grace is sufficient *for thee.*"

"For thee." If you lose the personal application, you lose all. It is for thee. I would that you would now enter into your closet—you may do so even here in an act of faith—and that you would shut to the door enclosing only the text and "thee." This text is not for a world, but for a man. There are some texts which are first for a world and then for a man. This is

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first for a man and then for a world. "Sufficient for thee." For thee, young pilgrim, in the first pauses of thy celestial way! For thee, strong runner, wearied now, and fainting on the mid-way plain! For thee, tempted spirit, struggling in the network of circumstance, and watching for the saving providence, and the delivering hour! For thee, sufferer in any way, by pain, or loss, or change, or death! And for thee, whom our voice can not reach—may God, the revealer of secrets, tell it to thee, thou dying one—already half away, and may thy soul, composed in its deep consolations, and borne up by its immortal strength, have safe passage thus, as in the very arms of the grace, into His presence whose grace it is!

"For thee." I say again for thee. Whoever thou art, "for thee." It is for thee now to change the pronoun and say, with a wonderful grateful heart—"For me. To-day, and every day, from this time forth, and even for evermore, for me; His grace is sufficient for me."

Thus when we frequently speak of a sermon as artless, we do so as knowing that the preacher was all the time feeling the pulse of his congregation—in his study has his eye on many a pew, and watches in spirit the effect of every word. There must have been a long habituation of watchfulness and skill in the moral value or sentences before that ease which perhaps is possessed now could be the gift of the preacher. There are sudden touches of feeling—there are words starting round the corners of the sermon unawares that compel the tears involuntarily to the eyes. The fancy is more free in the following quotation than in most of Dr. Raleigh's discourses. But some of those tones of feeling I have mentioned are heard all along, and deepen towards the close. It is from the sermon—

LIFE A STRUCTURE.

There is a time given to finish the work—And when the limit of that time shall come, not one stone more can be laid by the builder, not one touch more given to the edifice in any of its

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parts before the trial. "I must work the work of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." And no man can tell when the night shall come in any particular instance. Of course we have the general laws and probabilities of life. God means us to know these laws and probabilities, and He means us to guide ourselves by them as far as we can. But clear above them all He holds His own sovereignty, and tell us as we work to look at that. His are "the times and seasons," the fountains of life, and the issues from death. He alone commands and ordains the "time to be born," and the "time to die." Those times are not alike in any two instances. In this, as in so many other points of his moral administration in this world, there is the greatest possible diversity; and mystery as well, so profound that our intelligence is utterly incompetent to solve it. There is not a man out of heaven who could tell us with any certainty all the reasons of an infant's death, all the reasons of an old man's life on into second infancy. Philosophers, and new-school Christians will make a little prattle about the natural laws. But all that we can be told about the natural laws hardly touches the moral mysteries; and with all these mysteries hanging over human life, and darkening into impenetrable gloom, if we try to discover the exact period of its close, it is a wonderful relief that every one who is working rightly can look up to the great ruler and arbiter of life, and say in humble trust, "My times are in thy hands."

Look at the tombstones in a grave-yard. You will see every age recorded there, from the infant of days to the sinner or the saint an hundred years old. Remember, as you read, that every name recorded (and what myriads are mouldering in the dust with no record above ground) is the name of a builder who in the day given to him, began and finished a building that will be tried by fire; and then look up and be thankful for that unerring providence which settled birth and death for each so wisely and so justly that, if they were all to live again, the birth-day and burial-day for each would be exactly the same.

Here is a stone that tells that an infant was born, and, after wrestling with mortality for but a few days, died and was buried. And it may seem as though the soul of that infant had

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but fluttered across the atmosphere of this world without alighting here, as, looking from your window, you sometimes see a dove flash across the sky. Depend upon it, that little history was the building of a temple, and when it was finished the angels carried it away.

Here is a stone that marks the resting-place of one who was a little worker. He had just begun to work. He had thought of God as the great Father of the world. He had looked to Jesus the good Shepherd. He had begun to feel a strange power in the cross, which was drawing him away from sin and from little selfish ways, and filling his heart with the purpose to live to Christ all his days. These mere shapings and scantlings of work there were—a little serious thought, a little faith, a fluttering of love in the breast, some tiny steps of following after the great master: nothing, as some would say, to make a finished life—mere shapings and young endeavors after higher things—somewhat like the houses you see children building on the sand. You are far mistaken. That little workman will never need to be ashamed. In his simple faith he found the Rock of Ages. In his wondering love he soared upwards to the fatherhood of God, and, when the home-call reached him, he was ready, he had finished a temple life.

This is a maiden's name. She was young, she was fair, she was looking to the altar and the bridal-day, and lo, death came unbidden, but not to her unwelcome, for he led her up to the higher espousals of heaven. Father and mother and sorrowing lover think of the nipping of the flower, and they have written on the stone that "her sun went down while it was yet day." But there are other writings which they see not. The angels have written "eventide;" the Saviour has written "finished."

Here lies a merchant who was in the high noon of life and in the full stretch of his powers. He was not only gaining wealth, but spreading it among others. His name was a synonyme for truth and justice and honor—and all around these are the beginnings he had made. Nothing was finished. Yes, all is finished, and he lies here.

And now we come to the grave of the old pilgrim who remained lingering here long after those who loved him dearly,

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and venerated every hair of his grey head, would have been glad for his own sake to see him go home. The shock of corn seemed more than ripe—the grain was dropping on the ground. He was blind, he was deaf, he was in pain, he was as helpless as a child. Would it not have been better that he had gone some years sooner? No, no. It was the right time. It was his eventide. He needed all his days to finish the temple, and all his experiences—the blindness, and the deafness, and the pain, and the sweet simplicities of the second childhood—he needed all. And even the infirmities of temper, it may be, as well as of body, which mingled with his last experiences, were in some way used by Him who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, for the completing of His own gracious work. I say, we cannot be too thankful that amid all the diversities and uncertainties and mysteries of this life, affecting its beginning, its progress, and its close, we can look up while we build to that wise and loving Providence which presides over all. And we cannot too often or too seriously remember that the great Master of that providence holds our life fully, constantly in His hands, and will never give it into ours. He will never tell us when our work is to end; and its recompense is to come. But he tells us this, that we are building day by day. He tells us that, while recognizing the uncertainty which to us hangs around the times and the seasons, we ought even more earnestly to recognize the great certainty of a continuous and accumulating moral life. Day by day, hour by hour the work goes on—well or ill—to His praise or to His shame. We must build. We are building. We are very apt sometimes to think that we have done nothing, and that is the worst of it. That is not the worst of it. The worst of it is that we have done something very poor or very ill. I come home at night, and say, with sad relenting, as the shadows of reflection deepen around me, "I have done nothing at the great building to-day!" O yes, but I have. I have been putting in "the wood, the hay, the stubble," where "the silver and the gold, and the precious stones" should have been. I have been piling up fuel for the last fires in my own life. I cannot be a cipher even for one day. I must be a man. Nay, I must be a Christian man, faithful or unfaithful. I must grow,

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and build, and work, and live in some way. Oh, then, let me see that I live for Christ, that I grow into His image, and that I work a work in the moral construction of my own life which angels will crown and God will bless.

One of the first things essential to sermons is natural symmetry. The architecture of the Congregational sermon has undergone, during the last half century, as much change as have the buildings in which they were delivered. The sermons of the Church of England, for the most part, hold on the same routine, but the sermons of the Congregational pulpit have undergone a change, and the change has been improvement; the method of these sermons is not textual; the symmetry is not always of the order of the scaffold, we do not see it; it is like the symmetry of a tree, it is hidden by the foliage, but then we know that the symmetry is there by the foliage. We always desire, in criticism, to admire the excellence of the method present, rather than to utter depreciations because of the method absent. The able preacher is not always merely logical in his method; he does not throw out from his text the coil of thought; his purpose may be emotional, and thought is calm and quiet with him. The great and good preacher labors at no prolonged illustrations, never overwhelms his hearers with the dazzling brilliancy of rhetorical color; by touch on touch he achieves his end; by sustained and coherent, but yet rapid movements, and throws open the doors of many hearts and accomplishes all. Dr. Raleigh's genius is reflective and meditative, and the symmetry therefore in harmony with this; it suggests a recurrence of A. K. H. B's well-known paper "Concerning the art of putting things;" certainly an art much needing study in the study of sermon-making. We have met with no sermons lately in our own language, so reminding us of those touching and beautiful ones of Herman Hooker, of Boston, in the United States. A very happy illustration of this sym-

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metry of which I have spoken, organic symmetry, we have in the sermon on the *Kingdom and the Keys*, "Fear not; I am he that liveth and was dead;" &c., &c. The quotation is lengthly, but it shall be given:—

"FEAR NOT" for thyself. I will wash thee thoroughly from thine iniquities, and cleanse thee from thy sins, create in thee a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within thee, give thee the joys of my salvation, and uphold thee with my free spirit. I will console thee in trouble, strengthen thee for duty, open a way for thee amid life's perplexities, pitch thy tent in safe places, and be around thy tabernacle with my sheltering presence until it is taken down, and thou art called to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Thy path may seem rugged and cheerless; but it is open and onward; and I will pass with thee Myself along all its length, nor leave thee in the shades which hang over its close. I will be with thee in the dark valley to support thy trembling steps with My rod and staff; I will softly unlock the awful door, and usher thee into Hades, where a thousand sights of beauty will fill thy delighted eyes, and a thousand voices of welcome will hail thy coming.

"Fear not" for any among thy kindred and acquaintance of the same family of God. There is a shield over the head of each, a providence as watchful of every one as if that one alone were a dweller on the earth. When they pass through the waters they shall not overflow them, through the flame it shall not kindle upon them. While they live they are Mine; "they live unto the Lord." When they die they are Mine; "they die unto the Lord"—living and dying, they are the Lord's. Fear not with a slavish unfilial fear, for any whom thou lovest. They are dear to you, are they less dear to Me? Thy brother is dead, but he will be alive again. Thy sister is lost, but she shall be found.

"Fear not," amid changes however startling, circumstances however unexpected; for I am not a mere watcher over a broken and lawless world, mending, and checking, and trying to save something from the wreck! I am the perfect ruler of a perfect providence, setting kings on their thrones, and watching spar-

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rows in their fall; preserving your mightiest interests, and numbering the hairs of your head!

Brethren, it is *this* "fear not," which often we most need to hear; we do not exercise ourselves in *great* matters—we can trust these to Him, for we feel they are too high for us; but we do painfully exercise ourselves in lesser things as if we had the sole charge of them. We should not for a moment presume to grasp the keys; but we do presume, in our thoughts, to dictate when and where, and how they shall be used. We strive, oftentimes almost unconsciously perhaps, to re-arrange and re-ordain particular circumstances, and even whole scenes in our life and in the lives of others. And with a still more importunate and sorrowful eagerness do we seek to have some power in arranging for life's close. We would not dare to take the key of death into our own hand, but we would touch it while it lies in His. *Not now*, or *Not there*, or *Not thus*, we are always saying.

NOT NOW, we say, when the father is called to leave the family of which he is the whole stay. "Let him live, let a few weeks elapse, let his family be provided for, let his work be done!" It *is* done, is the answer. His fatherless children are provided for; I have taught him to leave them with Me. "The Father of the fatherless, the Husband of the widow, is God in His holy habitation."

Not now, we say, when the mother has heard the home-call, and with a calmness and courage greater than those of the soldier in battle, is rising above all her cares, and becoming a child again, at the threshold of the heavenly home. Oh, not now! Who will check the waywardness, encourage the virtues, receive the confidences, soothe the little sorrows, and train the loves of those infant hearts? Who will teach the evening prayer, and listen to the Sabbath hymn? Who *can* give a mother's care and feel a mother's love? I, said the Shepherd, I will gather the lambs with Mine arm, and carry them in *My* bosom. I will forget no prayer of the dying mother's heart. I will treasure in *My* heart the yearnings of her life over her children, and the unutterable compassions of her dying hour; and when many years have sped, and she has been long in heaven, these children will remember her in their holiest and happiest moments, and by

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their walk and their work will be proving that she did not live in vain, that she "*finished* the work that was given her to do."

Or, we say, "*Not there,*" oh, not there! Away on the sea—a thousand miles from land—let him not die there, and be dropped into the unfathomed grave, where the unstable waves must be his only monument, and the winds the sole mourners of the place! Or not in some distant city or far-off land—strangers around his bed, strangers closing his eyes, and then carrying him to a stranger's grave. Let him come home and die amid the whisperings and breathings of the old unquenchable love. "He *is* going home," is the answer, and going by the best and only way. "I can open the gate beautiful in any part of the earth or sea. I can set up the mystic ladder, the top of which reaches to heaven, in the loneliest island, at the furthest ends of the earth, and your friends will flee to the shelter of *My* presence all the more fully because yours is far away."

Or, we say. "*Not thus,*" not through such agonies of body, or faintings of spirit, or tremblings of faith—not in unconsciousness—not without dying testimonies. Let there be outward as well as inward peace. Let mention be made of Thy goodness. Let there be foretellings and foreshewings of the glory to which, as we trust, they are going. Oh, shed down the light, the fragrancy of heaven, upon their dying bed! The answer is, "They are there, and you are so dull of sense that you perceive them not. Your friend is filled with the 'peace that passeth understanding,' and safe in the everlasting arms."

Thus, brethren, the *time*, and the *place*, and the *circumstances*, are all arranged by the wisdom and the will of him who holds the keys, and we could not, even if we had our own will and way, make any thing better than it is in the perfect plan. Better! everything would be worse—inconceivably worse if *we* had the keys. Let us trust them, with a loyal loving trust, with Him who graciously says to us "Fear not;" one who, in this as in all other things, will treat us and give to us according to our faith.

"Fear not." "The sinners in Zion *are* afraid; fearfulness surprises the hypocrites." It is in vain to say "Fear not" to one who has in his nature all the elements on which fear feeds

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and lives, a sinful conscience, an unloving heart. And the Saviour does not say "fear not" to any such. He says, "Enter into the rock, and hide thee in the dust, *for fear of the Lord*, and for the glory of his majesty." "Tremble, ye that are at ease; be troubled, ye careless ones." He says in effect, "Let your heart be troubled, also let it be afraid; ye do not believe in God, ye do not believe in me!"

I may refer to another master of this art of natural symmetry—master at the same time of this accent of conviction, to which I have already referred, in JAMES PARSONS; we have indeed but few of his sermons which have the stamp of his own finished approval. Many of those, however, which have been published, without his approbation, from the reports of short-hand writers, are among the best, and hearers can attest their faithfulness; perhaps they give evidence too clearly of the labor of the artist, and seem to testify to the possession of a nature never likely to be betrayed, by passion or impulse, but they also, without any efforts at recondite thought or brilliancy of imagination, group effectively together images, sometimes in crowds, hurrying rapidly upon each other, yet each preserved clear, incisive, and distinct; and no preacher better illustrates the art and order of a sermon, and few have made simplicity of statement more effective and sometimes overwhelming. But no sermons remind us more distinctly that the sermon printed can never be the sermon we heard preached. And this is as it should be. The sermon must have a style of its own, it is not intended for reading; it is not for a book; in the printed page its diffuseness, even its commonplace is as intolerable as in the pulpit it was even delightful while the man was speaking; it was his business to be in possession of his hearers, to hold their attention entirely possessed. The argument in a sermon should not be a mere topical statement, but a series of obvious inferences; how many preachers err in prepar

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ing as they would prepare a thesis for a college, or a paper for a philosophical society, forgetting that* a congregation is no more a literary society, than the Bible is a "Kritic of Kant;" our sermons partake too much the air of a special pleading; it is a fine saying of Claude that the pulpit is the seat of good natural sense, of the good sense of good men. Every sermon, indeed, should contain an argument, for all persuasion is an argument, but the ultimate purpose will be best served if you do not allow this design too obviously to appear. But I refer especially to all this as illustrated in some forms of the accent of conviction, and statement, enunciated thus clearly, scripturally, simply, perhaps too affluently in fancy, in reading—but you may believe how effective in the delivery—the following passage from JAMES PARSONS on

SIN AS THE CAUSE OF THE DIFFUSION AND UNIVERSALITY OF DEATH.

"Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

And so it follows in a subsequent verse, "Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of him that was to come. By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation." In Adam all die; all men are sinners, and therefore against all men the penalty is still standing. *Corporeal* death, that event which separates the soul from the body, and which then dismisses the body as the victim of putrefaction, to moulder back to primeval dust, is a penalty which has been exacted and must be exacted from all the sons and daughters of Adam. What man is he that liveth and that shall not see death? "We must all die, and be like water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again." Rich and poor shall go down to the grave, and worms alike shall cover them." It is appointed unto all men once to die. The *ages* at which the allotment is suffered vary. There is the *child* at the mother's breast, or in the nurse's arms; there is the *youth* in the

* *Manse of Mastland.*

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spring-tide of gaiety and buoyant spirits; there is the *full-grown man* in the maturity of wisdom and of power; there are the *aged* bending under the decrepitude and infirmity of long protracted years. The *method* in which the allotment is suffered varies. The convulsions of nature; war; famine; accident; disease, slow and sudden. And yet, my brethren, amid the variety of modes, and the variety of seasons, the path is but one and the same. All these things are but so many avenues leading down to the one narrow house, which has been appointed for all living; and never should the subject of death be reviewed by ourselves, and never should the subject of death be pondered by ourselves, without viewing it and pondering it in connexion with sin. *Sin*, the invariable antecedent; *death*, the invariable consequence! *Sin* the cause; *death* the effect! The demerit of the one producing the desolation of the other! Ye children of mortality, forget it not—approve it and apply it. *Sin* formed the volcano, the earthquake, the hurricane, the pestilence which mows down the population of cities and empires! *Sin* inflicts every pang! *Sin* nerves every death-throe! *Sin* stains and blanches every corpse! *Sin* weaves every shroud! *Sin* shapes every coffin! *Sin* digs every grave! *Sin* writes every epitaph! *Sin* paints every hatchment! *Sin* sculptures every monument! *Sin* feeds every worm! The waste and the havoc of centuries that are gone, and the waste and the havoc of centuries yet to come, all reverberate in one awful voice, "Death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned!"

Spiritual death, my brethren, which consists, as we have observed, in the alienation of the human heart from God, and which the apostle has emphatically described in the second chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians, as being "dead in trespasses and sins," constitutes the state of every man by nature. Every man in consequence of that state of spiritual death, is also in peril of proceeding to receive the recompense of it in the agonies of death eternal. It will be observed upon this important subject that there cannot be the least question or doubt; "For (says the apostle) as many as have sinned without law,"—that is to say, without being placed within the external domination of the written law of the Almighty—"as many as have sinned

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without law shall also perish without law: and as many as have sinned in the law"—that is, with the knowledge of the written revelation of God—"shall be judged by the law. For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the works of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the mean while accusing, or else excusing one another; in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men, by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel." *My hearers attend:* "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified;" then they must be condemned. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." If then you have come short of the glory of God, you must be lost; it cannot be denied, nor be disputed. *I tell to every man now present, that he is guilty of sinning against the Almighty*—that if there be no intervention of mercy so mighty and so majestic as to satisfy the demands of justice, to quench her fire, and sheathe her sword—if there be not mercy, free, boundless, omnipotent, and eternal, every human being will stand before the judgment-bar of God to receive the sentence of his condemnation. He must be banished for ever from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power; and he must go down to those abodes of torment where there are agonies unspeakable and inconceivable; where the smoke of torment ascendeth up for ever and for ever. Go, my hearers, to the brink of eternity, contemplate in imagination the scenes, of that horrible pit which the word of revelation has presented to your view—contemplate the worm that dieth not—contemplate the fire that has been prepared for the devil and his angels — contemplate the blackness of darkness — contemplate the smoke of torment that ascendeth up for ever and ever! What was it that gave to that worm its fang but *sin?* What was it that gave to that fire its intensity but *sin?* What was it that gave to that blackness its shadows but *sin?* What was it that gave to that torment its woe but *sin?* The voice is from the abyss uttering one wild cry, "It was sin; *it was sin;* IT WAS SIN! Man *would* sin, and therefore man *must* suffer?" There is a rigid equity between the one and the other.

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"*Non fumum, sed lucem*"—"Not smoke but light." This is a motto to take into the pulpit. If I cannot give light there, I had far better keep away; or, if there, I had far better read a chapter or a text and then be silent; there may be a hope that this will make its way. When we go into a Papist place of worship we are often steeped in a stench of musk and aloes; "Oh!" we say, "would that there were only real human words here, real human feelings here; these stenches are not the prayers of the saints." We sit still, and presently rises the long, almost inarticulate, and inaudible mumbling and muttering of the Latin. "Oh!" we say, "this is but an unknown tongue," and what is that better which is but a smoke of speech? It is so of many preachers, that all they have contrived to do by their words is to reverse the canon of Horace, and to obtain "*fumo est lucem*"—"smoke from light." They have turned the very New Testament itself into darkness. Thus, often either with wild, fanciful, mystical interpretations, or with misty metaphysics, with long and complicated words, with a vehement and noisy manner—the subject was plain enough when the preacher began, but dark enough at the close, because he did not remember the maxim: "*Non fumum sed lucem.*" A rare volume might be filled, and the materials are close at our hand, with illustrations of nonsense sermons.

M. Mullois quotes the well-known anecdote of Louis XIV. in the chapel at Versailles, when some preacher took the occasion boldly to inveigh against the vices and the peculiar dangers of the great, and at length exclaimed, "Woe to the rich! Woe to the great!" The courtiers murmured, although the king had lowered his eyes; after the sermon, they gathered round the monarch, and talked of the impertinence of the preacher, and of reprimanding him for his temerity. The king quietly said, "Gentlemen, the preacher has done his duty, now let us do ours." It is one of the

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most natural and simple sayings recorded of Louis XIV. Not to shine on pages should be the ambition of the preacher, he lives in a voice, and the voice expires. The mighty masters and mistresses of song know this, and are content to act upon it. Malibrans, Brahams, Jenny Linds, and Sims Reeves can have no posthumous fame, The music they hold in their hands is just the same as we have in our drawing-rooms. They live in the moment, but then in their world it is a very great moment. The soul interprets, and fills out, and gives the rest and the movement to each bar, this is their business. We have no doubt that the pulpit has suffered greatly by short-hand writers; the taking down of sermons; the incessant publication of sermons; the fastidiousness that waits on nicely-balanced images and harmoniously-constructed sentences. All this interferes with, and robs the address of its accent of conviction; the orator can no more survive than the singer. Our bookshelves groan beneath the weight of voluminous tomes, which originally found their expression in sermons; and during the last few years the publication of sermons has broken out with astonishing vigor. There is a simple reason for this. If an edition of sermons be, on the average, of all books least likely to be read, it is also, on the average, of all books most certain to be sold. Any preacher in tolerable favor can command an audience not only for his tongue but for his pen. It must be admitted, and most readers very well know it, that there is an amazing difference between the successful and impressive word in the pulpit, and success and impression in the arm-chair by the fireside. It is quite amusing to hear how stoutly people will insist upon it that a sermon is not all printed, and give vent to their disappointment in reading that to which they had listened with so much pleasure. Of course, as I have said before, all is not printed; manner cannot be printed, nor accent, nor a thousand little particulars which go to

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máke up the undefinable charm. Words in their delivery seem so much more full, so much more copious and comprehensive; and audiences yearn to receive a sermon, under the impression that it will be as much to them in coldly reading as when it leaped red-hot from the sympathetic furnace of the speaker's soul. They yearn to read it and yawn over it. Printed sermons in general can be little better than decanted soda-water a day old.

Great sermons which have moved us to all the deeps, we have desired to see them in print; perhaps they were very well, probably very poor indeed; in any case, how different to that ineffable flight of soul, the searching, penetrating words we heard. This is exactly as it ought to be, no stronger proof to those who did not hear, that the man was really at home in his work. Whitefield's sermons are very poor things to read compared with their overwhelming power. Oratory is neither in writing, acting, nor even speaking. Where is the fragrance of a flower? Where are the tones of a harp? They were there, here, they are gone, you cannot catch them—it is so with the accent of conviction. This is the fragrance and the music of a sermon good for anything; and although I have taken high illustrations, I again say that this sacred fire may burn on the altar of any soul, itself persuaded and impressed. Of course, when it is really a great soul as well as a sanctified one—a David, a St. Bernard, or an Edward Irving—the conviction accumulated, and on fire through all the faculties of a great nature, proportionately compels the audience to tremble and thrill.

And it comes out of this that the sermon will be plain. M. Mullois has several chapters with such headings as the following: "The Sermon should be popular;" "The Sermon should be plain;" "The Sermon should be short." Another chapter follows on "Fact and kindliness," and on "Interest, emotion, and animation." Now, in reality, while

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all these topics are worthy of separate thought and enforcement, they all are related to those two canons on which we have dwelt already; that to address men well, they must be loved much; and that to persuade them, there must be on the speaker's tongue the accent of conviction. All this results, in fact, we believe, from the over-full soul—all superfluity flows from a full heart. There is a twofold sense in which it is true that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The heart not only constrains, it restrains; artificial speech always lacks the real flavor and force which the heart gives to words—and certainly it is not to be supposed that words—words—mere words alone, either indicate the full heart, or the ability to reach the heart. This fulness, of divine *pleroma*, is not indicated by the organ of language. The late Dr. James Alexander says: "I listened yesterday to a sermon, and I am glad I do not know the preacher's name—it was twenty-five minutes long—all the matter might have been uttered in five; it was like what the ladies call 'trifle'—all sweetness and froth, except a modicum of cake at the bottom—it was, doubtless, written extempore." When a young clergyman once inquired of Dr. Bellamy "what he should do to have matter for his discourses," the shrewd old gentleman replied, "Fill up the cask—*fill up the cask*—FILL UP THE CASK; then, if you tap it anywhere, you get up a good stream; if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then get but little after all." But this does not represent all—this will not give that piquancy and plainness, that instantaneous power of touch which is, in fact, the full mind flavored and spiced by an intense soul. We think it very likely that the influence and power of sermons have been impaired and impeded by their length. All men, whatever their attainment, or capacity, or experience, in Protestant churches, have been expected to fill out their sermons to a certain length—and that

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length, perhaps, quite sufficient for human patience, even if the preacher be a man of eloquence and conviction. How, then, when he is neither one nor the other, or, at best, a Lilliputian in either? It is true, "*Omne supervacuum manat de pleno pectore.*" All overflowing flows from a full heart. Sometimes the danger lies on the other side; Horace, indeed, says: "*Esto brevis*"—"Be short." He also says: *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*"—"I strive to be short, I become obscure;" and preachers should use and give to their hearers whatever adds really to the apprehension of the subject in their own mind; there is an unwise conciseness, as there is a tedious diffuseness; all that brings nearer is useful; all that tends more to unveil the subject to the mind helps; there are among our modern preachers many whose words suffer thus, and their people suffer in them, while it is quite possible to drown the sense in a bewildering world of sounds; it is also possible to fail through want of application; few audiences will beat a nugget of gold into gold leaf for themselves—very few are disposed to be at any trouble. We heard a criticism upon a minister only a day or two since: "It is so nice to hear our minister; you hear the same thing from month to month over again—dear man—it's always the same—Ah! you always know where to find him." Therefore, we say, encourage a flow—not a flood. Rarely can it be wise to imitate the cataract in force or speed, but the river you may imitate. Dr. Johnson says, "It is so much easier to acquire correctness than flow that I would say to every young preacher, 'Write as fast as you can.'" Whitefield's rule was "never to take back anything unless it were wicked." "This," says Dr. Alexander, "is very different from rapid utterance or precipitancy. Deliberate speech is, on the whole, most favorable." Pastor Harms was wont to comprehend his idea of delivery to students in three L's—"*Langsam—Laut—Lieblich,*" poorly rendered by lengthened—that is, deliberate—

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—loud and lovely; and Luther's maxim is still more untranslatable "*Tritt frisch auf—thu's maul auf—hoor bald auf*"—"Stand up cheerily—speak up manfully—*leave off speedily.*"

M. Mullois insists, with great earnestness, on the necessity of brevity. He quotes St. Francois de Sales:

The good Saint Francois, in his rules to the preachers of his Order, directs that their sermons should be short.

"Believe me, and I speak from experience, the more you say, the less will the hearers retain; the less you say, the more they will profit. By dint of burdening their memory, you will overwhelm it; just as a lamp is extinguished by feeding it with too much oil, and plants are choked by immoderate irrigation.

"When a sermon is too long, the end erases the middle from the memory, and the middle the beginning.

"Even mediocre preachers are acceptable, provided their discourses are short; whereas even the best preachers are a burden when they speak too long."

Is not long preaching very mueh like an attempt to surpass these men, who were so highly imbued with the spirit of Christianity?

He continues:

But it will be objected; What can be said in ten or seven minutes? Much, much more than is generally thought, when due preparation is made, when we have a good knowledge of mankind, and are well versed in religious matters. . . . Have not a few words often sufficed to revolutionize multitudes, and to produce an immense impression?

The harangues of Napoleon only lasted a few minutes, yet they electrified whole armies. The speech at Bordeaux did not exceed a quarter of an hour, and yet it resounded throughout the world. Had it been longer, it would have been less effective. In fifteen weeks, with a sermon of seven minutes every Sunday, one might give a complete course of religious instruction, if the sermons were well digested beforehand.

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If, then, you wish to be successful, in the first place fix the length of your sermon, and never go beyond the time! be inflexible on that score. Should you exceed it, apologize to your audience for so doing, and prove in the pulpit of truth that you can be faithful to your word.

* * * * * *

"But do speak more at length. . . . you are wrong in being so brief . . . you only tantalize your audience . . . you deprive them of a real pleasure." Expostulations like these will pour in upon you; but don't listen to them: be inflexible, for those who urge them are enemies without knowing it. Be more rigid than ever in observing the rule which you have prescribed for yourself. Then your sermon will be talked of—it will be a phenomenon—everybody will come to *see* a sermon of seven minutes' duration. The people will come; the rich will follow. Faith will bring the one, and curiosity will attract the other, and thus the Divine word will have freer course and be glorified. . . .

This is certainly, to speak in paradox, carrying brevity to its utmost extent. Preachers of the Church of Rome have usually designed brevity. We believe they have no instances, like those tremendous trials of patience in the great Puritan and Church of England preachers, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who did hold their audiences for hours. It is noteworthy, although we do not speak of exceptional occasions, nor do we forget instances to the contrary, that some of the greatest and most useful preachers of our day never pass beyond half an hour, while others are scarcely ever so long. Perhaps if preachers remembered more frequently that words will not come back, "*Nescit vox missa reverti*"—"A word sent abroad can never return," it would check in all a too impulsive flow; surely it might make us all tremble to think of the immortality of our words, and especially if they are uttered, who can limit their destination? Who can tell the soil into which they may fall, and in what manner they shall bring

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forth fruit? Certain it is, they shall never return, therefore should the conscience dictate the word, should rule the influence, shape the sentence, and give accent to the tone. This would be the true study of the passions; of that difficult and yet so desirable part of pulpit power, the pathetic. It is to be supposed we have, in our turn, all been compelled to laugh where the orator intended we should cry; he had learned his lesson so badly. He knew nothing of what he was speaking, simulating a tone; as when an auditor spoke of a rather celebrated French preacher, and said, "In your preaching just now, you pronounced, 'Depart ye cursed,' exactly as if you had been saying, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father.'" We do not imply from this that, beside the preparation of the heart, there is not necessary a human artist-side to preparation for the pulpit, in the first place, as the whole result will depend on the true humanity, and fine texture of the human instrument itself. This is a human side, and then, beyond this, what right has any man to suppose himself exempted from the old law of labor? "By the file, and by the whetstone," to quote again from Horace, the work proceeds "*Si labor et mora limæ*,"—"By the labor and by the tediousness of the file." To all success goes patience, plodding, and perseverance, and the great masters of speech, however free, full, and flashing their words might be, were no real exceptions to this great law; on the contrary, they illustrated it. "*Fungar vice cotis.*" "I will do the office of a whetstone," and this refers to external helps and aids. The whetstone cannot cut itself, but it can sharpen the steel and enable it to cut; and so with all studies. All the stores and accumulations of mental wealth and discipline, every study is a whetstone to sharpen the wits. Moreover, if the iron be blunt, then to the file or the whetstone must be put more strength. What can any science, language, or book, do for a teacher? Mathematics, criticism, they are valuable, but they are only

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valuable as they are proved by the labor of the file, not in themselves; they are a kind of whetstone on which to sharpen the intelligence. They are like a hone, dead and lifeless in itself, yet calling forth the edge and sharpness in the steel. All people must in their time have been amazed at the little that study and reading in many departments seem to have effected for many men.

And if we seem to step from these considerations to some apparently not so closely, at first sight, connected with them, it is for the purpose of asking what, in the whole range of culture, can go beyond the enabling a man to speak plainly upon the matters he takes in hand? From some cause or other, we believe, if auditors were polled, their verdict would be that in general preaching is obscure. M. Mullois well, and not needlessly says, "the sermon should be plain." A spirit thoroughly in earnest, when it attempts to enter regions where perhaps the multitude may be unable to follow, will usually convey a feeling, an impression of an elevated and healthful character; but no sermon, even if it have passages of this character should be wanting in strokes and general delineations and impressions which should entitle it to the character of a plain sermon; great statements, great enforcements, and great influences distinctly felt. This has been the mark of all great oratory. Demosthenes has ever been held as a mark and a model in this particular. What we know of the neglected, and almost forgotten, but splendid orations of Bolingbroke, one of the greatest of English masters, was of this type; and the invectives and orations of Chatham, Brougham, and Fox. When we look at the great masters of pulpit eloquence, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Saurin, Hall and even Irving, it is the same,—plainness, so far from being an impediment, is an element of it. Surely the question is natural enough—how can that be really eloquent which is not obvious? Neither a flow of speech, nor fertility of illustration can

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constitute it, but the fitness of both to impress, and carry along the feelings of an audience; and the end of all homiletics should be twofold, namely, to furnish the mind with method, and to give it freedom, freshness, and clearness in the use of it. Dr. Newman, in his lecture on University preaching says:

But, not to go to the consideration of divine influences, which is beyond my subject, the very presence of simple earnestness is even in itself a powerful natural instrument to effect that toward which it is directed. Earnestness creates earnestness in others by sympathy; and the more a preacher loses and is lost to himself, the more does he gain his brethren. Nor is it without some logical force also; for what is powerful enough to absorb and possess a preacher, has at least a *primâ facie* claim of attention on the part of his hearer. On the other hand, anything which interferes with this earnestness, or which argues its absence, is still more certain to blunt the force of the most cogent argument conveyed in the most eloquent language. Hence it is that the great philosopher of antiquity, in speaking in his "Treatise on Rhetoric," of the various kinds of persuasives, which are available in the Art, considers the most authoritative of these to be that which is drawn from personal traits of a moral nature evident in the orator; for such matters are cognizable by all men, and the common sense of the world decides that it is safer, where it is possible, to commit oneself to the judgment of men of character, than to any considerations addressed merely to the feelings or the reason.

On these grounds I would go on to lay down a precept, which I trust is not extravagant, when allowance is made for the preciseness and the point which are unavoidable in all categorical statements upon matters of conduct. It is, that preachers should neglect everything whatever besides devotion to their one object, and earnestness in enforcing it, till they in some good measure attain to these requisites. Talent, logic, learning, words, manner, voice, action, all are required for the perfection of a preacher; but "one thing is necessary,"—an intense perception and appreciation of the end for which he preaches, and that is,

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to be the ministering of some definite spiritual good to those who hear him. Who could wish to be more eloquent, more powerful, more successful than the Teacher of the Nations? yet who more earnest, who more natural, who more unstudied, who more self-forgetting than He?

And here, in order to prevent misconception, two remarks must be made, which will lead us further into the subject we are engaged upon. The first is, that, in what I have been saying, I do not mean that a preacher must aim at earnestness, but that he must aim at his object, which is to do some spiritual good to his hearers, and which will at once make him earnest. It is said that, when a man has to cross an abyss by a narrow plank thrown over it, it is his wisdom not to look at the plank along which lies his path, but to fix his eyes steadily on the point in the opposite precipice, at which the plank ends. It is by gazing at the object which he must reach, and ruling himself by it, that he secures to himself the power of walking to it straight and steadily. The case is the same in moral matters; no one will become really earnest by aiming directly at earnestness; any one may become earnest by meditating on the motives, and by drinking at the sources of earnestness. We may of course work ourselves up into a pretence, nay into a paroxysm of earnestness; as we may chafe our cold hands until they are warm. But when we cease chafing we lose the warmth again; on the contrary, let the sun come out and strike us with his beams, and we need no artificial chafing to be warm. The hot words, then, and energetic gestures of a preacher, taken by themselves, are just as much signs of earnestness, as rubbing the hands, or flapping the arms together are signs of warmth; though they are natural where earnestness already exists, and pleasing as being its spontaneous concomitants. To sit down to compose for the pulpit, with a resolution to be eloquent, is one impediment to persuasion; but to be determined to be earnest is absolutely fatal to it.

He who had before his mental eye the Four Last Things, will have the true earnestness, the horror or the rapture, of one who witnessed a great conflagration, or discerned some rich or sublime prospect of natural scenery. His countenance, his manner, his voice, speak for him, in proportion as his view has been

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vivid or minute. The great English poet has described this sort of eloquence, when a calamity has befallen:

> Yea, this man's brow, like to a title page,
> Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
> Thou tremblest, and the whiteness in thy cheek
> Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

It is this earnestness, in the supernatural order, which is the eloquence of saints; and not of saints only, but of all Christian preachers, according to the measure of their faith and love. As the case would be with one who has actually seen what he relates, the herald of tidings of the invisible world also will be, from the nature of the case, whether vehement or calm, sad or exulting, always simple, grave, emphatic, and peremptory; and all this, not because he has proposed to himself to be so, but because certain intellectual convictions involve certain external manifestations.

Three things have been mentioned as constituting the virtue of the orator, "*Veritas pateat, Veritas placeat, Veritas moveat*" — "To instruct, to please, and to move." But neither one or the other can be reached, nor can any be effective unless the meaning of the speaker be distinctly seen. Therefore, all teachers of rhetoric have insisted upon perspicuity, while we have already said that obscurity characterizes, to a considerable degree we fear, most of the exercises of the pulpit; lacking that earnestness which Dr. Newman demands as the chief qualification for perspicuity. Nor must it be forgotten that weakness and obscurity are companions. We may speak of this as arising from a bad grammatical construction of sentences; a faulty collocation of adverbs and pronouns; affected phrases, and unmeaning phrases; harsh and turgid words, resulting in long-winded sentences; or the *Sesquipedalia verba*, which St. François de Sales denounced as the pest of preaching; but beneath all, the true reason is to be found in the absence of a soul thoroughly informed and inflamed. Mr. Potter, in his "Sacred Eloquence," says:

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In conclusion, we will only remark that, whilst the preacher, in his instructions to his flock, will aim at correctness and purity of language, he will also remember that for him, as a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in view of the special end which he must necessarily propose to himself, there is something infinitely more important than any mere correctness or elegance of language. Hence, whenever it may be necessary in order to render himself better understood, he will not hesitate to sacrifice the graces, and, in one sense, even the purity of language. Following the council of St. Augustine, he will study the most intelligible, rather than the most elegant, manner of expressing what he has to say. *Evidentiæ, appetitus aliquando negligit verba cultiora, nec curat quid bene sonet, sed quid bene indicet quod ostendere intendit.* For, as asks this holy doctor, what is the use of expressing our ideas in the most polished manner, of what use is the purity and elegance of our style, if our hearers do not comprehend our meaning? *Quid prodest locutionis integritas quam non sequitur intellectus audientis?* And he further illustrates his meaning by a very ingenious comparison. *Quid prodest* he inquires, *clavis aurea si aperire quod volumus non præst, aut quid obest lignea si hoc præstet?* But let the preacher bear in mind, whilst he strives to follow these wise precepts in his practice, that this style of speaking requires both intellect and skill. Let him not delude himself by supposing that in order to speak with this perfect simplicity of language and of style, he must therefore descend to what is low or undignified. *Hæc sic ornatum detrahit ut sordes non contrahat.* Let him rather remember that in this, as in many other cases, the perfection of art consists in concealing art. *Ars artis celare artem.* It is of such simple instruction as this that Cicero is speaking when he says, *Negligentia est diligens;* and he says what is most true, since this simple, and, at first sight, apparently negligent manner of preaching, indicates the man who is more solicitous about the solid instruction which he is to impart to his flock than about the mere words in which he is to express it; the man who is much more anxious about the interests of his Master, and the welfare of his people, than his own gratification as a scholar, or his reputation as a preacher.

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Why, in that art of poetry to which we have referred at the commencement of this paper, Horace bids us beware of *vanæ species*, confused ideas. We have seen, and who has not heard, sentences which seem, like the pig-faced lady, or the talking-fish, incongruous. The preacher should paint his ideas; should see what he means. It is the absence of this which attempts the sublime, but swells only into bombast, "Hence it is," says Horace, "as if you find introduced a dolphin in a forest, or a wild boar in a flood." Correct thinking will not always, while attempting to right itself, be clear thinking; but thought ought not to dare to become public speech until it is cleared from all sediment and darkness and confusion. Rowland Hill spoke of a preacher of this kind.

The attempt to drift too many matters into a discourse, leading to the confusion of all the subjects belonging to it, is a fruitful source of obscurity.

Hence, "*Si cepit Amphora cur exit Urceus,*" and what is it? Is it a frying-pan, or a tea-kettle? do you mean it for a finger-glass, or a saucepan? a flower-pot, or a butter-tub? or, to adhere more closely to Horace; "If he began a vase why turns it out to be a pitcher?" the pitcher should understand what he can do—what his powers are equal to; the coarsest pitcher that holds water is a good vessel, but it is not good for the table of a prince. What do you design? In a great house there are many vessels, and some to honor and some (in comparison) to dishonor, iron may be the key which locks the house—gold may be the vessel on the table, the ewer on the toilet; all will be well if iron does not claim to be gold, or common earthenware to be porcelain.

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